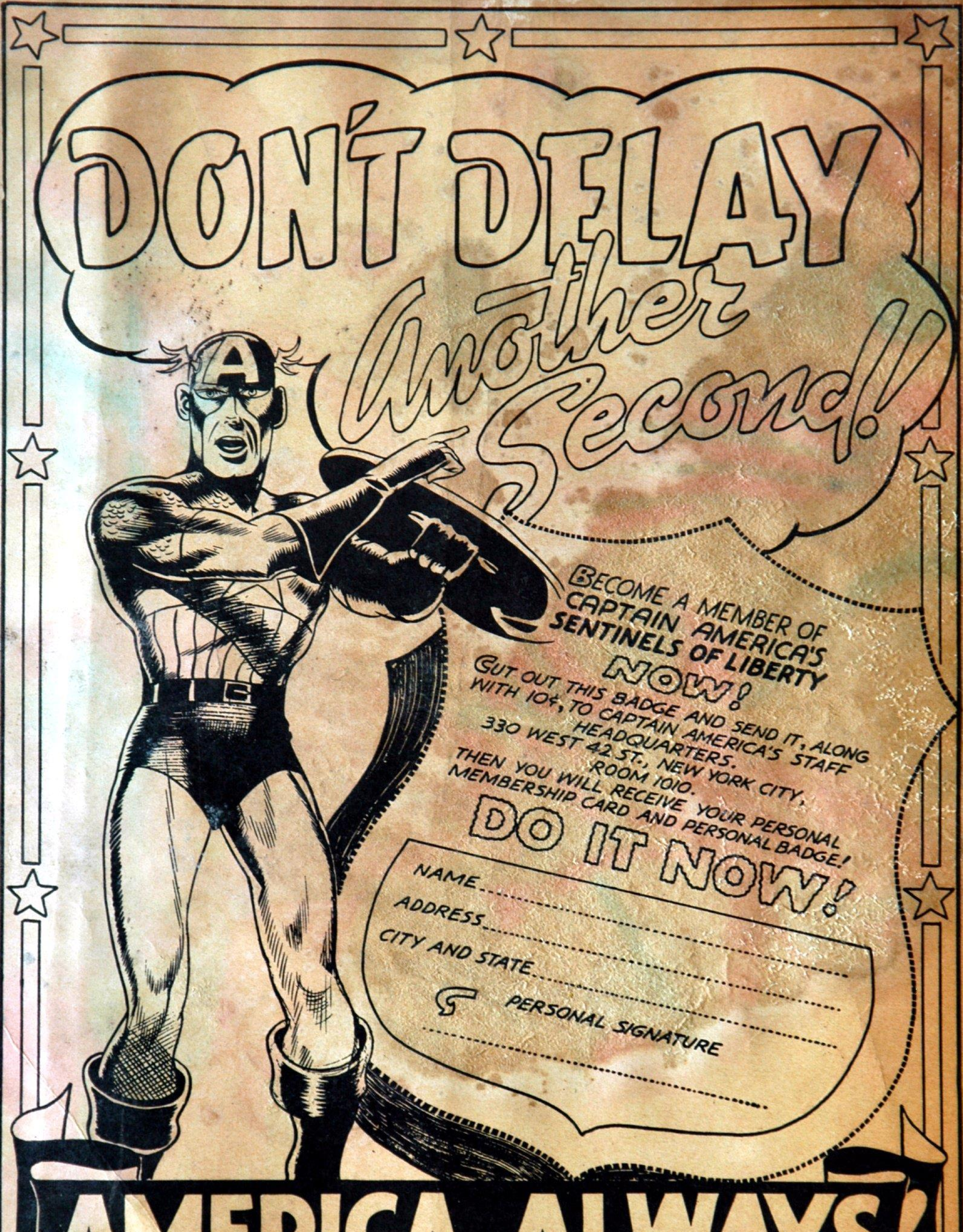
MYSTIC
COMICS
AUGUST
NO. 10
10¢
FEATURING 15 FAST ACTION PAGES OF THE MIGHTY DESTROYER!
CONCENTRATION CAMP Nº 5.
NOT EVEN THE NAZI PRISON WALL COULD KEEP OUT THE DESTROYER AND HIS CHARGING CYCLE!
AL GABRIELE


DON'T DELAY Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S **SENTINELS OF LIBERTY** NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS.

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THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME...

ADDRESS...

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S PERSONAL SIGNATURE

....

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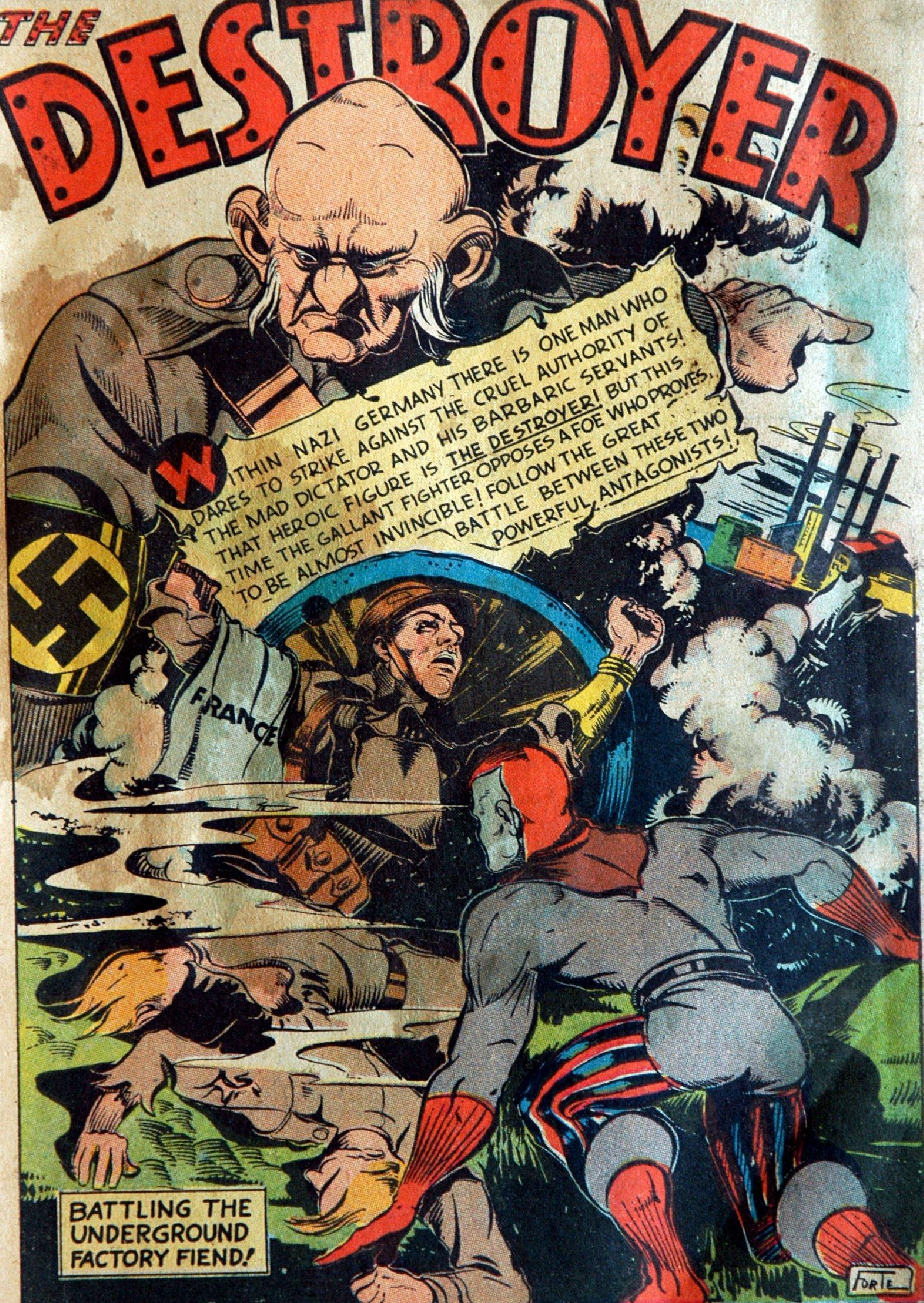
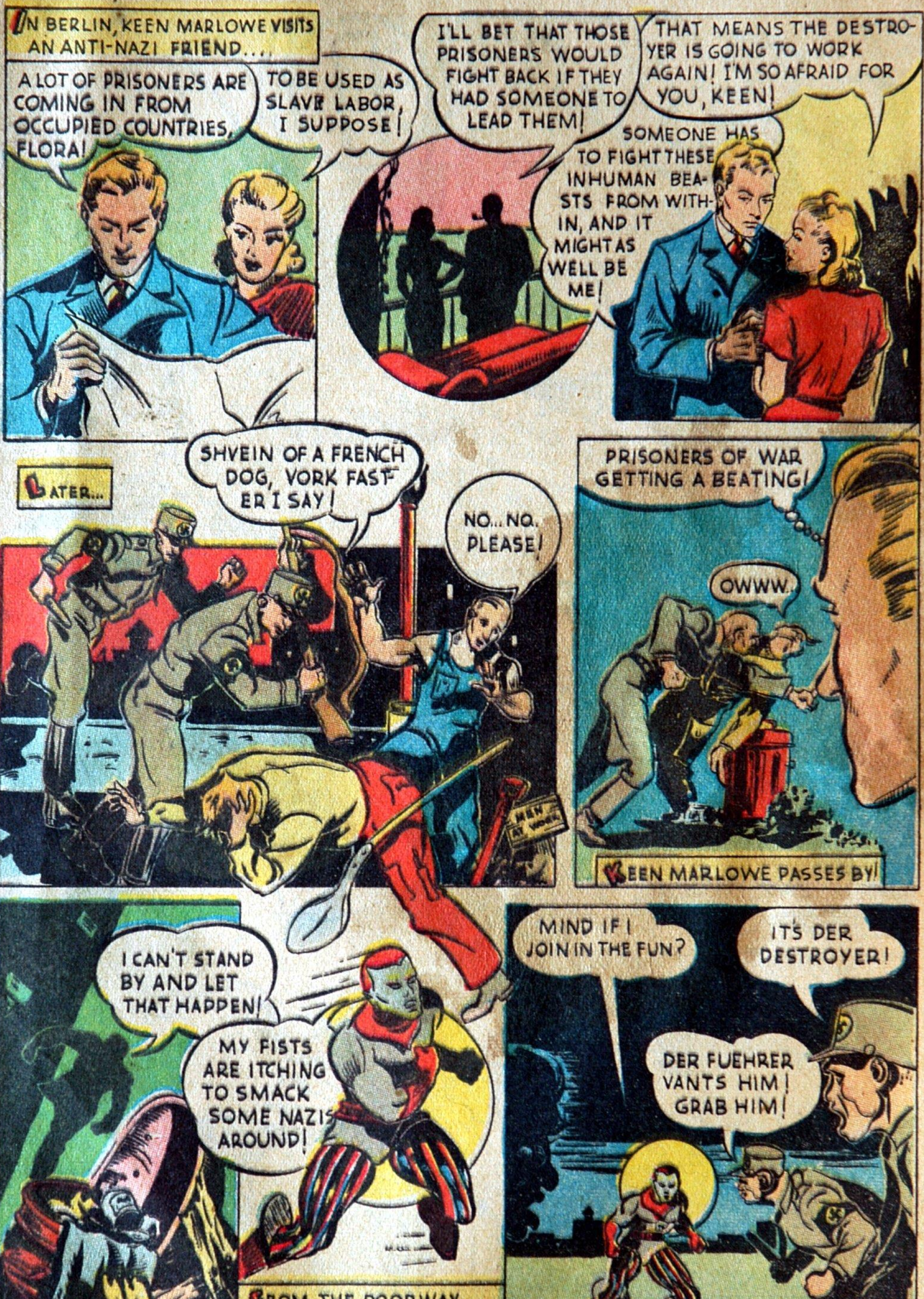
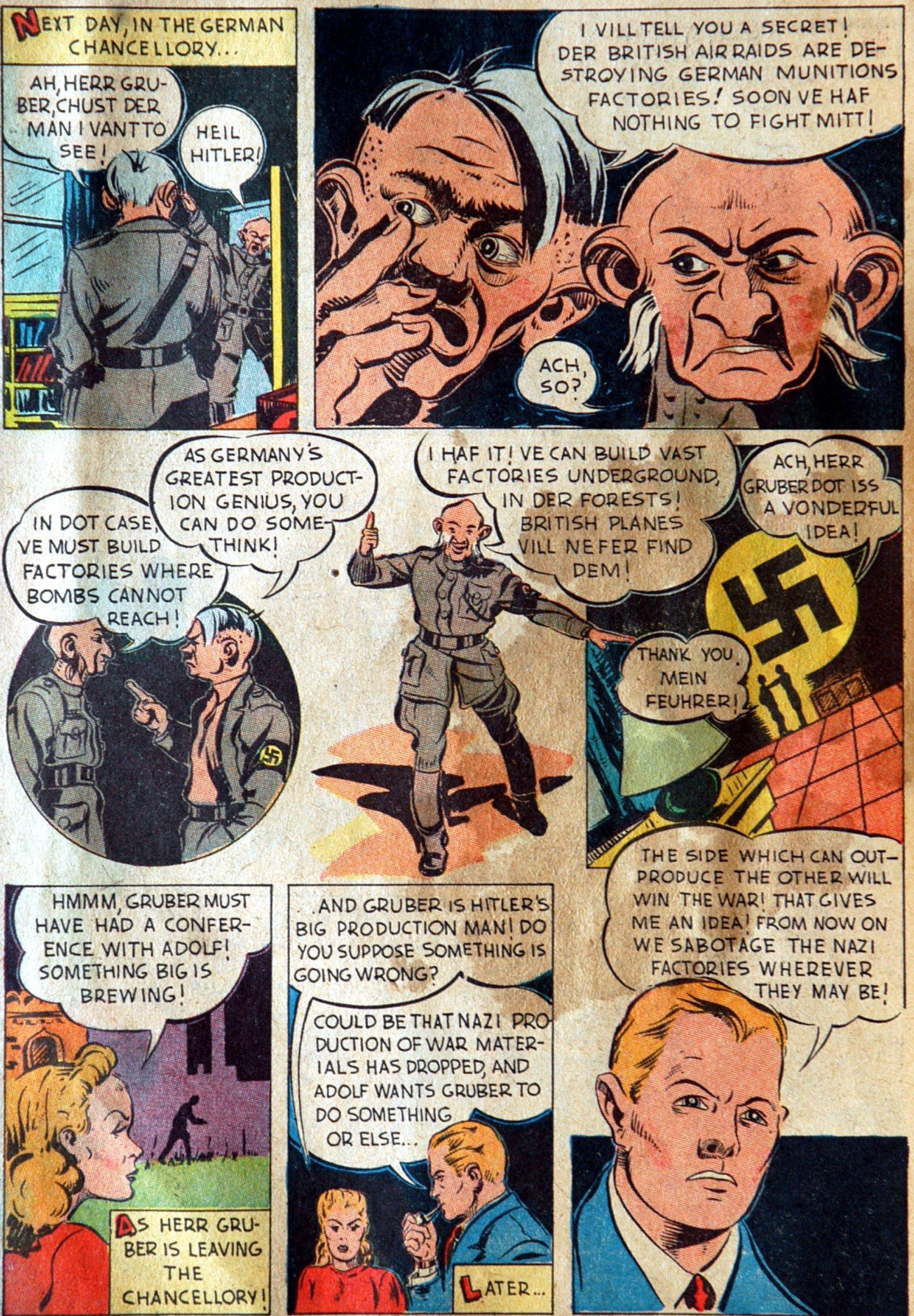
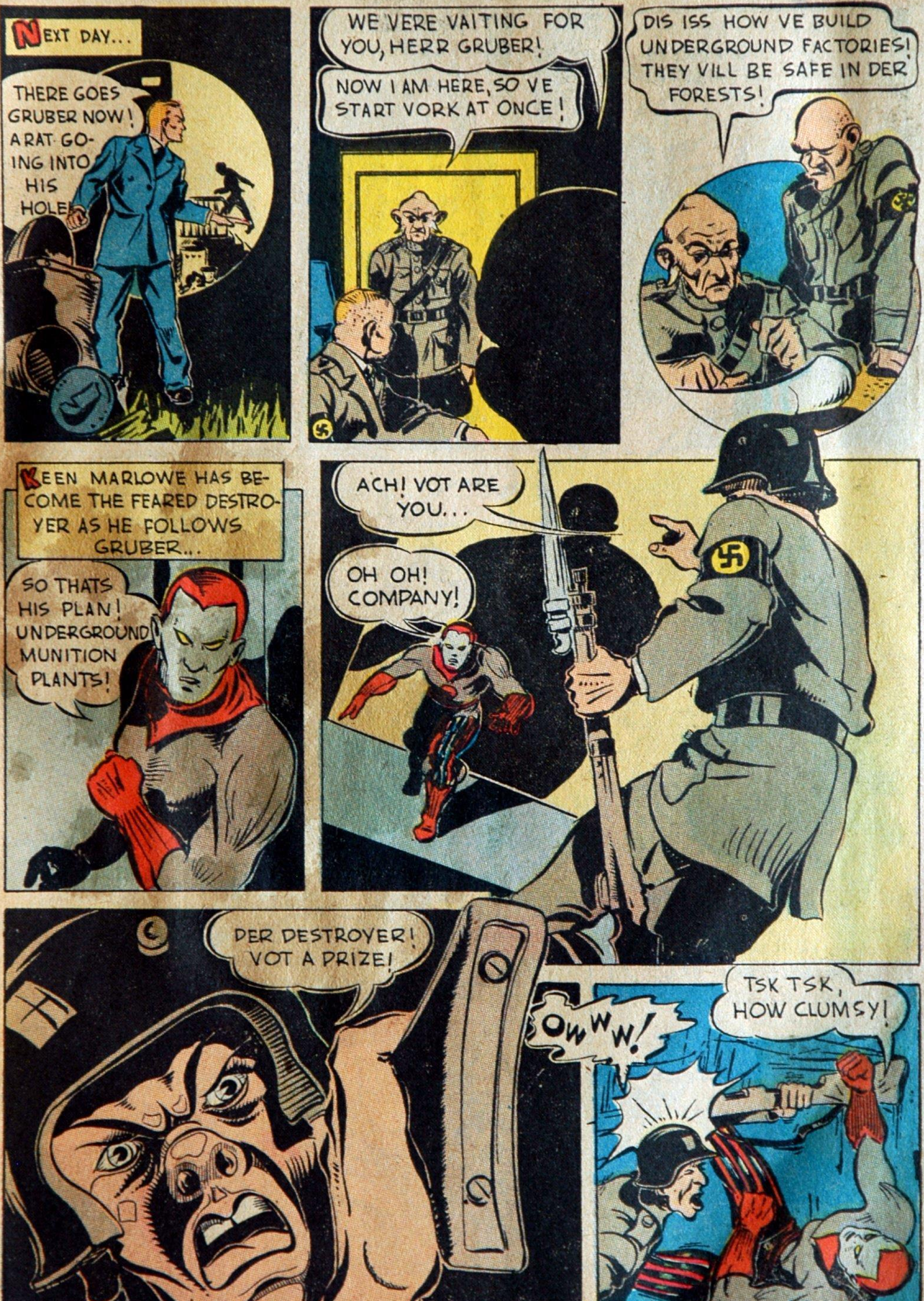
THE DESTROYER

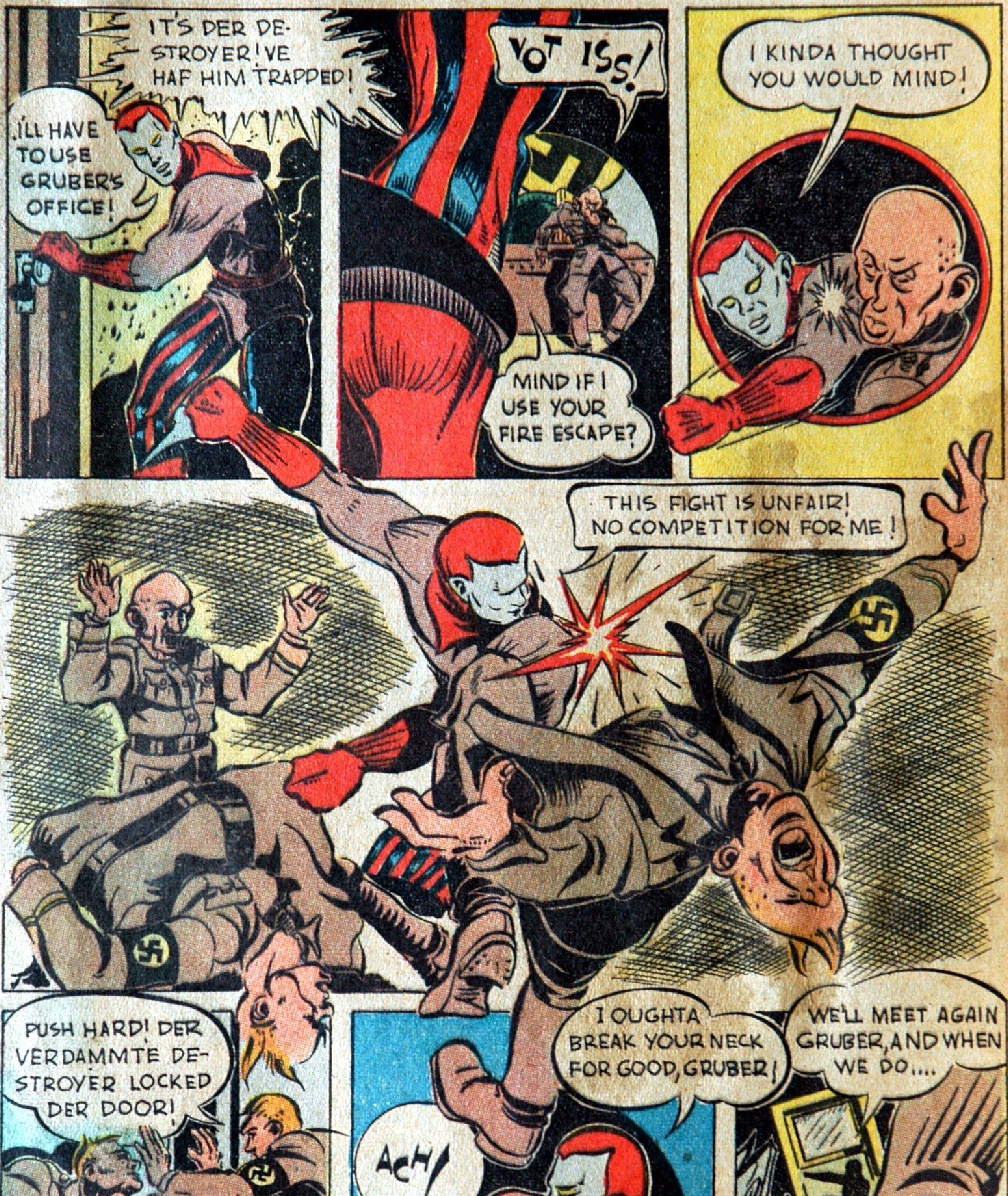

WITHIN NAZI GERMANY THERE IS ONE MAN WHO DARES TO STRIKE AGAINST THE CRUEL AUTHORITY OF THE MAD DICTATOR AND HIS BARBARIC SERVANTS! THAT HEROIC FIGURE IS THE DESTROYER! BUT THIS TIME THE GALLANT FIGHTER OPPOSES A FOE WHO PROVES TO BE ALMOST INVINCIBLE! FOLLOW THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN THESE TWO POWERFUL ANTAGONISTS!
FRANCE
BATTLING THE UNDERGROUND FACTORY FIEND!
FORTE


IN BERLIN, KEEN MARLOWE VISITS AN ANTI-NAZI FRIEND....
A LOT OF PRISONERS ARE COMING IN FROM OCCUPIED COUNTRIES, FLORA!
TO BE USED AS SLAVE LABOR, I SUPPOSE!
I'LL BET THAT THOSE PRISONERS WOULD FIGHT BACK IF THEY HAD SOMEONE TO LEAD THEM!
THAT MEANS THE DESTROYER IS GOING TO WORK AGAIN! I'M SO AFRAID FOR YOU, KEEN!
SOMEONE HAS TO FIGHT THESE INHUMAN BEASTS FROM WITHIN, AND IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME!
LATER...
SHVEIN OF A FRENCH DOG, VORK FASTER I SAY!
NO...NO. PLEASE!
MEN AT WORK
PRISONERS OF WAR GETTING A BEATING!
OWWW..
KEEN MARLOWE PASSES BY!
I CAN'T STAND BY AND LET THAT HAPPEN!
MY FISTS ARE ITCHING TO SMACK SOME NAZIS AROUND!
FROM THE DOORWAY EMERGES THE DESTROYER!
MIND IF I JOIN IN THE FUN?
IT'S DER DESTROYER!
DER FUEHRER VANTS HIM! GRAB HIM!

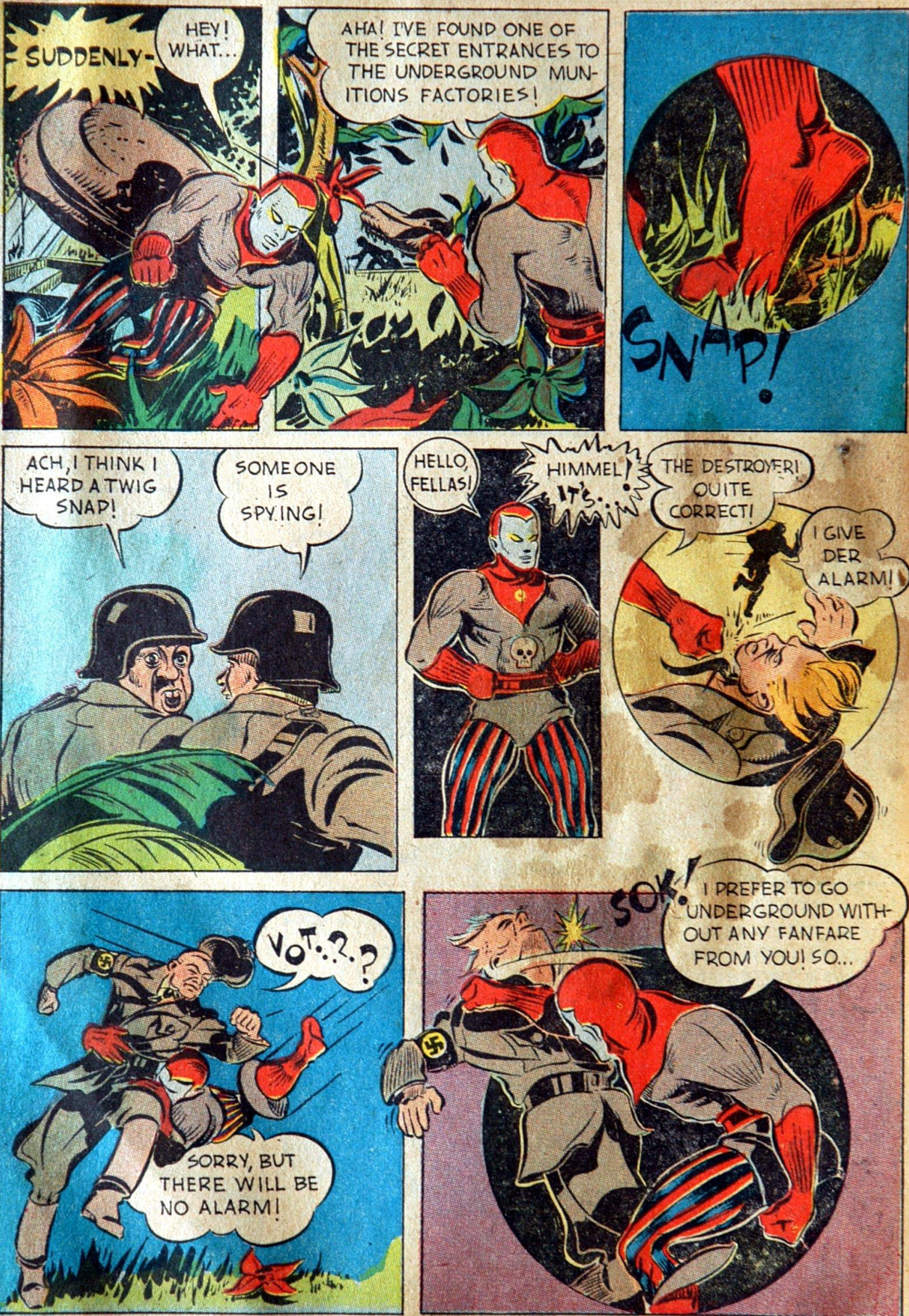
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE SOMEONE FIGHT BACK, RAT?
ACHH!
THANKS SAP!
INSPIRED BY THE GALLANT DESTROYER, THE WAR PRISONERS JOIN THE FRAY!
HERE IS SOME OF YOUR OWN TREATMENT, NAZI DOG!
OH OH! A NAZI STREET PATROL! RUN AND HIDE, MEN!
HIMMEL, VOT A BEATING DEY GOT!
A SECOND LATER ALL THAT REMAIN ARE THE BATTERED NAZIS!
UNDDER WAR PRISONERS ESCAPED! DOT IS DANGEROUS!
VE MUST SEARCH EVERY CORNER OF BERLIN FOR DER PRISONERS!
VE MUST VARN DER GESTAPO!
THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE OUT!
WE THANK YOU, DESTROYER! WITH THESE GUNS TAKEN FROM OUR CAPTORS, WE CAN HARASS THE NAZIS!
MEANWHILE, THE DESTROYER HAS LED THE PRISONERS TO AN EMPTY STORE...
I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE SUPPLIED WITH FOOD AND AMMUNITION! KEEP UNDER COVER AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!


NEXT DAY, IN THE GERMAN CHANCELLORY...
AH, HERR GRUBER, CHUST DER MAN I VANT TO SEE!
HEIL HITLER!
I VILL TELL YOU A SECRET! DER BRITISH AIR RAIDS ARE DESTROYING GERMAN MUNITIONS FACTORIES! SOON VE HAF NOTHING TO FIGHT MITT!
ACH, SO?
IN DOT CASE, VE MUST BUILD FACTORIES WHERE BOMBS CANNOT REACH!
AS GERMANY'S GREATEST PRODUCTION GENIUS, YOU CAN DO SOMETHINK!
I HAF IT! VE CAN BUILD VAST FACTORIES UNDERGROUND, IN DER FORESTS! BRITISH PLANES VILL NEFER FIND DEM!
ACH, HERR GRUBER DOT ISS A VONDERFUL IDEA!
THANK YOU, MEIN FEUHRER!
HMMM, GRUBER MUST HAVE HAD A CONFERENCE WITH ADOLF! SOMETHING BIG IS BREWING!
AS HERR GRUBER IS LEAVING THE CHANCELLORY!
...AND GRUBER IS HITLER'S BIG PRODUCTION MAN! DO YOU SUPPOSE SOMETHING IS GOING WRONG?
COULD BE THAT NAZI PRODUCTION OF WAR MATERIALS HAS DROPPED, AND ADOLF WANTS GRUBER TO DO SOMETHING OR ELSE...
LATER...
THE SIDE WHICH CAN OUTPRODUCE THE OTHER WILL WIN THE WAR! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! FROM NOW ON WE SABOTAGE THE NAZI FACTORIES WHEREVER THEY MAY BE!


NEXT DAY...
THERE GOES GRUBER NOW! A RAT GOING INTO HIS HOLE!
WE VERE VAITING FOR YOU, HERR GRUBER!
NOW I AM HERE, SO VE START VORK AT ONCE!
DIS ISS HOW VE BUILD UNDERGROUND FACTORIES! THEY VILL BE SAFE IN DER FORESTS!
KEEN MARLOWE HAS BECOME THE FEARED DESTROYER AS HE FOLLOWS GRUBER...
SO THATS HIS PLAN! UNDERGROUND MUNITION PLANTS!
ACH! VOT ARE YOU...
OH OH! COMPANY!
DER DESTROYER! VOT A PRIZE!
OWWW!
TSK TSK, HOW CLUMSY!

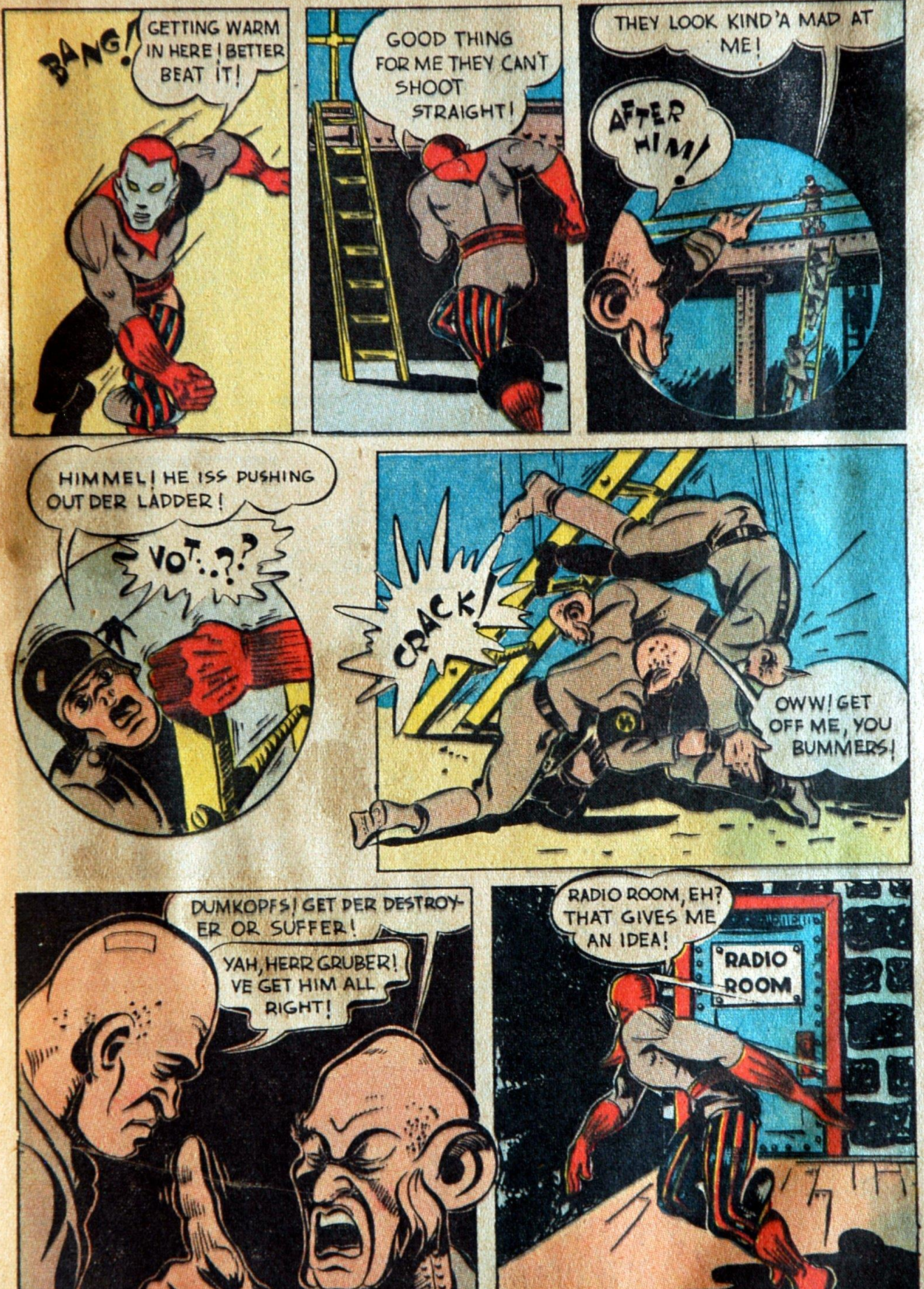

IT'S DER DESTROYER! VE HAF HIM TRAPPED!
I'LL HAVE TO USE GRUBER'S OFFICE!
VOT ISS!
MIND IF I USE YOUR FIRE ESCAPE?
I KINDA THOUGHT YOU WOULD MIND!
THIS FIGHT IS UNFAIR! NO COMPETITION FOR ME!
PUSH HARD! DER VERDAMMTE DESTROYER LOCKED DER DOOR!
I OUGHTA BREAK YOUR NECK FOR GOOD, GRUBER!
ACH!
WE'LL MEET AGAIN GRUBER, AND WHEN WE DO....
CRACK

THOSE NAZI ARE ROTTEN SHOTS!
NEFER MIND HIM! VE GO TO DER FORESTS UND START ON MY PROJECT!
YAH, HERR GRUBER!
DAYS LATER GRUBER PROJECT TAKES SHAPE!
HA, HA! MITT SLAVE LABOR, VE COMPLETE OUR PLANS IN FEW WEEKS!
GET TO VORK, SLAVE!
ANY SIGN OF GRUBER LATELY KEEN?
NO! HE MUST BE HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE, BUILDING HIS SECRET ARMAMENT FACTORIES! IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE!
AND IN FLORA'S SECRET APARTMENT . . .
BUT I'LL COMB EVERY FOREST NEAR BERLIN UNTIL I UNCOVER THESE HIDDEN FACTORIES!
THIS IS THE THIRD FOREST IVE BEEN IN, BUT STILL NO SIGN OF THOSE UNDERGROUND FACTORIES!
SO THE DESTROYER SETS OUT ON HIS SEARCH, WEEKS GO BY . . .
PHEW, I'M TIRED! GOTTA REST A MINUTE!


SUDDENLY-
HEY! WHAT...
AHA! I'VE FOUND ONE OF THE SECRET ENTRANCES TO THE UNDERGROUND MUNITIONS FACTORIES!
SNAP!
ACH, I THINK I HEARD A TWIG SNAP!
SOME ONE IS SPYING!
HELLO, FELLAS!
HIMMEL! IT'S...!
THE DESTROYER! QUITE CORRECT!
I GIVE DER ALARM!
VOT...?..?
SORRY, BUT THERE WILL BE NO ALARM!
SOK!
I PREFER TO GO UNDERGROUND WITHOUT ANY FANFARE FROM YOU! SO...

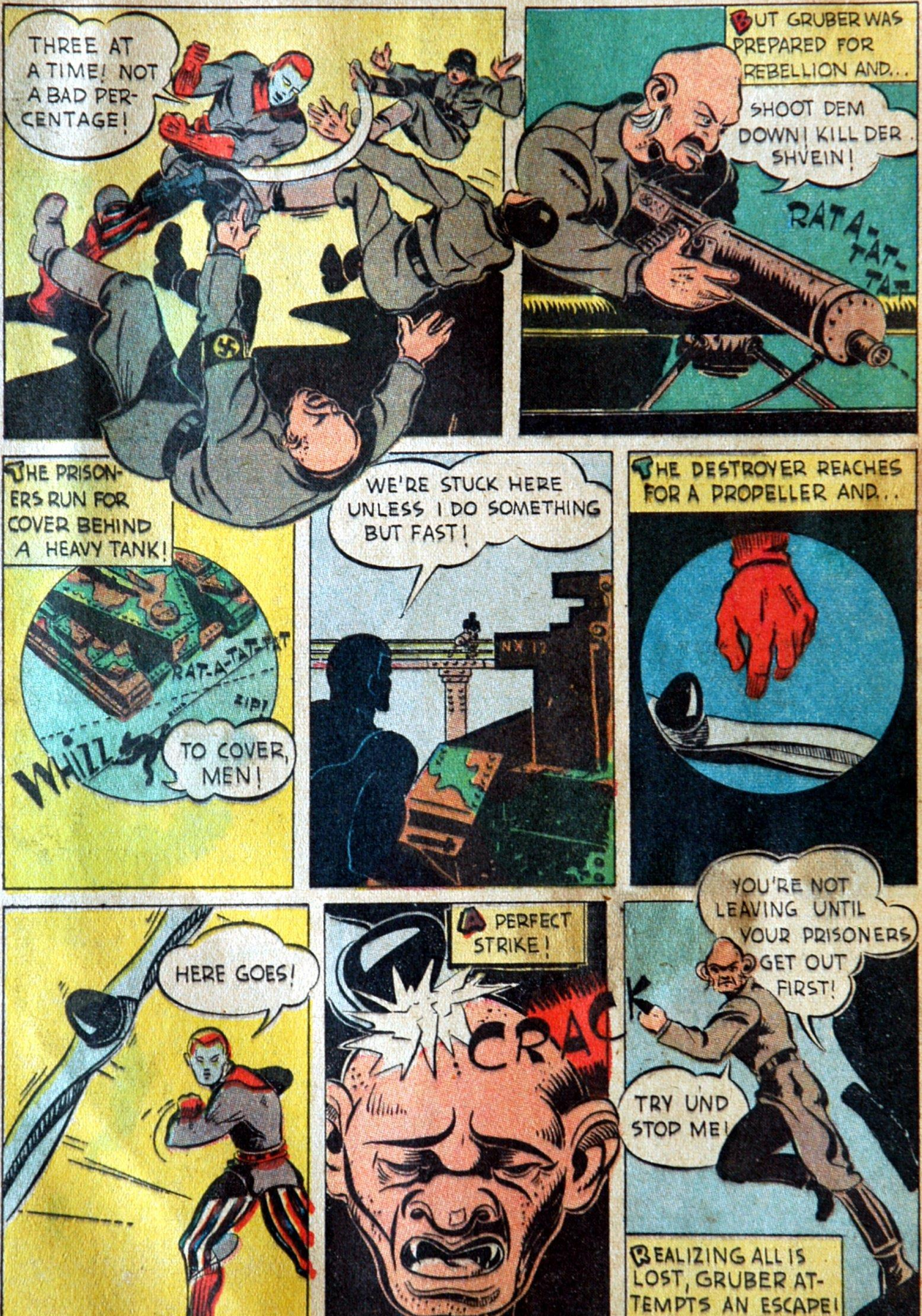
NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
PLANES MANUFACTURED UNDERGROUND! AND TANKS! WITH WAR PRISONERS AS FORCED LABORERS!
THE DESTROYER COMES UPON AN AMAZING SIGHT!
WONDER WHATS GOING ON ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL?
WOW! HERE THEY'RE MAKING SHELLS!
AND IN STILL ANOTHER CHAMBER...
GUNS OF ALL KINDS! WHAT A SETUP!
WITH MUNITIONS POURING OUT OF HERE, THE AXIS MIGHT OUT-PRODUCE THE ALLIES! I HAVE A TOUGH JOB ON MY HANDS!

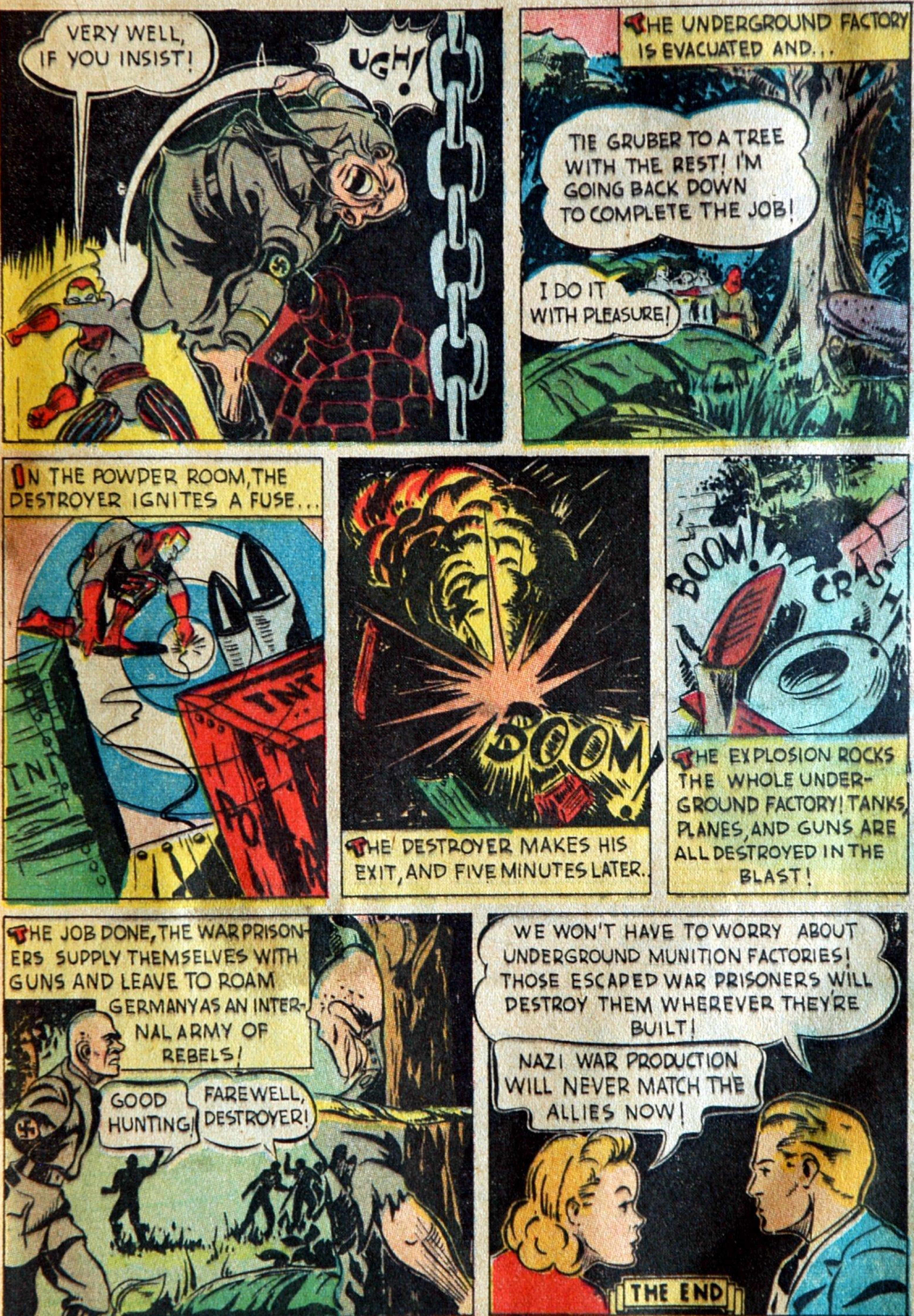
VORK FASTER, PIG! FASTER!
NO I CAN'T! I'M TIRED!
DOWN BELOW, THE DESTROYER SEES...
BEAT HIM UP! IT VILL SERVE AS A LESSON TO DER OTHERS!
OHHH...
HERE'S WHERE THE FIREWORKS BEGIN!
THE DESTROYER CHOOSES THIS MOMENT TO GO INTO ACTION!
HIMMEL! VOT ISS...??
JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ON SOME DRIPS!
HERE'S A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
ACH...
MORE NAZI GUARDS RUSH UP...
SLAM
GRUBER SHOWS UP!
SO! DER DESTROYER DISCOVERED OUR SECRET! HE VILL NEFER LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

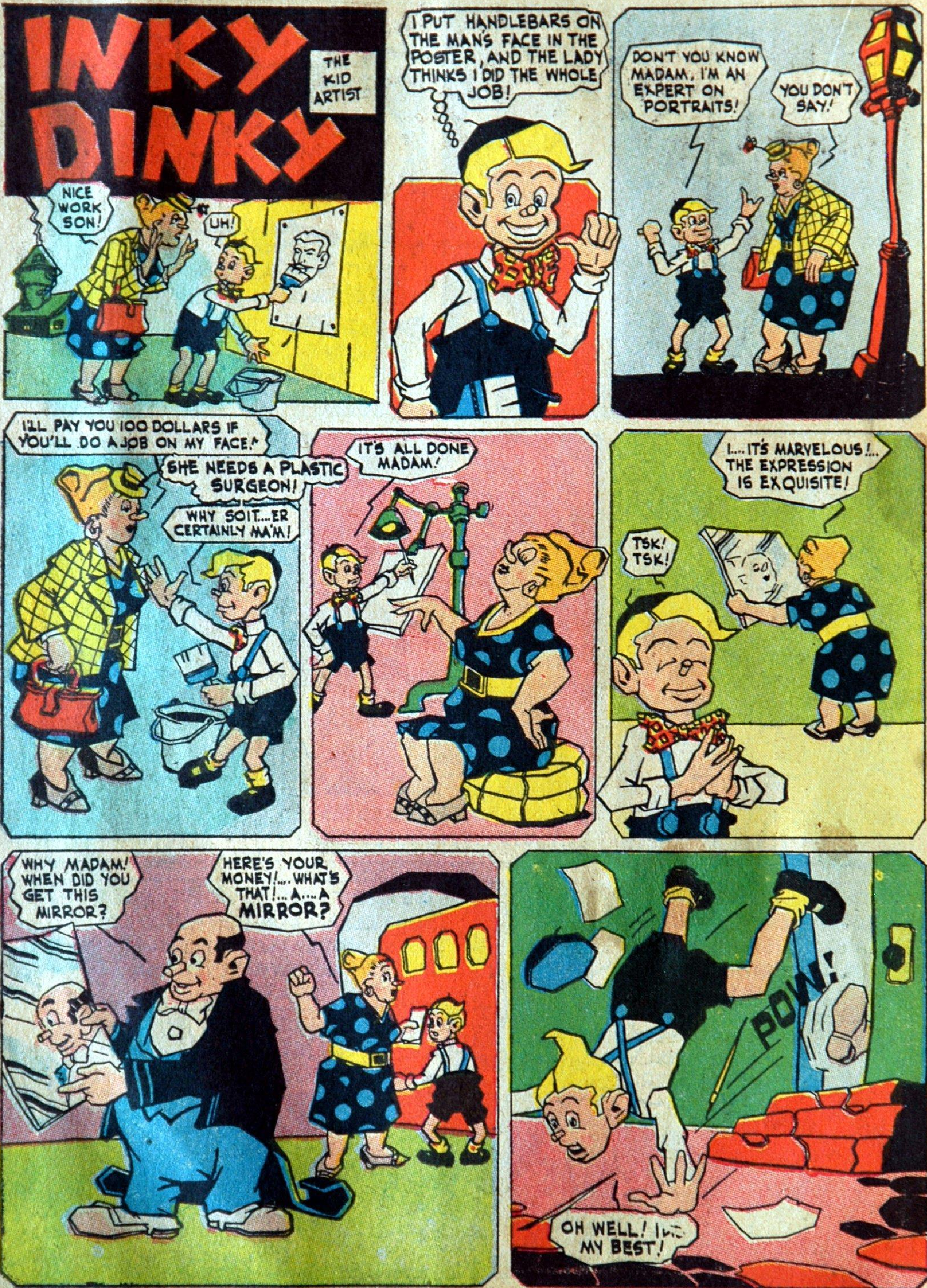

BANG!
GETTING WARM IN HERE! BETTER BEAT IT!
GOOD THING FOR ME THEY CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT!
THEY LOOK KIND'A MAD AT ME!
AFTER HIM!
HIMMEL! HE ISS PUSHING OUT DER LADDER!
VOT..?!?
CRACK!
OWW! GET OFF ME, YOU BUMMERS!
DUMKOPFS! GET DER DESTROYER OR SUFFER!
YAH, HERR GRUBER! VE GET HIM ALL RIGHT!
RADIO ROOM, EH? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
RADIO ROOM

SAY, YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE!
I AM IN, BROTHER!
I BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
MAYBE...
...AND MAY-BE NOT!
THUD!
HELP!! HERR GRUBER!
GOTTA STOP THAT FOG HORN!
STICK AROUND A WHILE!
ROCKABYE BABY!
THIS MICROPHONE CONNECTS WITH ALL THE WORK ROOM! I'LL GIVE THOSE WAR PRISONERS A TALKING TO!

SLAVES OF THE NAZIS! ALONE YOU ARE HELPLESS! UNITE AND YOU CAN WIPE OUT YOUR CAPTORS!
THE VOICE OF THE DESTROYER IS HEARD IN THE WORK ROOM!
MON DIEU! LISTEN TO THIS GALLANT ONE!
REBEL THIS MINUTE AND SUBDUE YOUR GUARDS! YOU CAN BE STRONG IF YOU FIGHT TOGETHER!
STRIKE NOW! YOU OUTNUMBER THE NAZI IN THIS UNDERGROUND FACTORY! BE BRAVE--FIGHT!
HIMMEL! DER SLAVES ARE REVOLTING!
INSPIRED BY THE FIERY WORDS OF THE DESTROYER, THE WAR PRISONERS ATTACK!
SLAY THEM! THE BUTCHERS. THE FIENDS!
REVENGE FOR ALL WE HAVE SUFFERED!
THE AROUSED LABORERS BATTLE THEIR CAPTORS UNMERCIFULLY!
THIS IS FOR DESTROYING MY HOMELAND!
NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU BEND US TO THE YOKE!
OWWW! ACHH!
THE DESTROYER JOINS THE MELEE!
I KNEW THESE MEN WOULD FIGHT IF I TALKED TO THEM! NOW TO FINISH THE JOB!

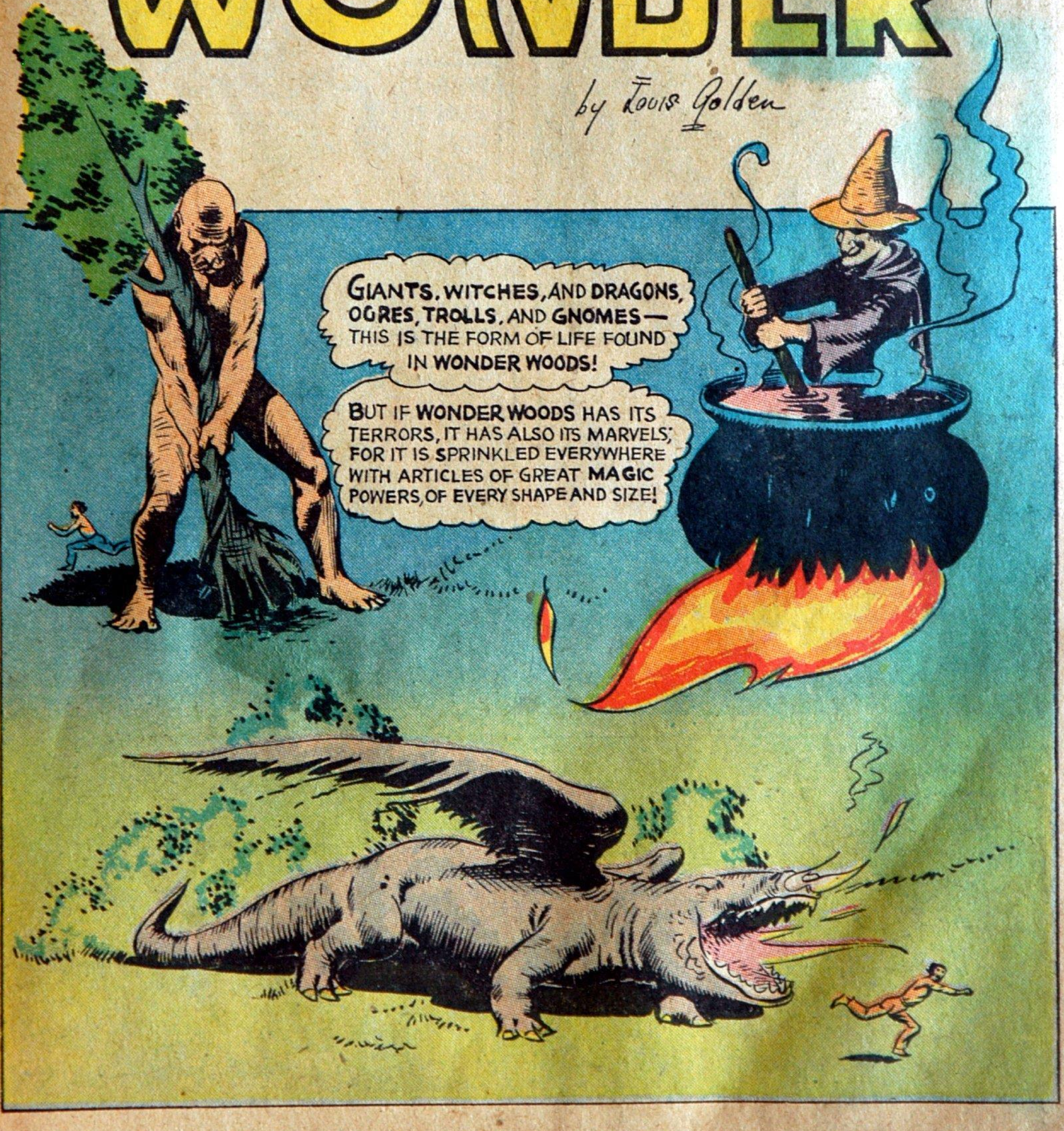

THREE AT A TIME! NOT A BAD PERCENTAGE!
BUT GRUBER WAS PREPARED FOR REBELLION AND..
SHOOT DEM DOWN! KILL DER SHVEIN!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT
THE PRISONERS RUN FOR COVER BEHIND A HEAVY TANK!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT
ZIP!
WHIZZ
TO COVER, MEN!
WE'RE STUCK HERE UNLESS I DO SOMETHING BUT FAST!
NX 12
THE DESTROYER REACHES FOR A PROPELLER AND..
HERE GOES!
A PERFECT STRIKE!
CRACK
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOUR PRISONERS GET OUT FIRST!
TRY UND STOP ME!
REALIZING ALL IS LOST, GRUBER ATTEMPTS AN ESCAPE!


VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST!
UGH!
THE UNDERGROUND FACTORY IS EVACUATED AND...
TIE GRUBER TO A TREE WITH THE REST! I'M GOING BACK DOWN TO COMPLETE THE JOB!
I DO IT WITH PLEASURE!
IN THE POWDER ROOM, THE DESTROYER IGNITES A FUSE...
TNT
TNT
POWDER
BOOM!
THE DESTROYER MAKES HIS EXIT, AND FIVE MINUTES LATER.
BOOM!
CRASH!
THE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE WHOLE UNDERGROUND FACTORY! TANKS, PLANES, AND GUNS ARE ALL DESTROYED IN THE BLAST!
THE JOB DONE, THE WAR PRISONERS SUPPLY THEMSELVES WITH GUNS AND LEAVE TO ROAM GERMANY AS AN INTERNAL ARMY OF REBELS!
GOOD HUNTING!
FAREWELL, DESTROYER!
WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT UNDERGROUND MUNITION FACTORIES! THOSE ESCAPED WAR PRISONERS WILL DESTROY THEM WHEREVER THEY'RE BUILT!
NAZI WAR PRODUCTION WILL NEVER MATCH THE ALLIES NOW!
THE END


INKY DINKY
THE KID ARTIST
NICE WORK SON!
UH!
I PUT HANDLEBARS ON THE MAN'S FACE IN THE POSTER, AND THE LADY THINKS I DID THE WHOLE JOB!
DON'T YOU KNOW MADAM, I'M AN EXPERT ON PORTRAITS!
YOU DON'T SAY!
I'LL PAY YOU 100 DOLLARS IF YOU'LL DO A JOB ON MY FACE!
SHE NEEDS A PLASTIC SURGEON!
WHY SOIT....ER CERTAINLY MA'M!
IT'S ALL DONE MADAM!
I.... IT'S MARVELOUS!... THE EXPRESSION IS EXQUISITE!
TSK! TSK!
WHY MADAM! WHEN DID YOU GET THIS MIRROR?
HERE'S YOUR MONEY!... WHAT'S THAT!... A.... A MIRROR?
POW!
OH WELL! I DID MY BEST!

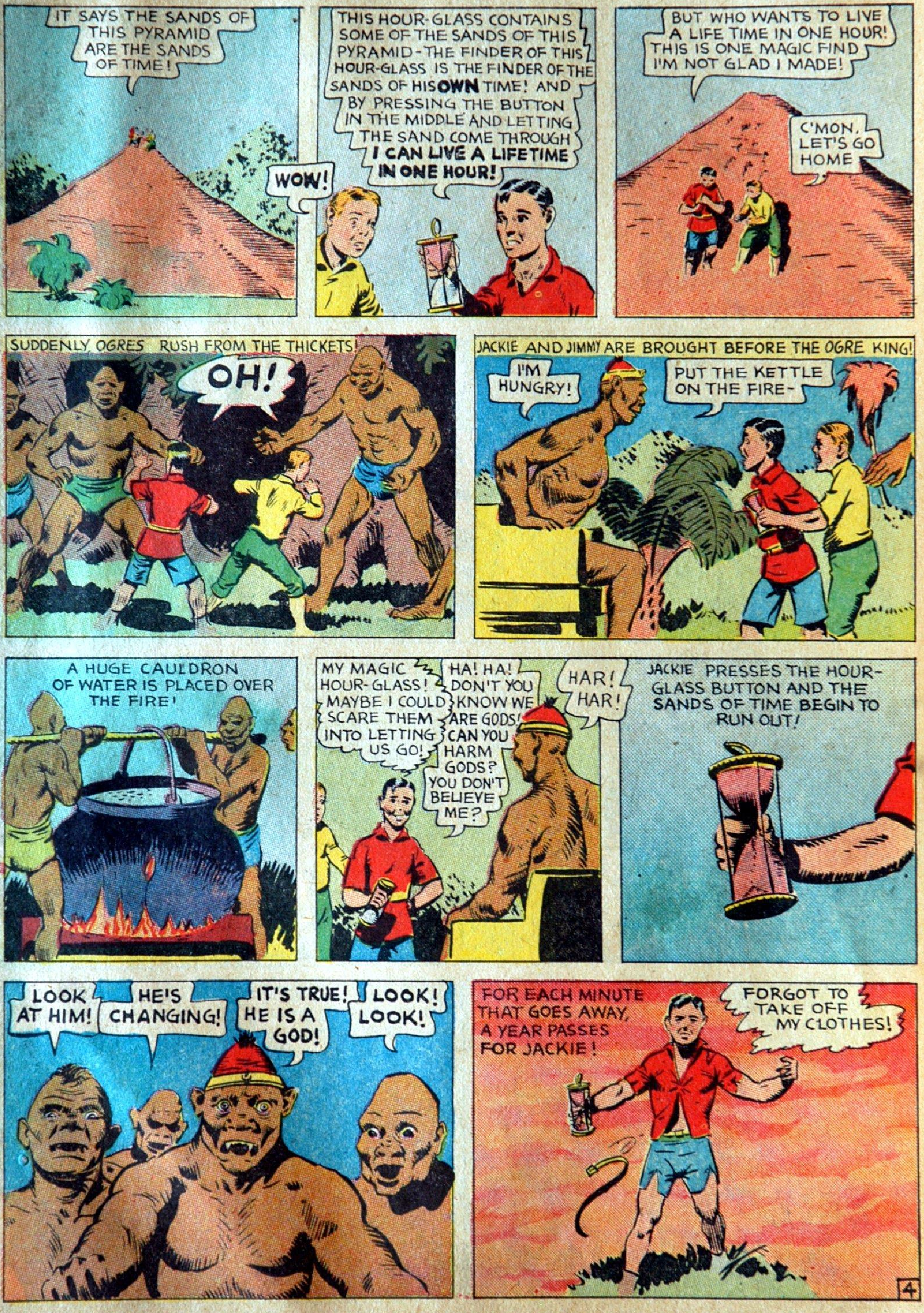
THE WORLD OF WONDER

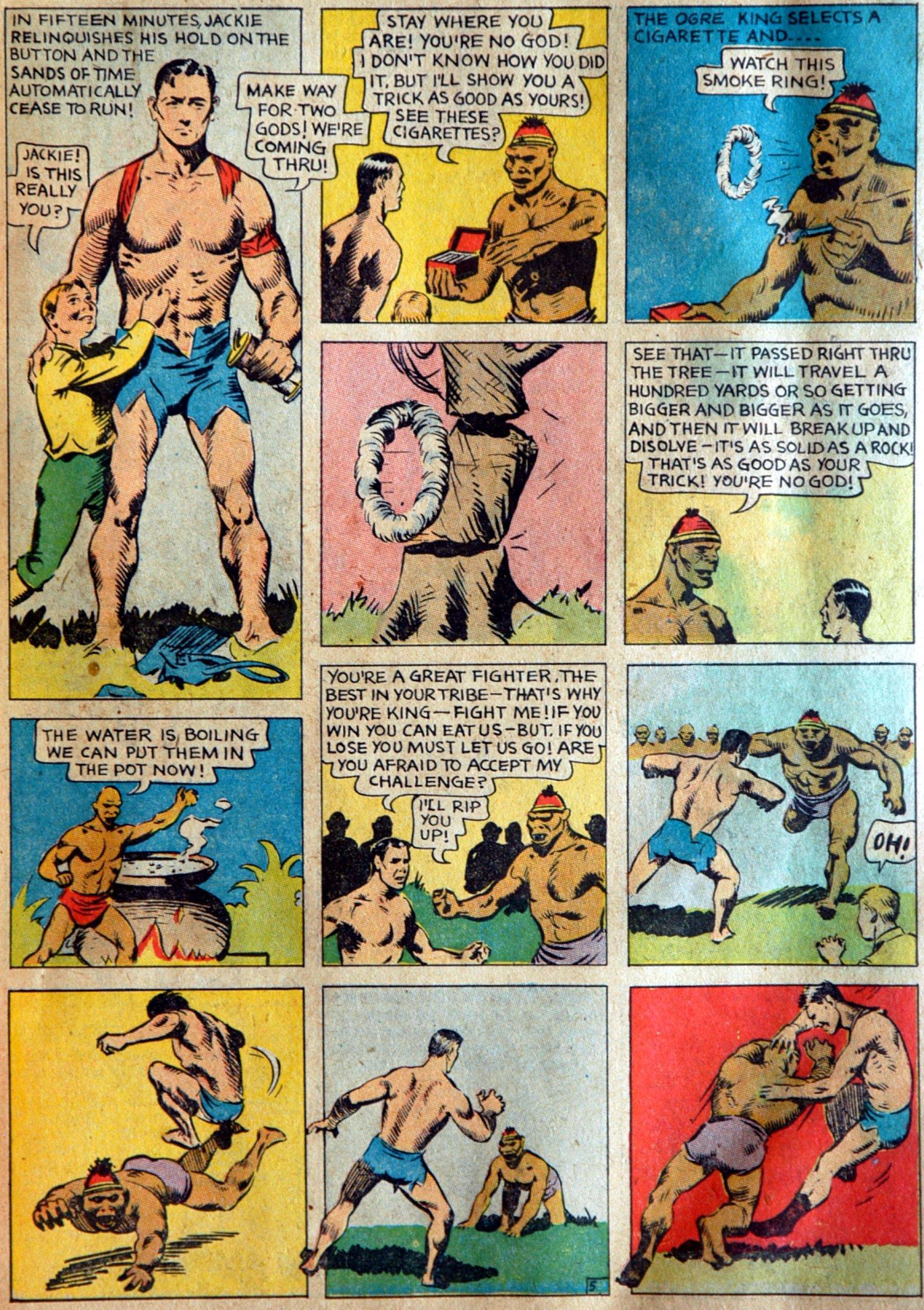
by Louis Golden


GIANTS, WITCHES, AND DRAGONS, OGRES, TROLLS, AND GNOMES— THIS IS THE FORM OF LIFE FOUND IN WONDER WOODS!
BUT IF WONDER WOODS HAS ITS TERRORS, IT HAS ALSO ITS MARVELS; FOR IT IS SPRINKLED EVERYWHERE WITH ARTICLES OF GREAT MAGIC POWERS, OF EVERY SHAPE AND SIZE!

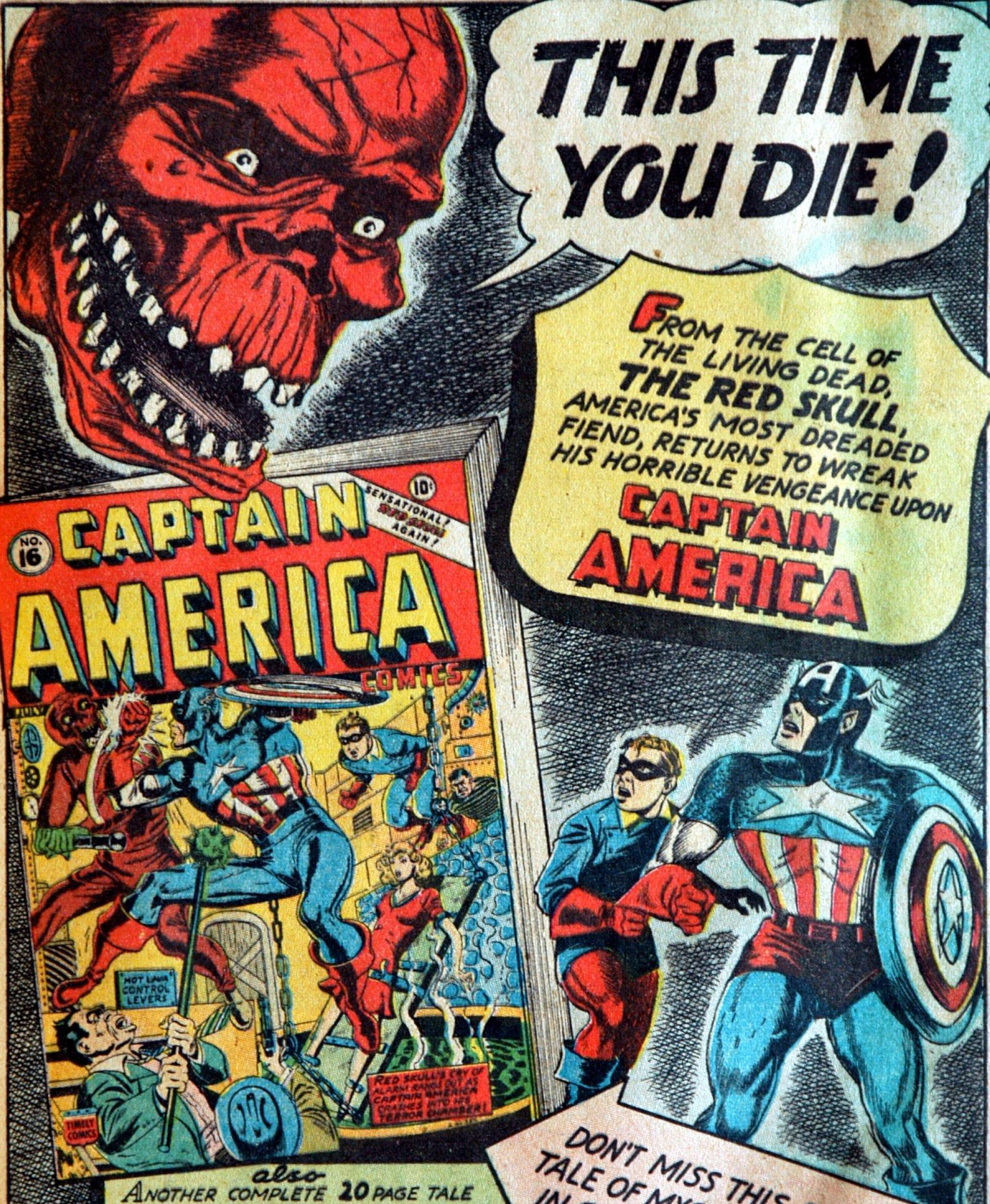
IN THE CENTER OF THE FOREST IS THE MAGIC CITY, SO CALLED BECAUSE IT IS RICH WITH MAGIC FINDS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE IN WONDER WOODS!
EACH DAY A LARGE PROCESSION VENTURES FORTH FROM THE CITY INTO THE FOREST IN QUEST OF MORE FINDS..... OUR STORY BEGINS WITH ONE OF THESE PROCESSIONS
TAGGING ALONG BEHIND THE OTHERS ARE TWO LITTLE BOYS.....
JIMMY, DO YOU THINK WE'LL COME BACK WITH ANY MAGIC ARTICLES?
RIGHT NOW I'M WONDERING IF WE'LL COME BACK AT ALL, JACKIE!
DEEP IN THE ENCHANTED WOODS....
WE CAN START SEARCHING ABOUT HERE-
BUT JUST THEN— —A GIANT ATTACKS!
WHA-! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
BEHIND THAT ROCK, JIMMY, QUICK!
THE GIANT IS GONE— C'MON, JIMMY. WE'RE GOIN' STRAIGHT HOME!
YOU SAID IT! THE HECK WITH THE MAGIC THINGS!
SUDDENLY, THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH A CHILD OGRE....
BOY, AM I GONNA HAVE A STEAK TO-NIGHT!
OH!
GULP!
AAAH!
WHACK!
UGH!
ONE BLOW, AND JIMMY IS ON THE GROUND WRITHING IN PAIN!

AS THE CHILD OGRE IS ABOUT TO CARRY OFF JIMMY .....
LET HIM GO!
SO YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT ME FOR YOUR FRIEND'S LIFE, EH?
SWISH!
WHAT TH'!
SWISH!
WHAT TH'!
UGH!
WHACK!
WHACK!
UGH!
I'M DIZZY!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE COMES TO!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, JACKIE—YOU KNOCKED OUT AN OGRE YOUR SIZE—THAT MEANS IF YOU WERE BIG YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIGHT A FULL-GROWN OGRE—AND A FULL GROWN OGRE HAS THE STRENGTH OF THREE MEN!
FIGHT A FULL-GROWN OGRE BOY, THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING!
WOW! WHAT SAND!
JIMMY, WHAT'S THAT THING ON THE VERY TOP?
IT'S AN HOUR-GLASS
WHAT'S AN HOUR-GLASS JACKIE?
A TIME-KEEPER! IT TAKES ONE HOUR FOR THE SAND FROM THE TOP TO GO THROUGH TO THE BOTTOM!
WONDER WHY THE SAND WON'T GO THROUGH NOW—WHAT'S THAT BUTTON IN THE MIDDLE? HEY, LOOK, IT SAYS SOMETHING ON THE TOP!


IT SAYS THE SANDS OF THIS PYRAMID ARE THE SANDS OF TIME!
THIS HOUR-GLASS CONTAINS SOME OF THE SANDS OF THIS PYRAMID - THE FINDER OF THIS HOUR-GLASS IS THE FINDER OF THE SANDS OF HIS OWN TIME! AND BY PRESSING THE BUTTON IN THE MIDDLE AND LETTING THE SAND COME THROUGH I CAN LIVE A LIFETIME IN ONE HOUR!
WOW!
BUT WHO WANTS TO LIVE A LIFE TIME IN ONE HOUR! THIS IS ONE MAGIC FIND I'M NOT GLAD I MADE!
C'MON, LET'S GO HOME
SUDDENLY OGRES RUSH FROM THE THICKETS!
OH!
JACKIE AND JIMMY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE OGRE KING!
I'M HUNGRY!
PUT THE KETTLE ON THE FIRE-
A HUGE CAULDRON OF WATER IS PLACED OVER THE FIRE!
MY MAGIC HOUR-GLASS! MAYBE I COULD SCARE THEM INTO LETTING US GO!
HA! HA! DON'T YOU KNOW WE ARE GODS! CAN YOU HARM GODS? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME?
HAR! HAR!
JACKIE PRESSES THE HOUR-GLASS BUTTON AND THE SANDS OF TIME BEGIN TO RUN OUT!
LOOK AT HIM!
HE'S CHANGING!
IT'S TRUE! HE IS A GOD!
LOOK! LOOK!
FOR EACH MINUTE THAT GOES AWAY, A YEAR PASSES FOR JACKIE!
FORGOT TO TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES!


IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, JACKIE RELINQUISHES HIS HOLD ON THE BUTTON AND THE SANDS OF TIME AUTOMATICALLY CEASE TO RUN!
JACKIE! IS THIS REALLY YOU?
MAKE WAY FOR TWO GODS! WE'RE COMING THRU!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! YOU'RE NO GOD! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT I'LL SHOW YOU A TRICK AS GOOD AS YOURS! SEE THESE CIGARETTES?
THE OGRE KING SELECTS A CIGARETTE AND....
WATCH THIS SMOKE RING!
SEE THAT—IT PASSED RIGHT THRU THE TREE—IT WILL TRAVEL A HUNDRED YARDS OR SO GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER AS IT GOES, AND THEN IT WILL BREAK UP AND DISOLVE—IT'S AS SOLID AS A ROCK! THAT'S AS GOOD AS YOUR TRICK! YOU'RE NO GOD!
THE WATER IS BOILING WE CAN PUT THEM IN THE POT NOW!
YOU'RE A GREAT FIGHTER, THE BEST IN YOUR TRIBE—THAT'S WHY YOU'RE KING—FIGHT ME! IF YOU WIN YOU CAN EAT US—BUT, IF YOU LOSE YOU MUST LET US GO! ARE YOU AFRAID TO ACCEPT MY CHALLENGE?
I'LL RIP YOU UP!
OH!

THIS TIME I'LL GET YOU!
UNLESS I GET YOU FIRST!
ENOUGH! ENOUGH! YOU'RE BUSTING MY NECK!
C'MON, JIMMY, WE WON OUR FREEDOM!
GRAB THEM! THROW THEM IN THE POT!
WE MADE A BARGAIN, YOU—
AS THE OGRES CLOSE IN....
.... A FANTASTIC THOUGHT LEAPS INTO JACKIE'S BRAIN— HE REACHES FOR THE OGRE KING'S DISCARDED CIGARETTE AND......
IT'S STILL BURNING!
.... BLOWS A MAGIC SMOKE-RING!
THEN, GRABBING JIMMY, HE LEAPS FOR THE SMOKE-RING AS IT RISES INTO THE AIR!
OH!
WHAT TH!
HOW TH'!
WE'RE SAFE! LOOK HOW GIGANTIC IT'S GETTING—IT'S BEGINNING TO BREAK UP—WE'LL HAVE TO BLOW ANOTHER SMOKE-RING!
JACKIE BLOWS THE NEXT SMOKE-RING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE MAGIC CITY- WHEN THAT DISOLVES HE BLOWS ANOTHER AND THEN ANOTHER, UNTIL THEY HAVE REACHED THEIR DESTINATION!
YIPEE! WE'RE HOME!
WHEN THEY ALIGHT IN THE CITY STREETS JACKIE TURNS THE MAGIC HOUR-GLASS UP SIDE-DOWN, PRESSES THE BUTTON IN THE CENTER, AND......
JUST AS I THOUGHT— IT WORKS BOTH WAYS I'M A LITTLE BOY AGAIN!
BOY, I'M GLAD!
ANOTHER STORY NEXT MONTH-


THIS TIME YOU DIE!
NO. 16
10¢
SENSATIONAL! RED SKULL AGAIN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS
JULY
HOT LAVA CONTROL LEVERS
RED SKULL'S CRY OF ALARM RANG OUT AS CAPTAIN AMERICA CRASHES INTO HIS TERROR CHAMBER!
TIMELY COMICS

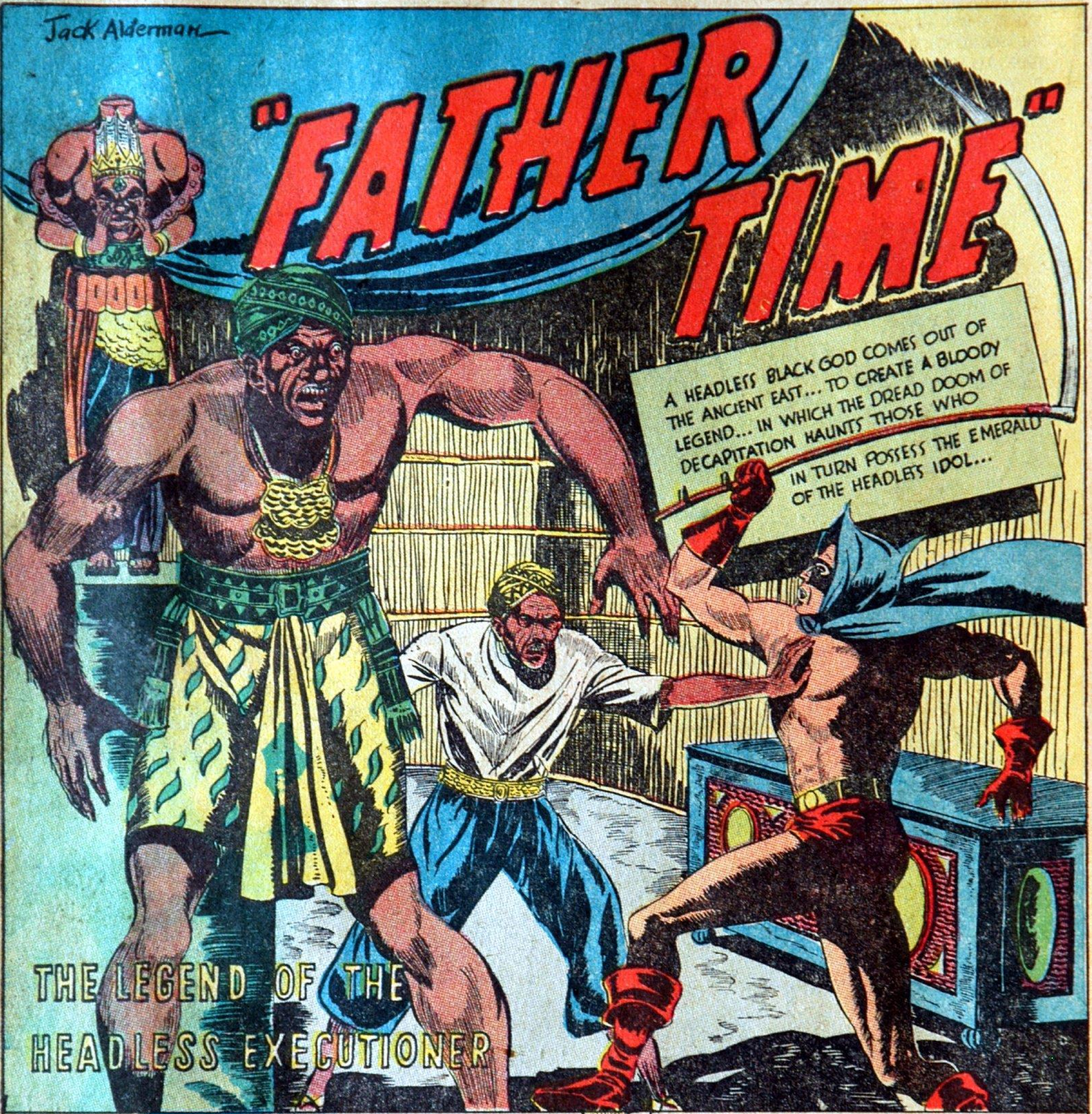
FROM THE CELL OF THE LIVING DEAD, **THE RED SKULL**, AMERICA'S MOST DREADED FIEND, RETURNS TO WREAK HIS HORRIBLE VENGEANCE UPON **CAPTAIN AMERICA**

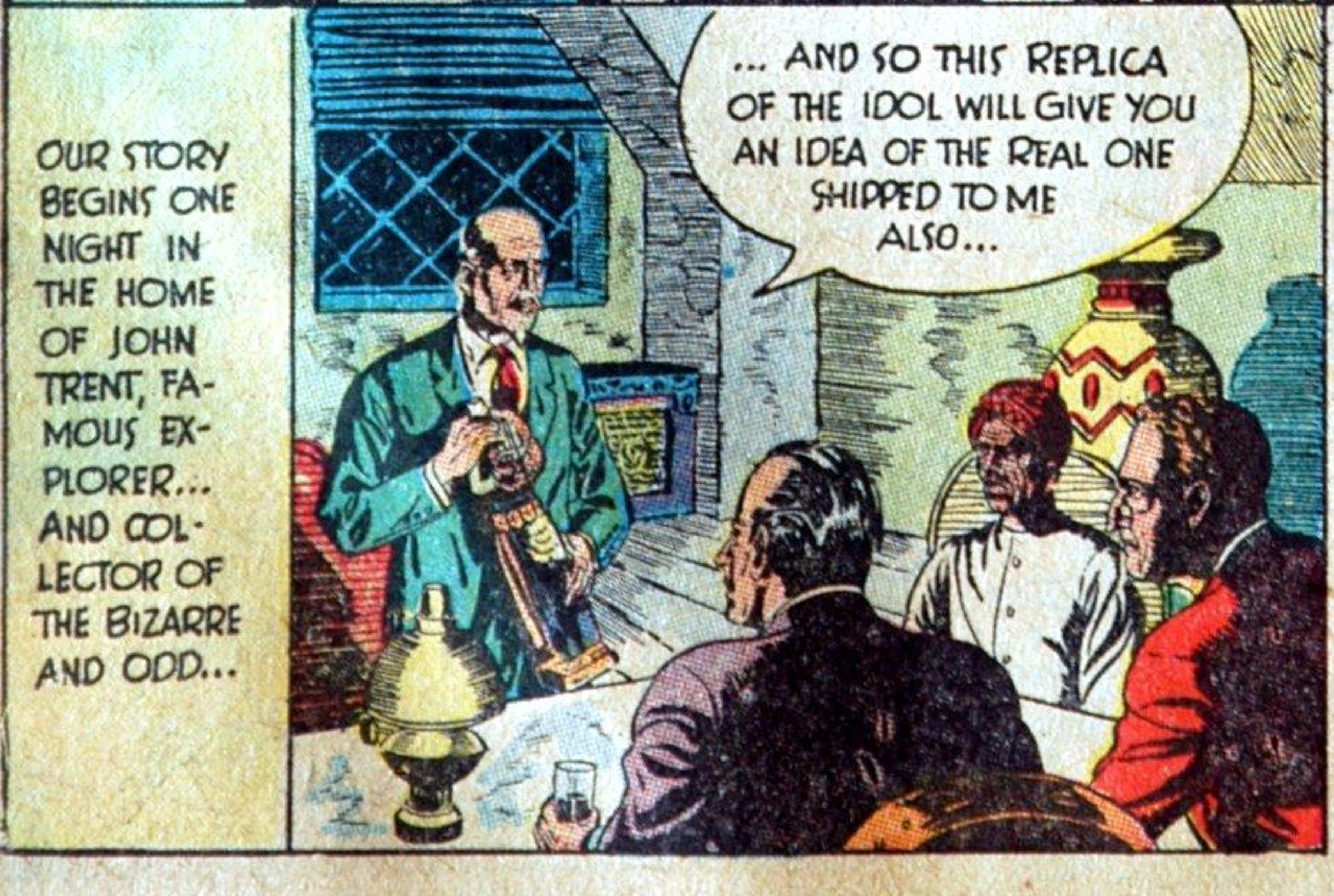
also
ANOTHER COMPLETE **20** PAGE TALE
OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AS WELL AS
THE IMP...
THE SECRET STAMP
And Other Features!

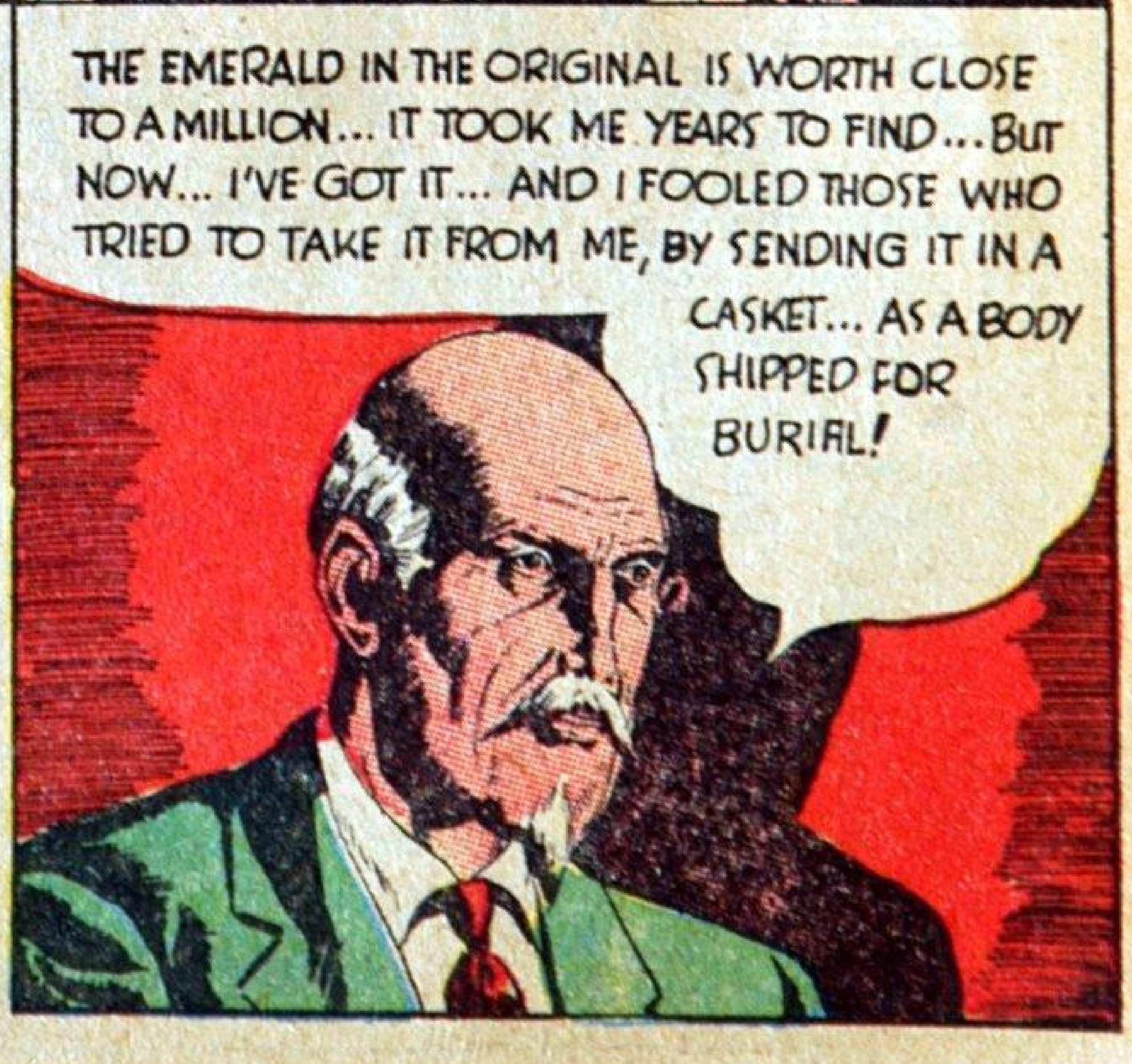
NOW on SALE

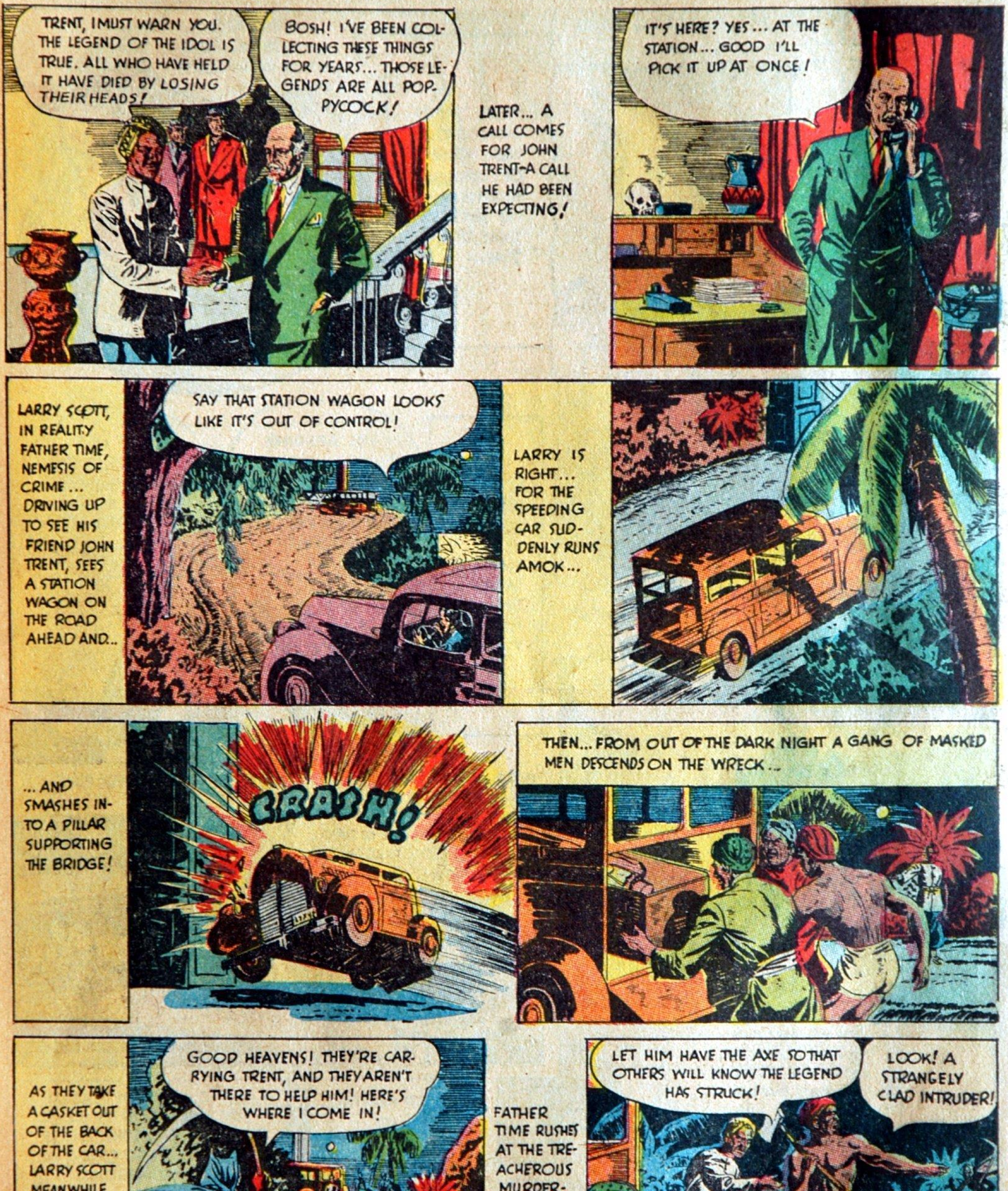
DON'T MISS THIS STARTLING TALE OF MYSTERY AND HORROR IN CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS
No. 16.

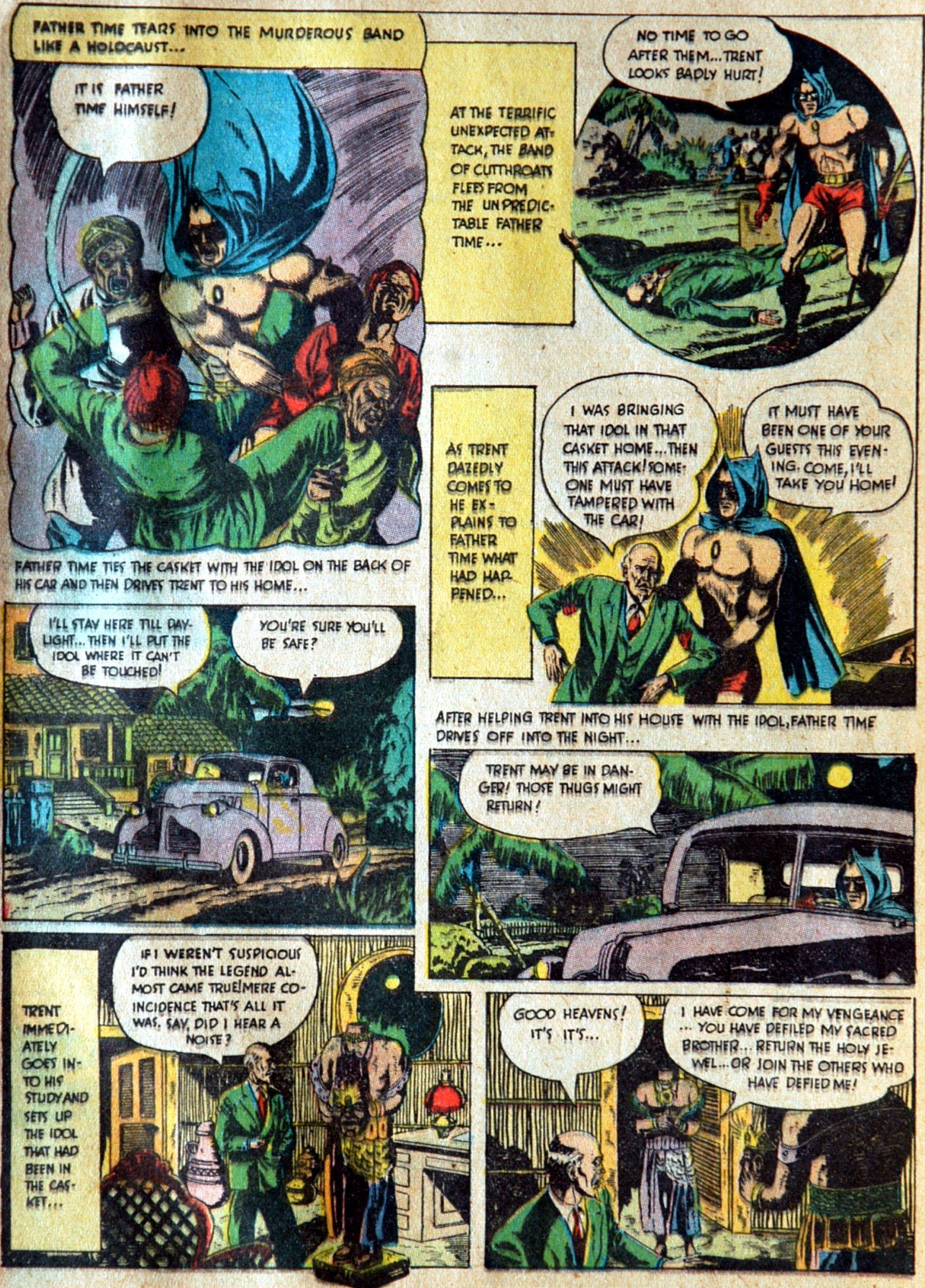
"FATHER TIME"

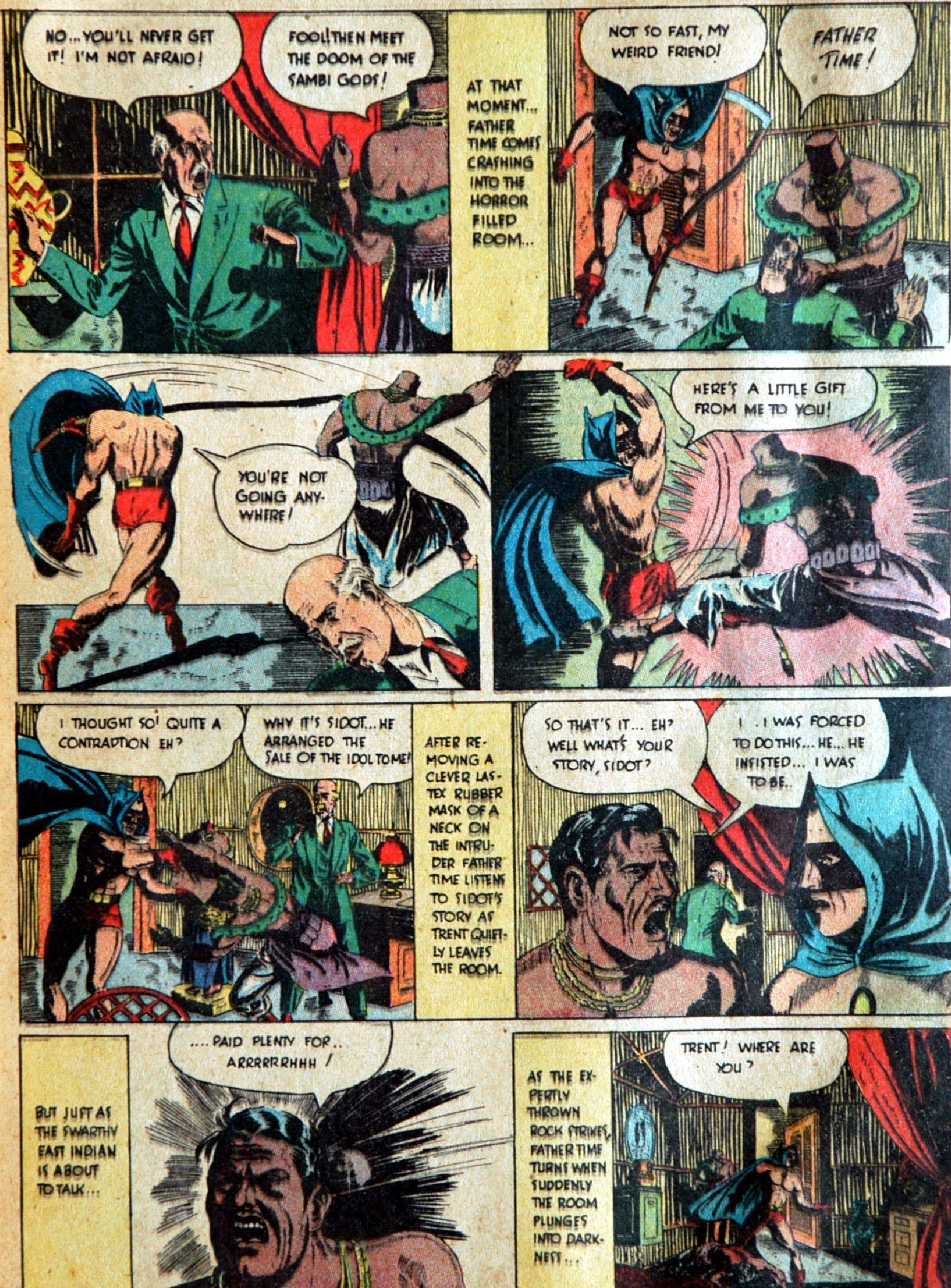

Jack Alderman
"FATHER TIME"
A HEADLESS BLACK GOD COMES OUT OF THE ANCIENT EAST... TO CREATE A BLOODY LEGEND... IN WHICH THE DREAD DOOM OF DECAPITATION HAUNTS THOSE WHO IN TURN POSSESS THE EMERALD OF THE HEADLESS IDOL...
THE LEGEND OF THE HEADLESS EXECUTIONER

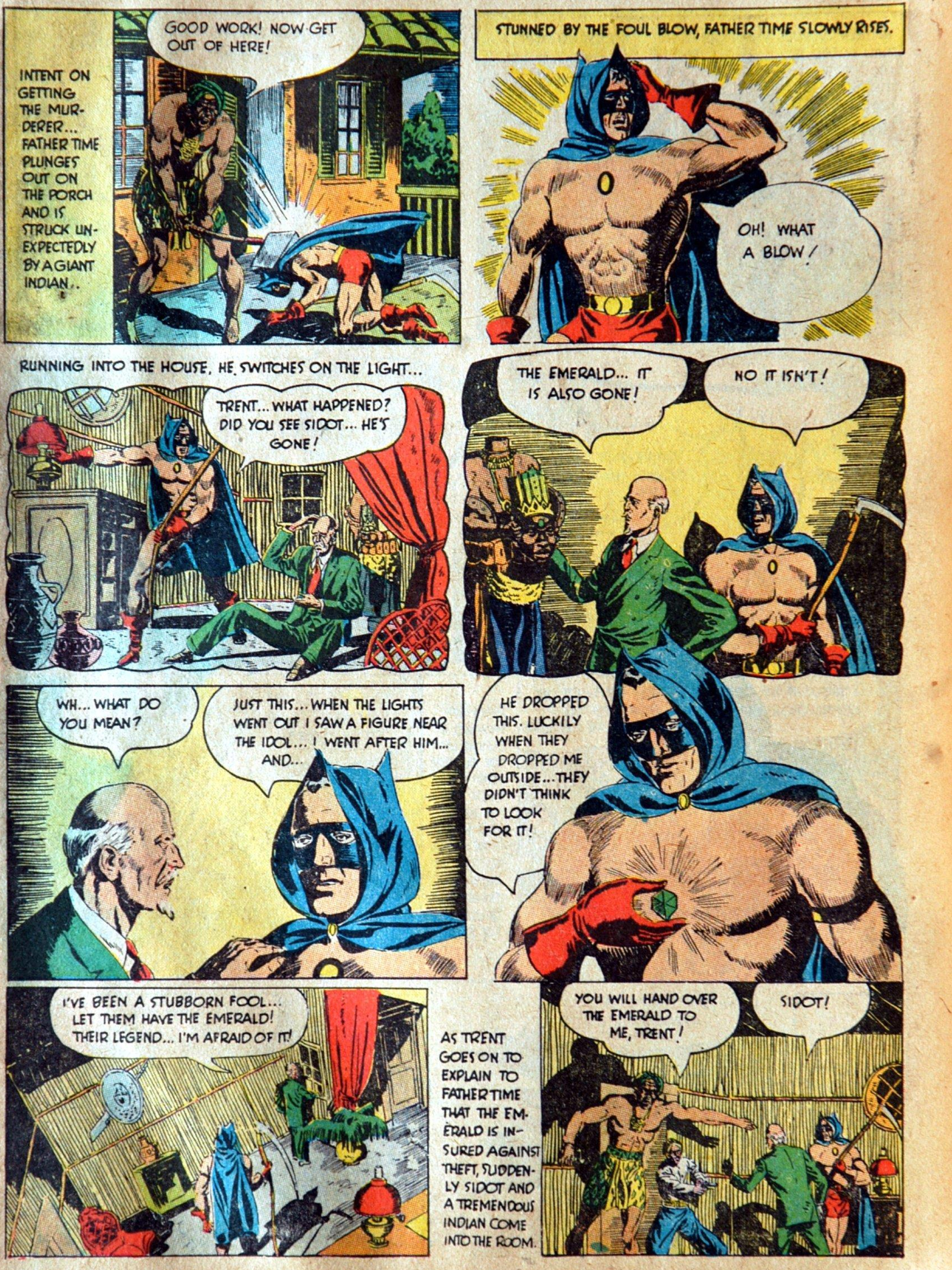

OUR STORY BEGINS ONE NIGHT IN THE HOME OF JOHN TRENT, FAMOUS EXPLORER... AND COLLECTOR OF THE BIZARRE AND ODD...
... AND SO THIS REPLICA OF THE IDOL WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THE REAL ONE SHIPPED TO ME ALSO...

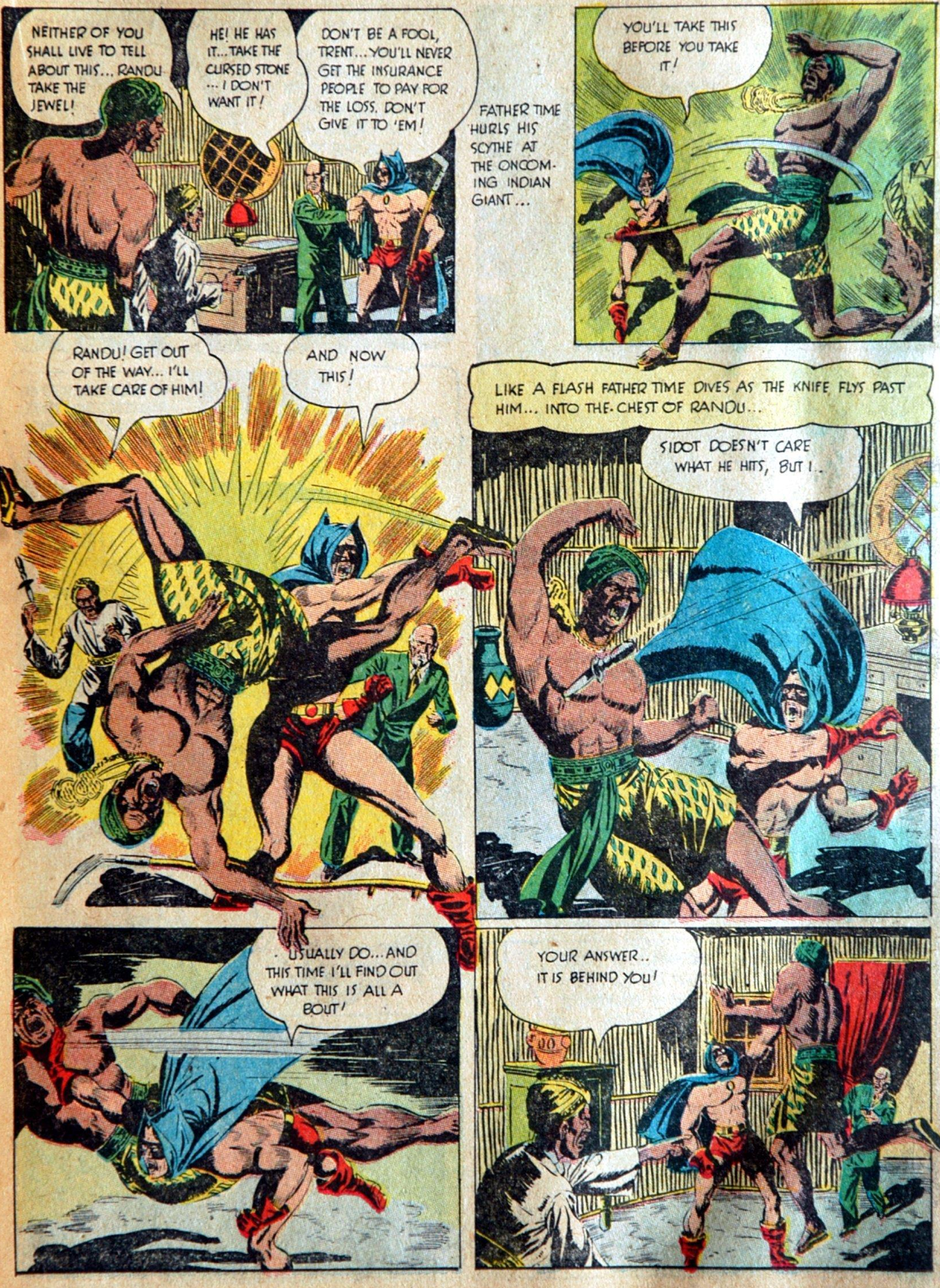

THE EMERALD IN THE ORIGINAL IS WORTH CLOSE TO A MILLION... IT TOOK ME YEARS TO FIND... BUT NOW... I'VE GOT IT... AND I FOOLED THOSE WHO TRIED TO TAKE IT FROM ME, BY SENDING IT IN A CASKET... AS A BODY SHIPPED FOR BURIAL!

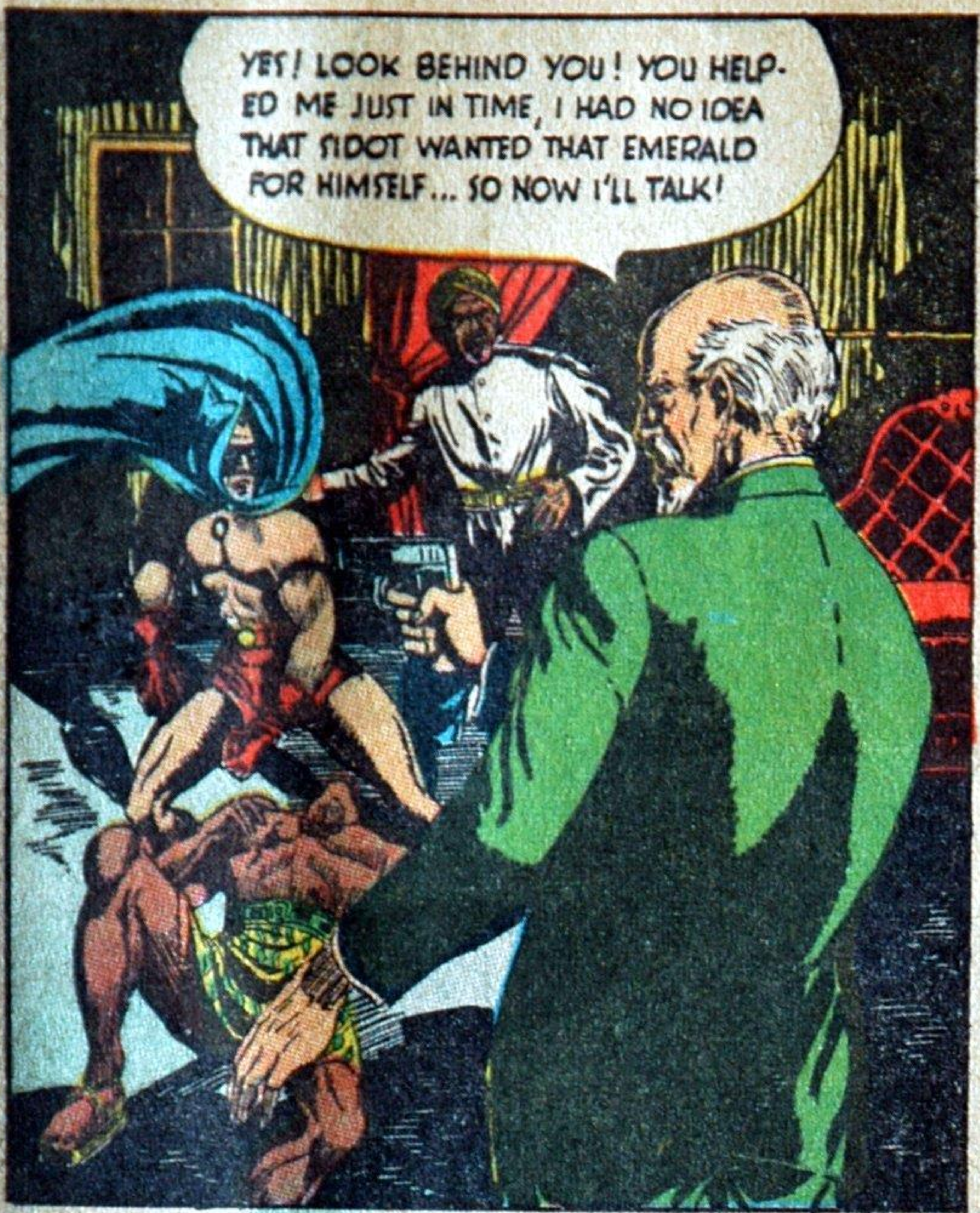

TRENT, I MUST WARN YOU. THE LEGEND OF THE IDOL IS TRUE. ALL WHO HAVE HELD IT HAVE DIED BY LOSING THEIR HEADS!
BOSH! I'VE BEEN COLLECTING THESE THINGS FOR YEARS... THOSE LEGENDS ARE ALL POPPYCOCK!
LATER... A CALL COMES FOR JOHN TRENT-A CALL HE HAD BEEN EXPECTING!
IT'S HERE? YES... AT THE STATION... GOOD I'LL PICK IT UP AT ONCE!
LARRY SCOTT, IN REALITY FATHER TIME, NEMESIS OF CRIME... DRIVING UP TO SEE HIS FRIEND JOHN TRENT, SEES A STATION WAGON ON THE ROAD AHEAD AND...
SAY THAT STATION WAGON LOOKS LIKE IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!
LARRY IS RIGHT... FOR THE SPEEDING CAR SUDDENLY RUNS AMOK...
... AND SMASHES INTO A PILLAR SUPPORTING THE BRIDGE!
CRASH!
THEN... FROM OUT OF THE DARK NIGHT A GANG OF MASKED MEN DESCENDS ON THE WRECK...
AS THEY TAKE A CASKET OUT OF THE BACK OF THE CAR... LARRY SCOTT MEANWHILE HAS PARKED HIS CAR OUT OF SIGHT AND HE CHANGES INTO FATHER TIME,
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE CARRYING TRENT, AND THEY AREN'T THERE TO HELP HIM! HERE'S WHERE I COME IN!
FATHER TIME RUSHES AT THE TREACHEROUS MURDERERS AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO FINISH OFF TRENT...
LET HIM HAVE THE AXE SO THAT OTHERS WILL KNOW THE LEGEND HAS STRUCK!
LOOK! A STRANGELY CLAD INTRUDER!

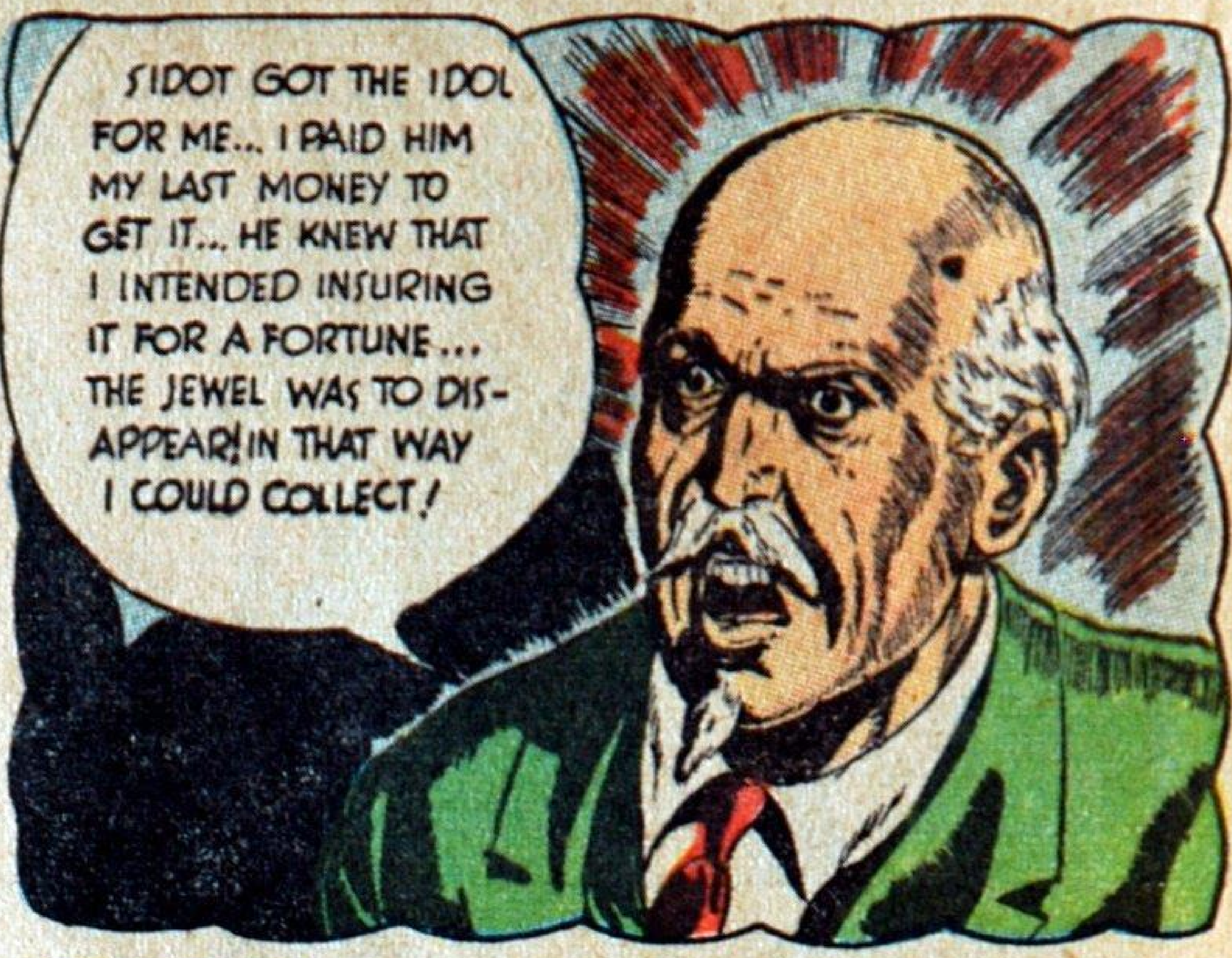

FATHER TIME TEARS INTO THE MURDEROUS BAND LIKE A HOLOCAUST...
IT IS FATHER TIME HIMSELF!
AT THE TERRIFIC UNEXPECTED ATTACK, THE BAND OF CUTTHROATS FLEES FROM THE UNPREDICTABLE FATHER TIME...
NO TIME TO GO AFTER THEM...TRENT LOOKS BADLY HURT!
AS TRENT DAZEDLY COMES TO HE EXPLAINS TO FATHER TIME WHAT HAD HAPPENED...
I WAS BRINGING THAT IDOL IN THAT CASKET HOME...THEN THIS ATTACK! SOMEONE MUST HAVE TAMPERED WITH THE CAR!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF YOUR GUESTS THIS EVENING. COME, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!
FATHER TIME TIES THE CASKET WITH THE IDOL ON THE BACK OF HIS CAR AND THEN DRIVES TRENT TO HIS HOME...
I'LL STAY HERE TILL DAYLIGHT...THEN I'LL PUT THE IDOL WHERE IT CAN'T BE TOUCHED!
YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE SAFE?
AFTER HELPING TRENT INTO HIS HOUSE WITH THE IDOL, FATHER TIME DRIVES OFF INTO THE NIGHT...
TRENT MAY BE IN DANGER! THOSE THUGS MIGHT RETURN!
TRENT IMMEDIATELY GOES INTO HIS STUDY AND SETS UP THE IDOL THAT HAD BEEN IN THE CASKET...
IF I WEREN'T SUSPICIOUS I'D THINK THE LEGEND ALMOST CAME TRUE! MERE COINCIDENCE THAT'S ALL IT WAS. SAY, DID I HEAR A NOISE?
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S IT'S...
I HAVE COME FOR MY VENGEANCE... YOU HAVE DEFILED MY SACRED BROTHER... RETURN THE HOLY JEWEL...OR JOIN THE OTHERS WHO HAVE DEFIED ME!

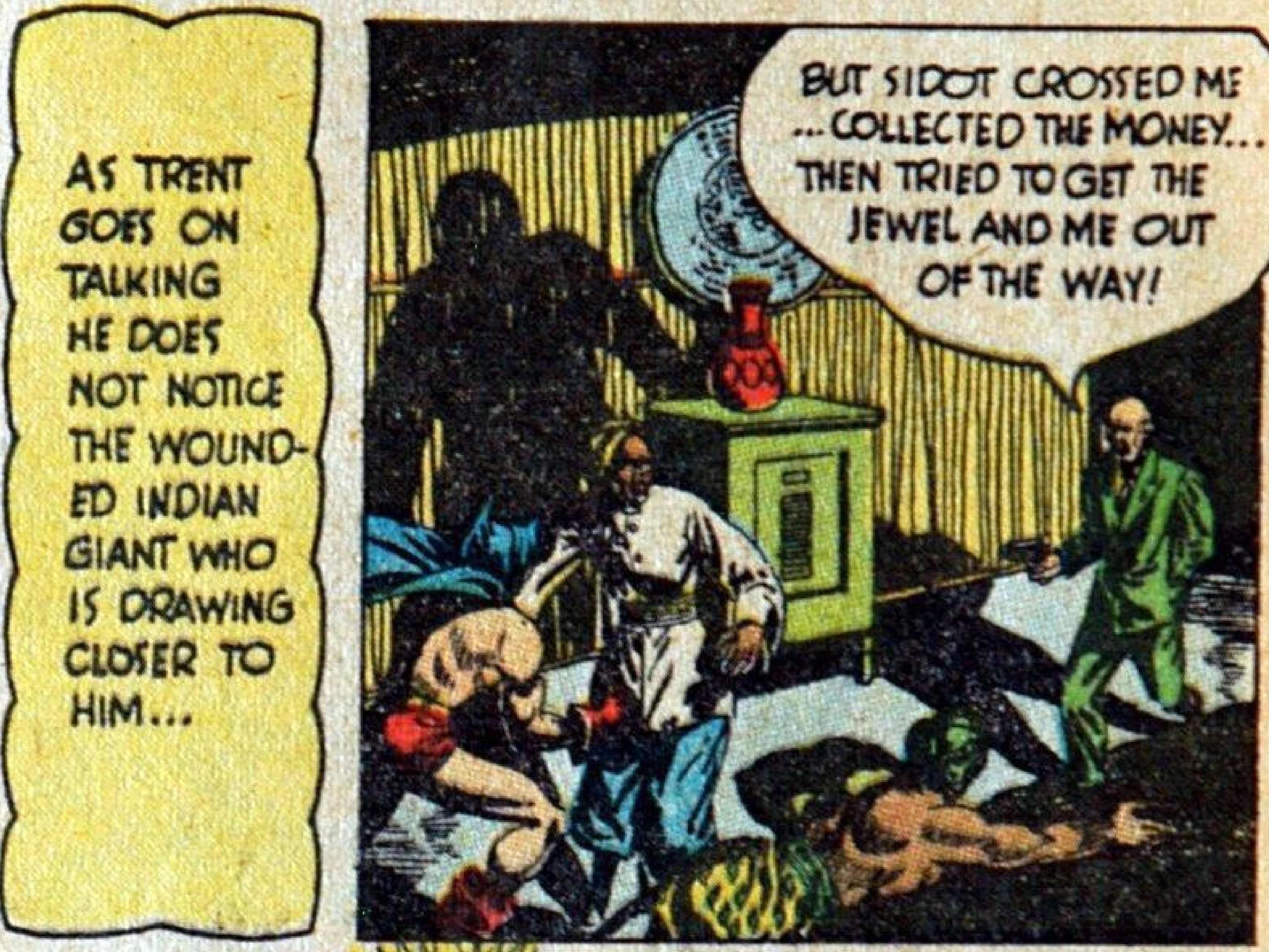

NO... YOU'LL NEVER GET IT! I'M NOT AFRAID!
FOOL! THEN MEET THE DOOM OF THE SAMBI GODS!
AT THAT MOMENT... FATHER TIME COMES CRASHING INTO THE HORROR FILLED ROOM...
NOT SO FAST, MY WEIRD FRIEND!
FATHER TIME!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
HERE'S A LITTLE GIFT FROM ME TO YOU!
I THOUGHT SO! QUITE A CONTRAPTION EH?
WHY IT'S SIDOT... HE ARRANGED THE SALE OF THE IDOL TO ME!
AFTER REMOVING A CLEVER LASTEX RUBBER MASK OF A NECK ON THE INTRUDER FATHER TIME LISTENS TO SIDOT'S STORY AS TRENT QUIETLY LEAVES THE ROOM.
SO THAT'S IT... EH? WELL WHAT'S YOUR STORY, SIDOT?
I . . I WAS FORCED TO DO THIS... HE... HE INSISTED... I WAS TO BE..
BUT JUST AS THE SWARTHY EAST INDIAN IS ABOUT TO TALK...
....PAID PLENTY FOR.. ARRRRRRHHH!
AS THE EXPERTLY THROWN ROCK STRIKES, FATHER TIME TURNS WHEN SUDDENLY THE ROOM PLUNGES INTO DARKNESS...
TRENT! WHERE ARE YOU?

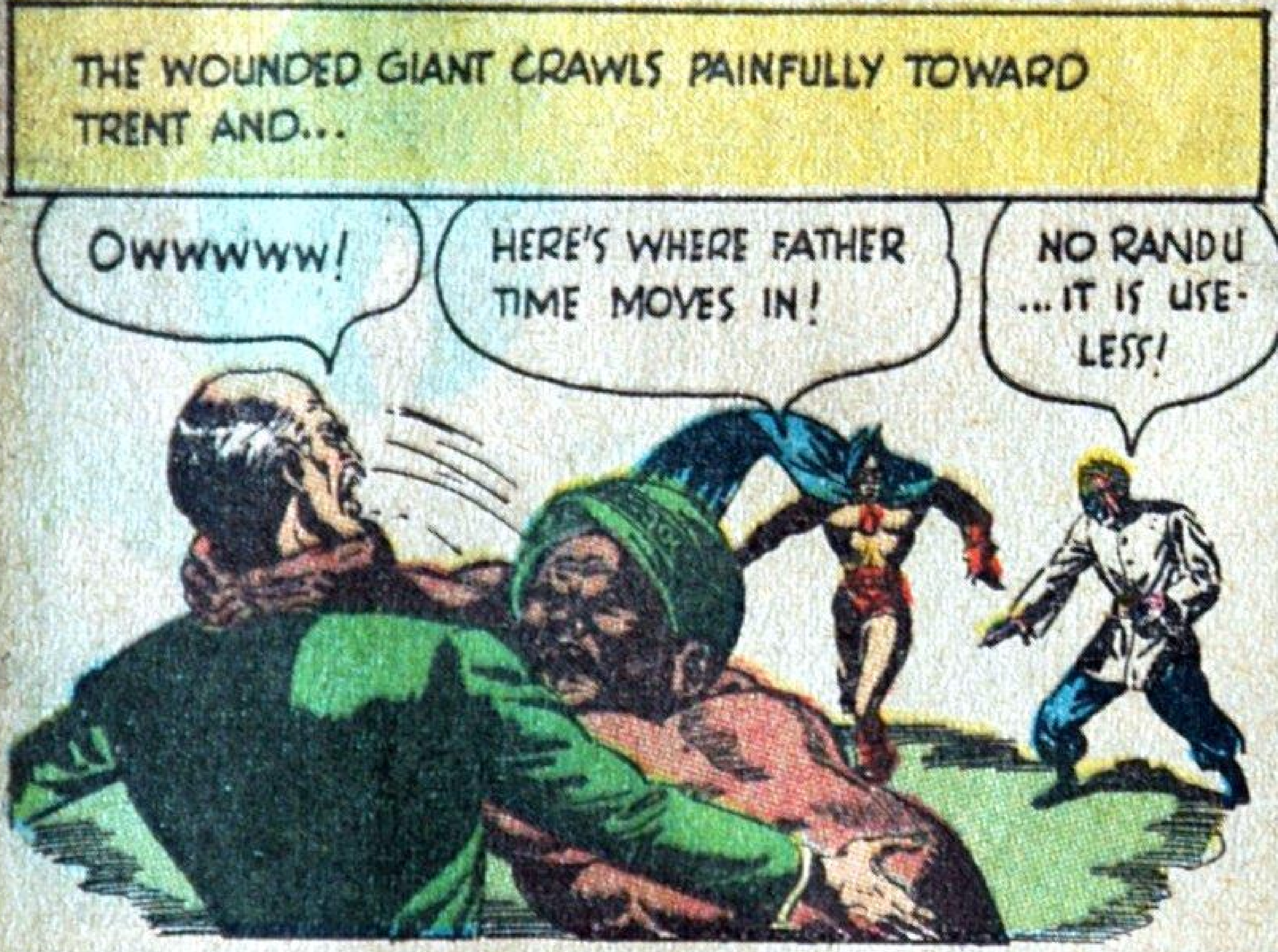

INTENT ON GETTING THE MURDERER... FATHER TIME PLUNGES OUT ON THE PORCH AND IS STRUCK UNEXPECTEDLY BY A GIANT INDIAN..
GOOD WORK! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
STUNNED BY THE FOUL BLOW, FATHER TIME SLOWLY RISES.
OH! WHAT A BLOW!
RUNNING INTO THE HOUSE, HE SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT...
TRENT... WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU SEE SIDOT... HE'S GONE!
THE EMERALD... IT IS ALSO GONE!
NO IT ISN'T!
WH... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
JUST THIS... WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT I SAW A FIGURE NEAR THE IDOL... I WENT AFTER HIM... AND...
HE DROPPED THIS. LUCKILY WHEN THEY DROPPED ME OUTSIDE... THEY DIDN'T THINK TO LOOK FOR IT!
I'VE BEEN A STUBBORN FOOL... LET THEM HAVE THE EMERALD! THEIR LEGEND... I'M AFRAID OF IT!
AS TRENT GOES ON TO EXPLAIN TO FATHER TIME THAT THE EMERALD IS INSURED AGAINST THEFT, SUDDENLY SIDOT AND A TREMENDOUS INDIAN COME INTO THE ROOM.
YOU WILL HAND OVER THE EMERALD TO ME, TRENT!
SIDOT!

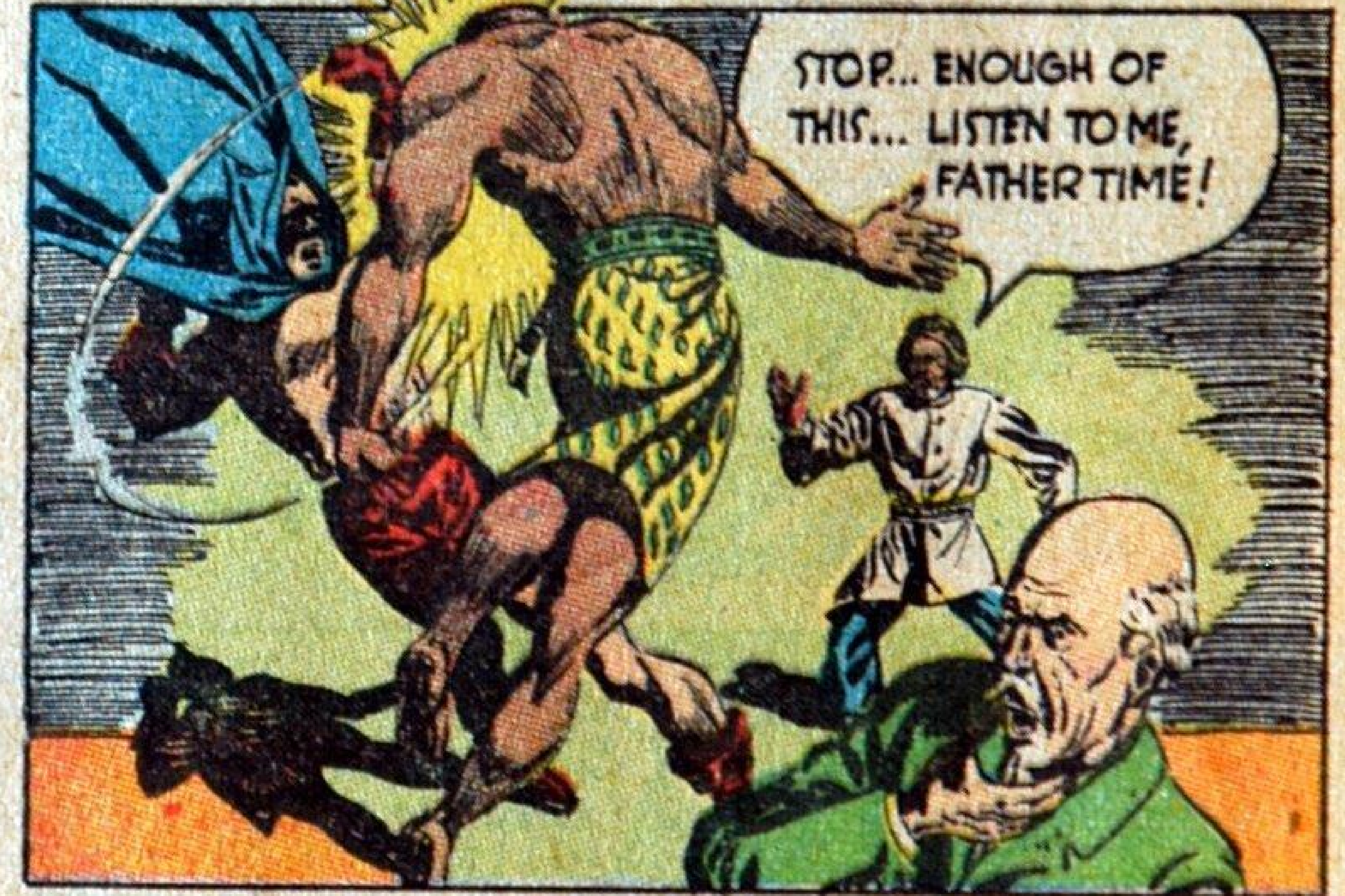

NEITHER OF YOU SHALL LIVE TO TELL ABOUT THIS... RANDU TAKE THE JEWEL!
HE! HE HAS IT... TAKE THE CURSED STONE ... I DON'T WANT IT!
DON'T BE A FOOL, TRENT... YOU'LL NEVER GET THE INSURANCE PEOPLE TO PAY FOR THE LOSS. DON'T GIVE IT TO 'EM!
FATHER TIME HURLS HIS SCYTHE AT THE ONCOMING INDIAN GIANT...
YOU'LL TAKE THIS BEFORE YOU TAKE IT!
RANDU! GET OUT OF THE WAY... I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
AND NOW THIS!
LIKE A FLASH FATHER TIME DIVES AS THE KNIFE FLYS PAST HIM... INTO THE CHEST OF RANDU...
SIDOT DOESN'T CARE WHAT HE HITS, BUT I..
. USUALLY DO... AND THIS TIME I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL A BOUT!
YOUR ANSWER.. IT IS BEHIND YOU!

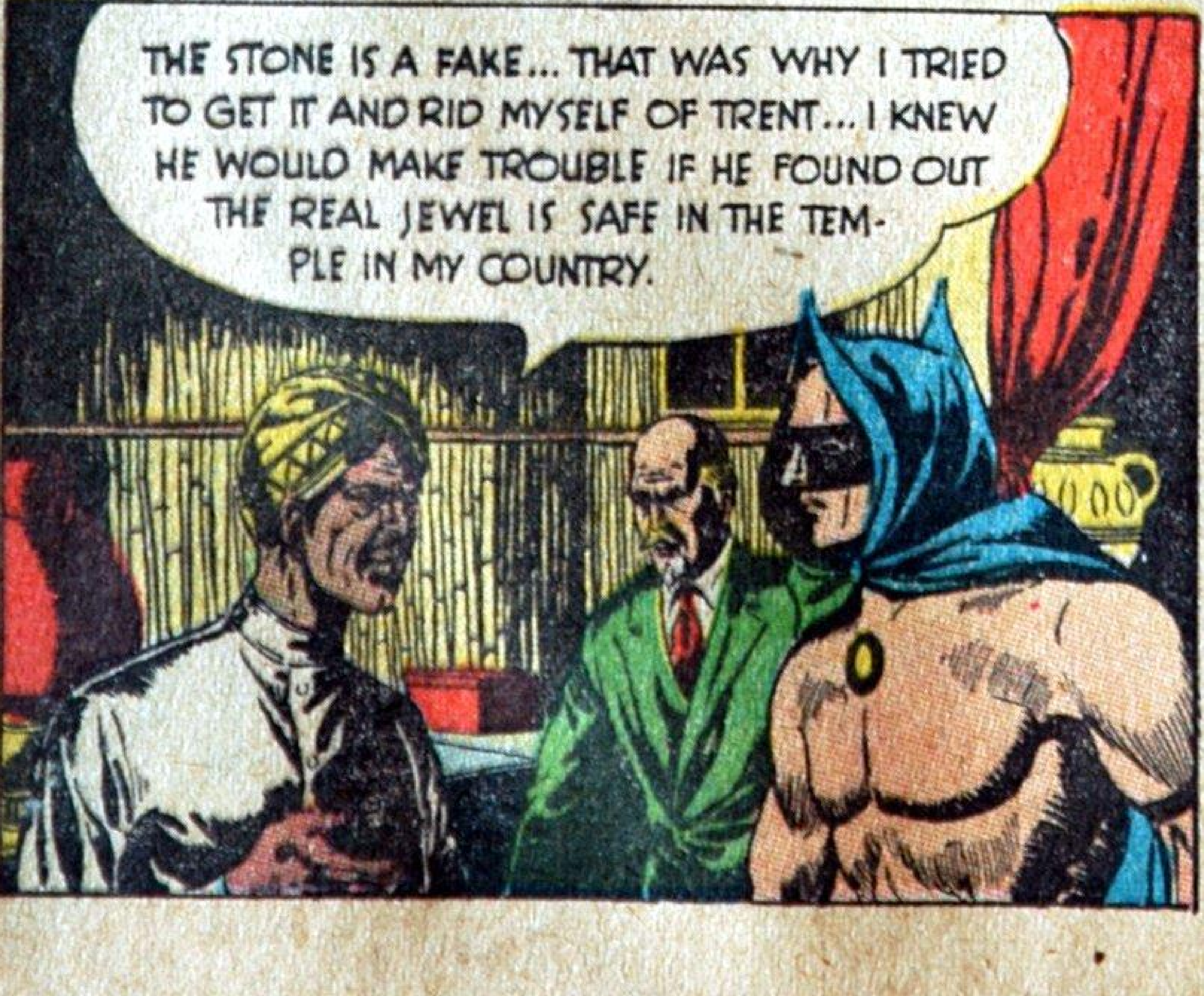

YES! LOOK BEHIND YOU! YOU HELPED ME JUST IN TIME, I HAD NO IDEA THAT SIDOT WANTED THAT EMERALD FOR HIMSELF... SO NOW I'LL TALK!

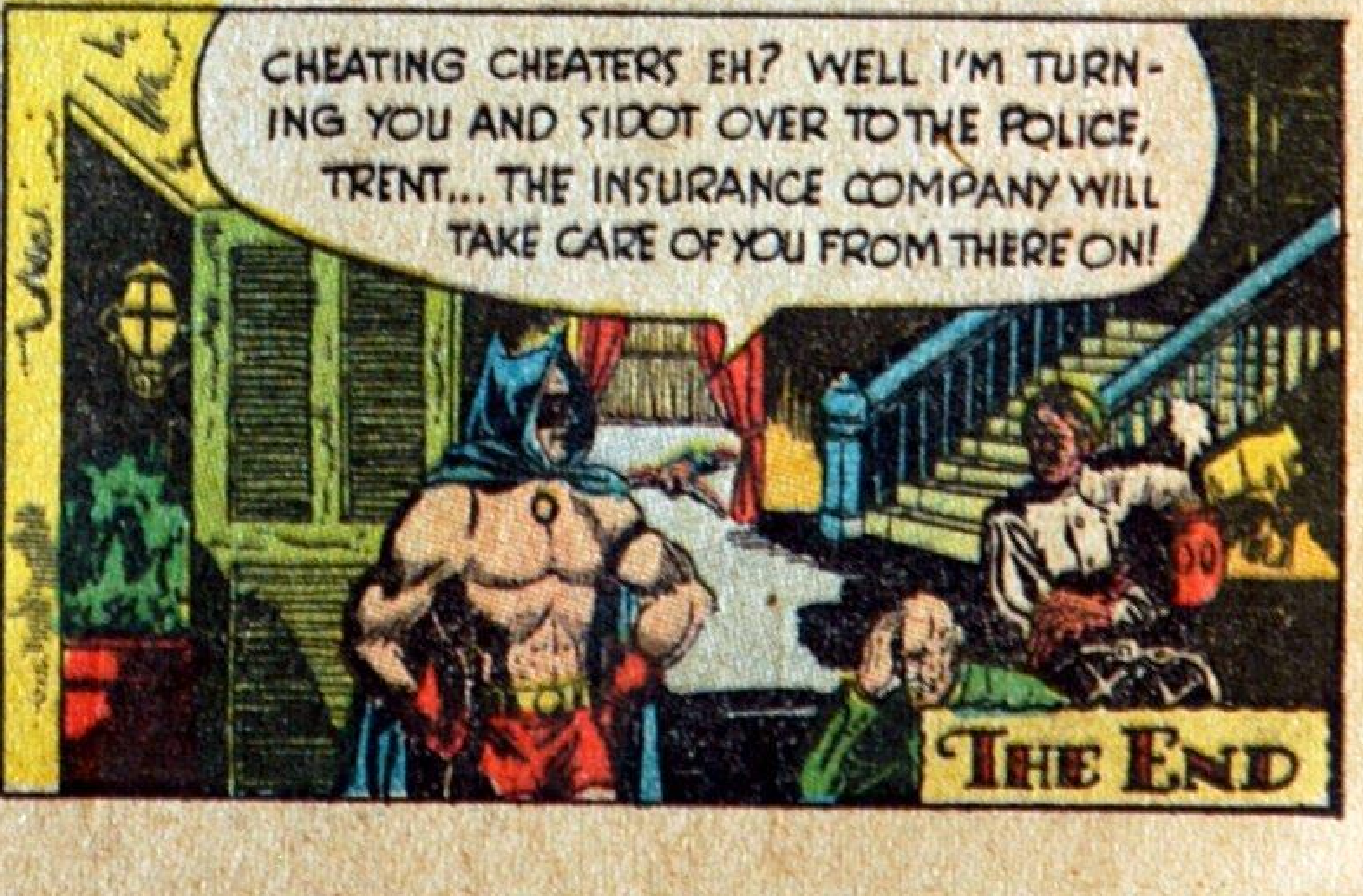

SIDOT GOT THE IDOL FOR ME... I PAID HIM MY LAST MONEY TO GET IT... HE KNEW THAT I INTENDED INSURING IT FOR A FORTUNE... THE JEWEL WAS TO DISAPPEAR! IN THAT WAY I COULD COLLECT!

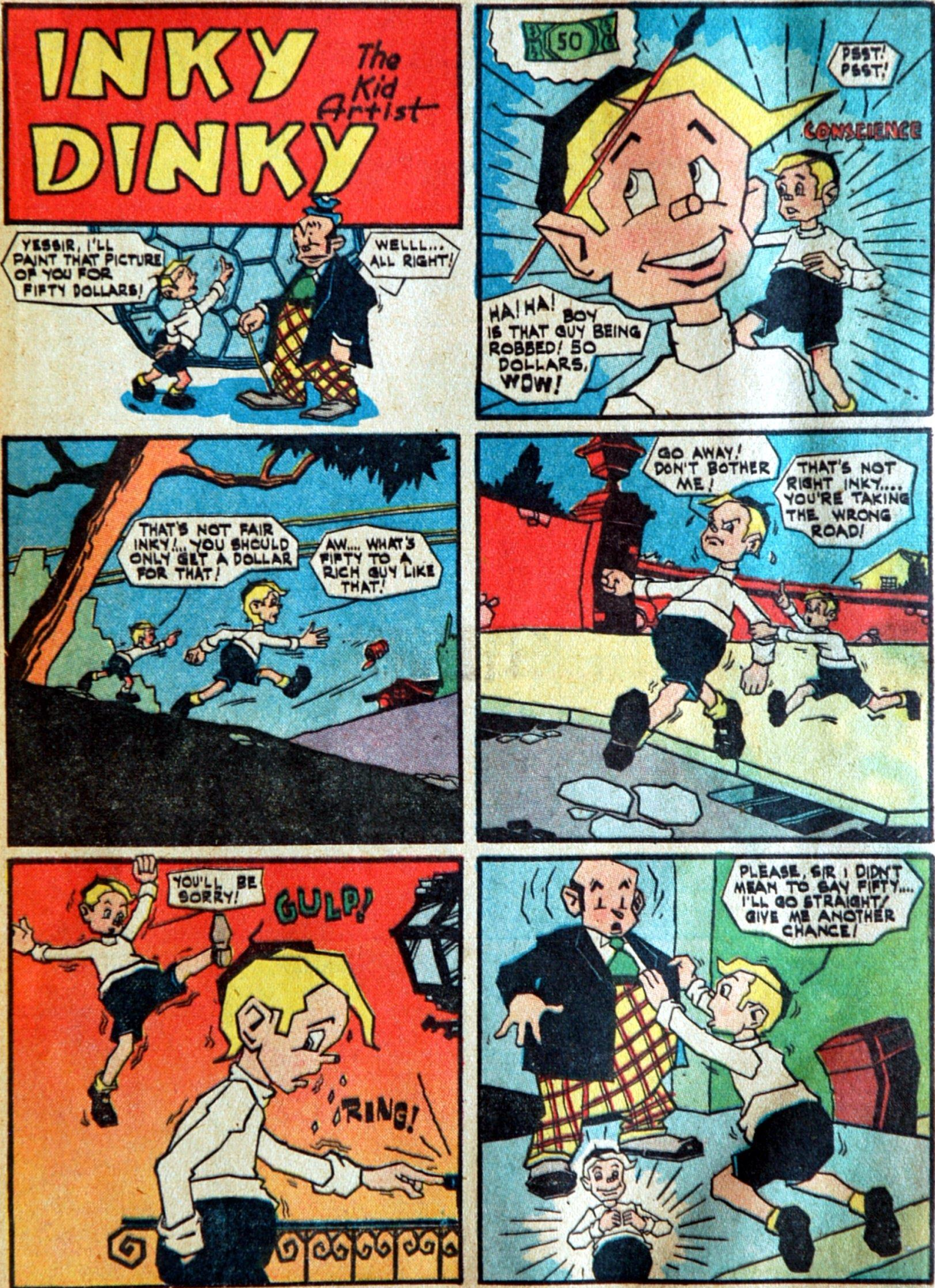

AS TRENT GOES ON TALKING HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE WOUNDED INDIAN GIANT WHO IS DRAWING CLOSER TO HIM...
BUT SIDOT CROSSED ME ...COLLECTED THE MONEY... THEN TRIED TO GET THE JEWEL AND ME OUT OF THE WAY!


THE WOUNDED GIANT CRAWLS PAINFULLY TOWARD TRENT AND...
OWWWWW!
HERE'S WHERE FATHER TIME MOVES IN!
NO RANDU ...IT IS USELESS!

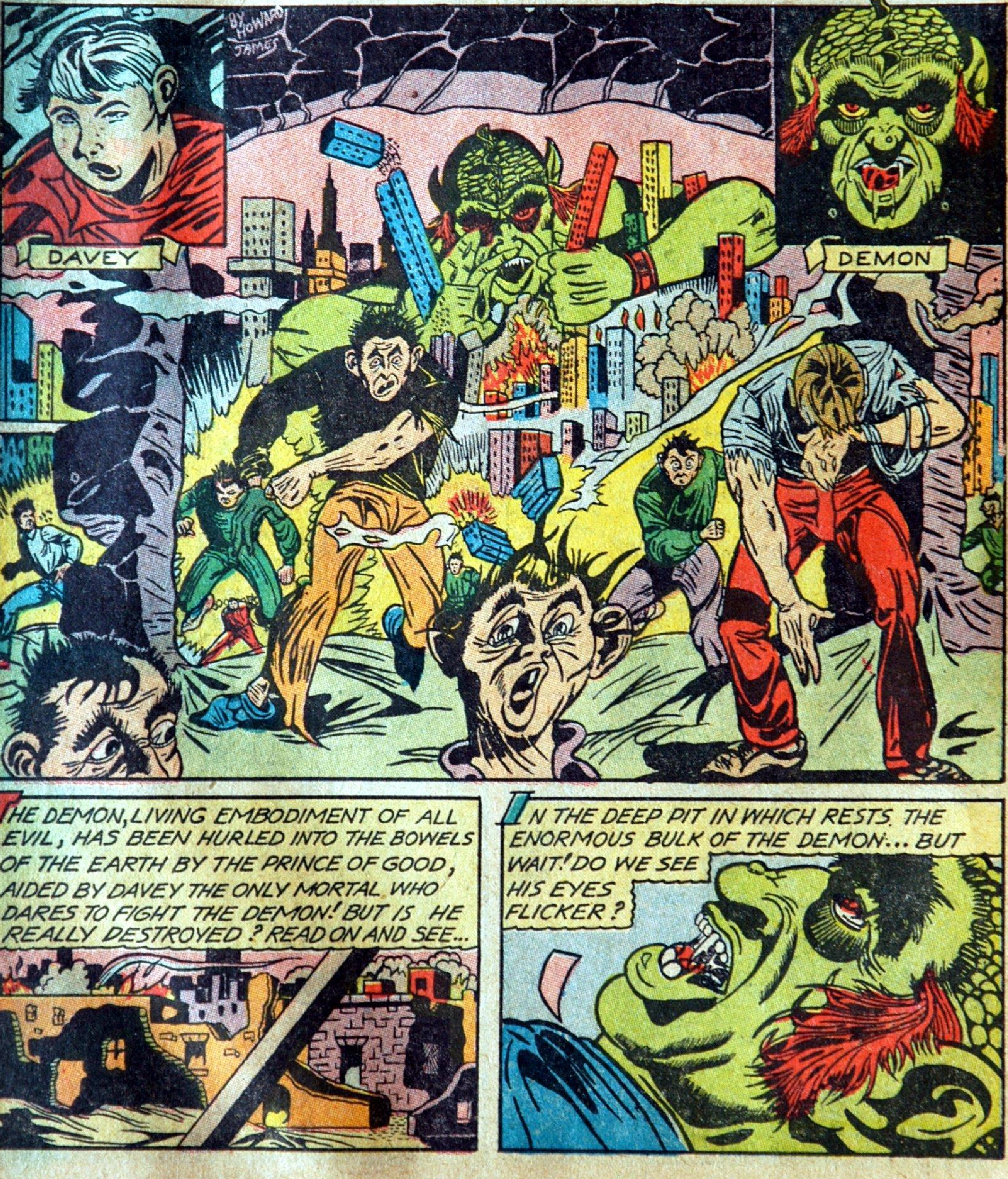

STOP... ENOUGH OF THIS... LISTEN TO ME, FATHER TIME!

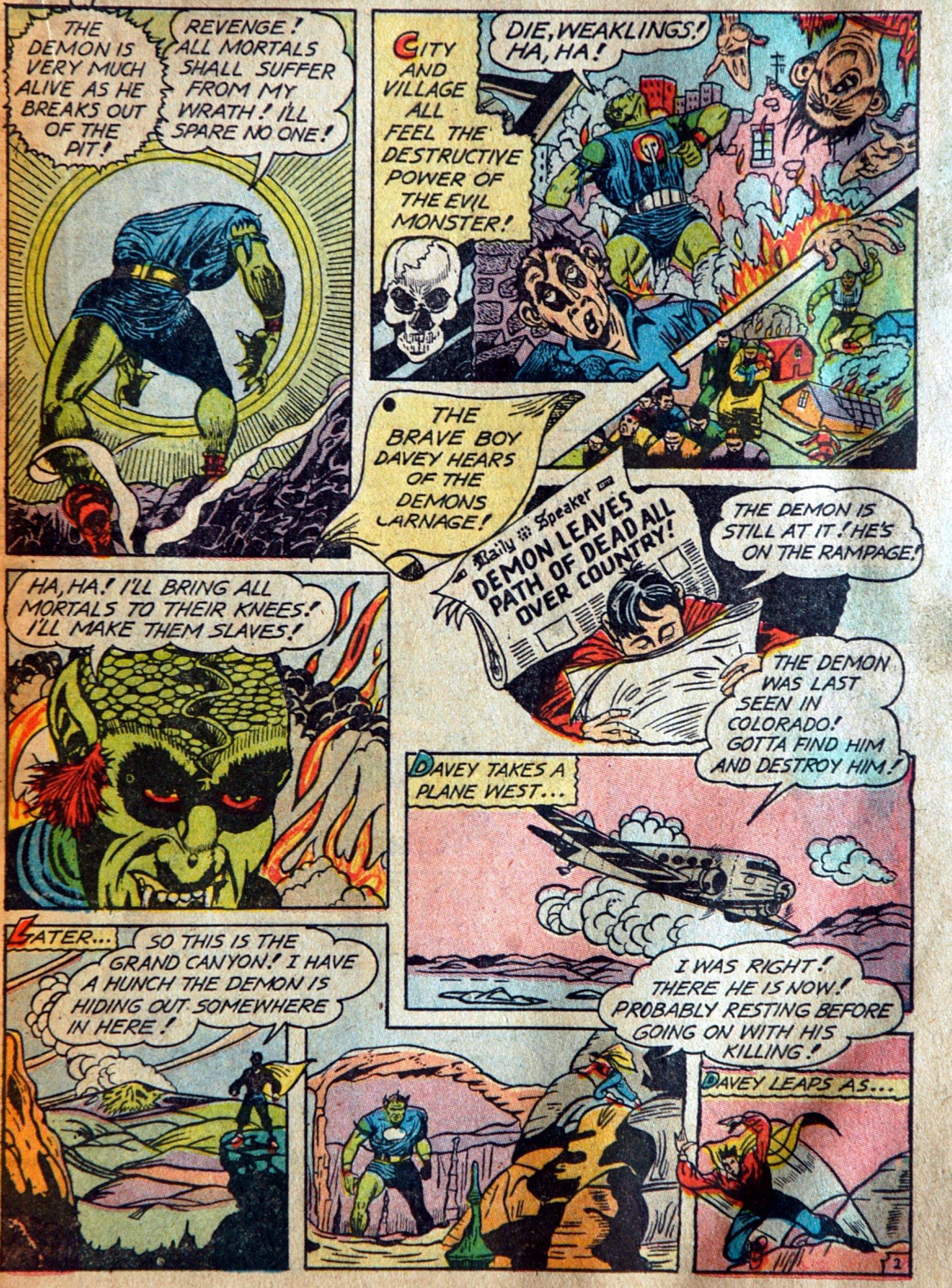

THE STONE IS A FAKE... THAT WAS WHY I TRIED TO GET IT AND RID MYSELF OF TRENT... I KNEW HE WOULD MAKE TROUBLE IF HE FOUND OUT THE REAL JEWEL IS SAFE IN THE TEMPLE IN MY COUNTRY.

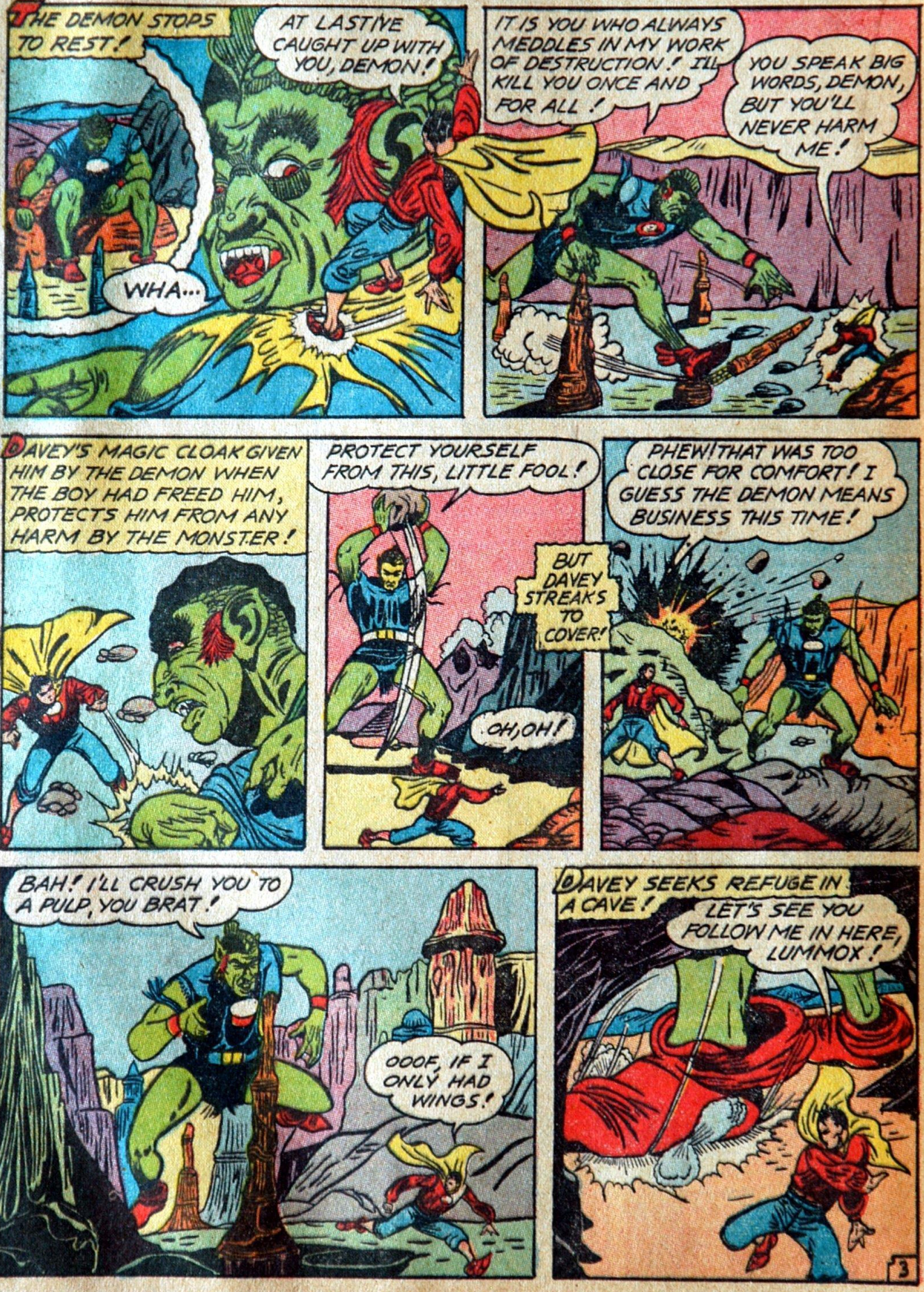

CHEATING CHEATERS EH? WELL I'M TURNING YOU AND SIDOT OVER TO THE POLICE, TRENT... THE INSURANCE COMPANY WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU FROM THERE ON!
THE END

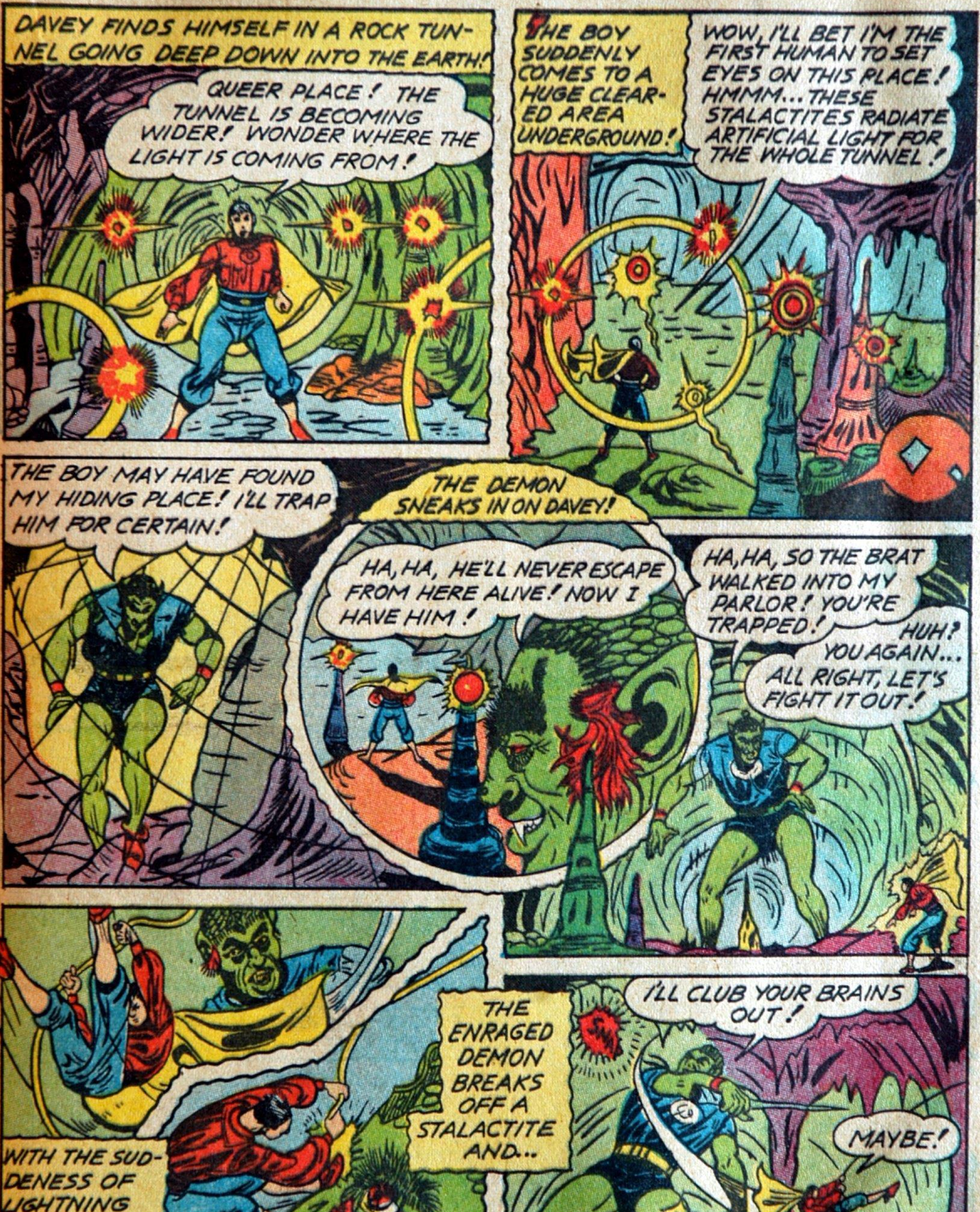

INKY DINKY
The Kid Artist
YESSIR, I'LL PAINT THAT PICTURE OF YOU FOR FIFTY DOLLARS!
WELLL... ALL RIGHT!
50
PSST! PSST!
CONSCIENCE
HA! HA! BOY IS THAT GUY BEING ROBBED! 50 DOLLARS, WOW!
THAT'S NOT FAIR INKY!... YOU SHOULD ONLY GET A DOLLAR FOR THAT!
AW.... WHAT'S FIFTY TO A RICH GUY LIKE THAT!
GO AWAY! DON'T BOTHER ME!
THAT'S NOT RIGHT INKY.... YOU'RE TAKING THE WRONG ROAD!
YOU'LL BE SORRY!
GULP!
RING!
PLEASE, SIR I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY FIFTY.... I'LL GO STRAIGHT! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!

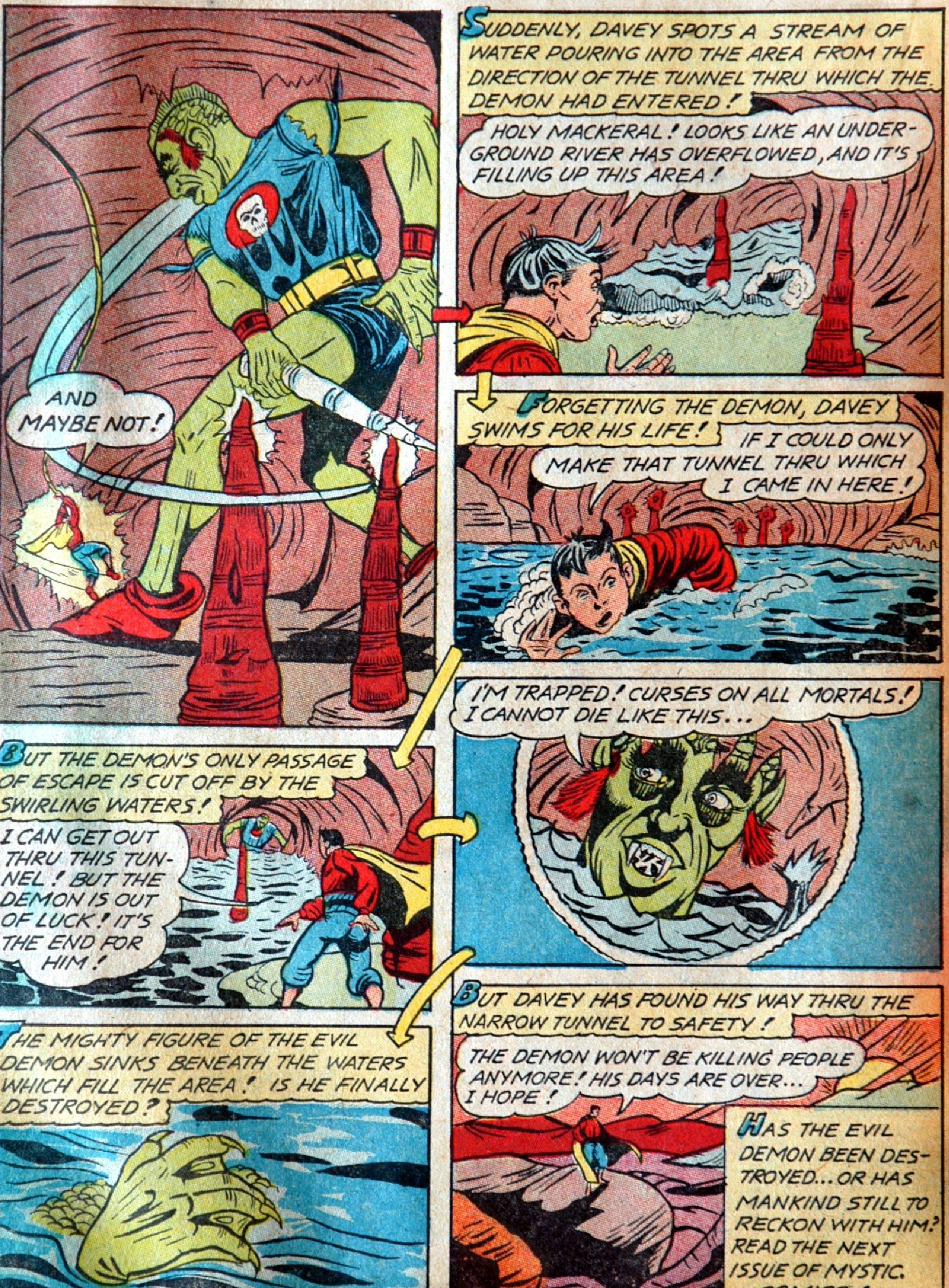
DAVEY AND THE DEMON

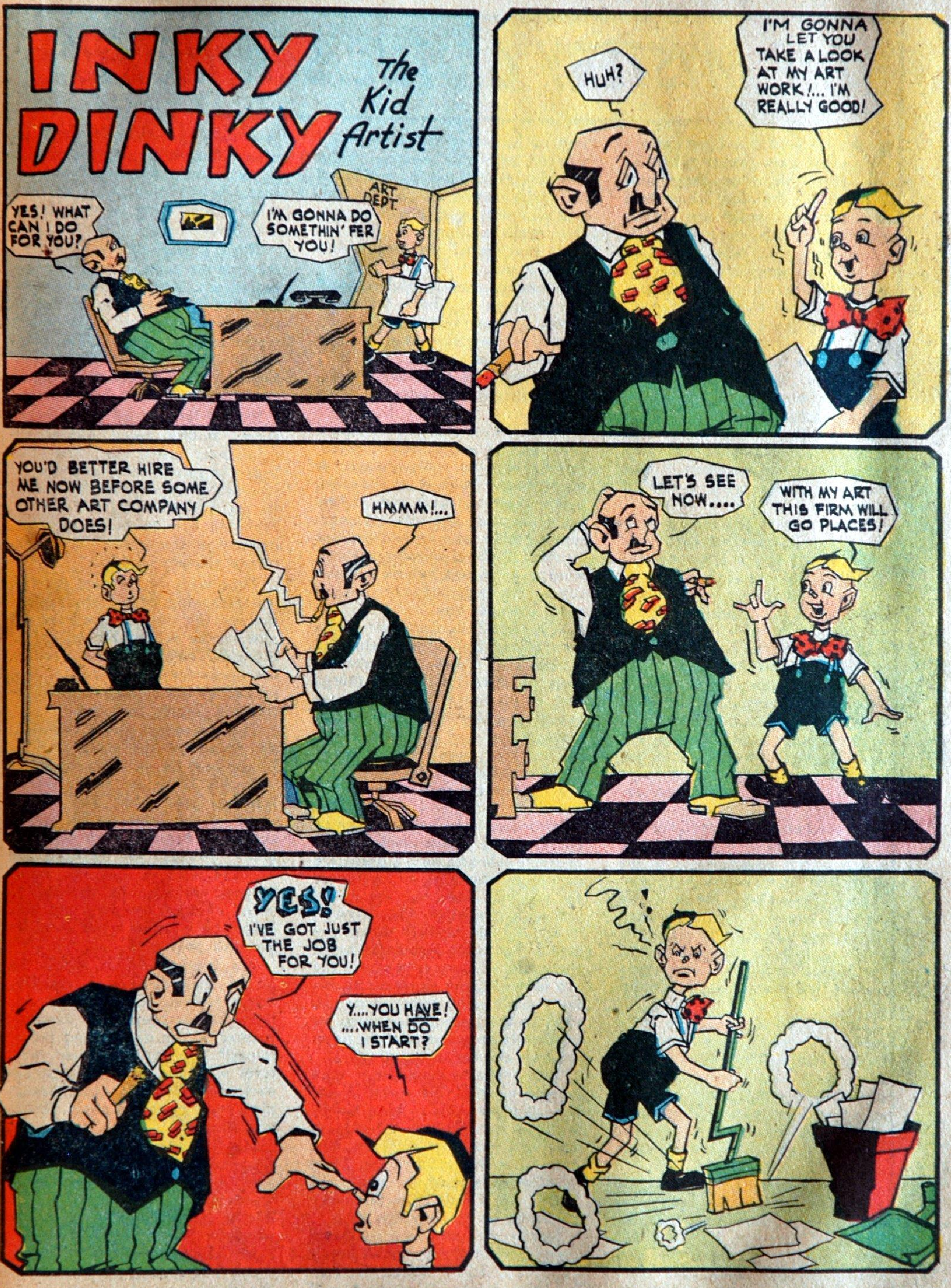

BY HOWARD JAMES
DAVEY
DEMON
THE DEMON, LIVING EMBODIMENT OF ALL EVIL, HAS BEEN HURLED INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH BY THE PRINCE OF GOOD, AIDED BY DAVEY THE ONLY MORTAL WHO DARES TO FIGHT THE DEMON! BUT IS HE REALLY DESTROYED? READ ON AND SEE...
IN THE DEEP PIT IN WHICH RESTS THE ENORMOUS BULK OF THE DEMON... BUT WAIT! DO WE SEE HIS EYES FLICKER?


THE DEMON IS VERY MUCH ALIVE AS HE BREAKS OUT OF THE PIT!
REVENGE! ALL MORTALS SHALL SUFFER FROM MY WRATH! I'LL SPARE NO ONE!
CITY AND VILLAGE ALL FEEL THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF THE EVIL MONSTER!
DIE, WEAKLINGS! HA, HA!
THE BRAVE BOY DAVEY HEARS OF THE DEMONS CARNAGE!
Daily Speaker
DEMON LEAVES PATH OF DEAD ALL OVER COUNTRY!
THE DEMON IS STILL AT IT! HE'S ON THE RAMPAGE!
THE DEMON WAS LAST SEEN IN COLORADO! GOTTA FIND HIM AND DESTROY HIM!
HA, HA! I'LL BRING ALL MORTALS TO THEIR KNEES! I'LL MAKE THEM SLAVES!
DAVEY TAKES A PLANE WEST...
LATER...
SO THIS IS THE GRAND CANYON! I HAVE A HUNCH THE DEMON IS HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE IN HERE!
I WAS RIGHT! THERE HE IS NOW! PROBABLY RESTING BEFORE GOING ON WITH HIS KILLING!
DAVEY LEAPS AS...


THE DEMON STOPS TO REST!
AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, DEMON!
WHA...
IT IS YOU WHO ALWAYS MEDDLES IN MY WORK OF DESTRUCTION! I'LL KILL YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!
YOU SPEAK BIG WORDS, DEMON, BUT YOU'LL NEVER HARM ME!
DAVEY'S MAGIC CLOAK GIVEN HIM BY THE DEMON WHEN THE BOY HAD FREED HIM, PROTECTS HIM FROM ANY HARM BY THE MONSTER!
PROTECT YOURSELF FROM THIS, LITTLE FOOL!
OH, OH!
BUT DAVEY STREAKS TO COVER!
PHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! I GUESS THE DEMON MEANS BUSINESS THIS TIME!
BAH! I'LL CRUSH YOU TO A PULP, YOU BRAT!
OOOF, IF I ONLY HAD WINGS!
DAVEY SEEKS REFUGE IN A CAVE!
LET'S SEE YOU FOLLOW ME IN HERE, LUMMOX!


DAVEY FINDS HIMSELF IN A ROCK TUNNEL GOING DEEP DOWN INTO THE EARTH!
QUEER PLACE! THE TUNNEL IS BECOMING WIDER! WONDER WHERE THE LIGHT IS COMING FROM!
THE BOY SUDDENLY COMES TO A HUGE CLEARED AREA UNDERGROUND!
WOW, I'LL BET I'M THE FIRST HUMAN TO SET EYES ON THIS PLACE! HMMM... THESE STALACTITES RADIATE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT FOR THE WHOLE TUNNEL!
THE BOY MAY HAVE FOUND MY HIDING PLACE! I'LL TRAP HIM FOR CERTAIN!
THE DEMON SNEAKS IN ON DAVEY!
HA, HA, HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM HERE ALIVE! NOW I HAVE HIM!
HA, HA, SO THE BRAT WALKED INTO MY PARLOR! YOU'RE TRAPPED!
HUH? YOU AGAIN... ALL RIGHT, LET'S FIGHT IT OUT!
WITH THE SUDDENESS OF LIGHTNING DAVEY LEAPS TOO A NEAR BY VINE!
THE ENRAGED DEMON BREAKS OFF A STALACTITE AND..
I'LL CLUB YOUR BRAINS OUT!
MAYBE!
4


AND MAYBE NOT!
SUDDENLY, DAVEY SPOTS A STREAM OF WATER POURING INTO THE AREA FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE TUNNEL THRU WHICH THE DEMON HAD ENTERED!
HOLY MACKERAL! LOOKS LIKE AN UNDERGROUND RIVER HAS OVERFLOWED, AND IT'S FILLING UP THIS AREA!
FORGETTING THE DEMON, DAVEY SWIMS FOR HIS LIFE!
IF I COULD ONLY MAKE THAT TUNNEL THRU WHICH I CAME IN HERE!
BUT THE DEMON'S ONLY PASSAGE OF ESCAPE IS CUT OFF BY THE SWIRLING WATERS!
I CAN GET OUT THRU THIS TUNNEL! BUT THE DEMON IS OUT OF LUCK! IT'S THE END FOR HIM!
I'M TRAPPED! CURSES ON ALL MORTALS! I CANNOT DIE LIKE THIS...
THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF THE EVIL DEMON SINKS BENEATH THE WATERS WHICH FILL THE AREA! IS HE FINALLY DESTROYED?
BUT DAVEY HAS FOUND HIS WAY THRU THE NARROW TUNNEL TO SAFETY!
THE DEMON WON'T BE KILLING PEOPLE ANYMORE! HIS DAYS ARE OVER... I HOPE!
HAS THE EVIL DEMON BEEN DESTROYED...OR HAS MANKIND STILL TO RECKON WITH HIM? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF MYSTIC COMICS!


INKY DINKY
The Kid Artist
ART DEPT.
YES! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'M GONNA DO SOMETHIN' FER YOU!
HUH?
I'M GONNA LET YOU TAKE A LOOK AT MY ART WORK!... I'M REALLY GOOD!
YOU'D BETTER HIRE ME NOW BEFORE SOME OTHER ART COMPANY DOES!
HMMM!...
LET'S SEE NOW....
WITH MY ART THIS FIRM WILL GO PLACES!
YES! I'VE GOT JUST THE JOB FOR YOU!
Y....YOU HAVE! ...WHEN DO I START?

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA URCHIN

YOUNG Bobby Lane knew a short-wave aerial when he saw one. For long he'd dreamed of the day when he'd have his own radio transmitter and "speak" to unseen friends across the globe. Now, as he let his bare feet dangle over the rotted wharf, he squinted hard and stared as the old fishing yawl hove to in the breeze, mid-channel.

The more he looked, the surer he became. What was a brand new short-wave aerial doing on that old fishing yawl, the Sea Urchin, which belonged to that strange, foreign-looking man who had just come to Beachtown; that man who spoke with a foreign accent?

Bobby rose to his feet, swung his wiry, lean frame off the wharf and dropped to the hot sand. He was going to investigate!

He entered the water stealthily and when it came to his waist began to swim with swift, long strokes. He held his eyes on the ancient yawl, flicking his head occasionally to clear his hair from his eyes. As he came near the barnacle-covered side, he treaded water cautiously and strained his ears. No sound was audible, except the gentle slop-slop of water against the boat. It looked deserted.

He reached and grasped the anchor rope where it entered the water. It felt rough, slimy to his dried skin, as he carefully hoisted aboard. Smoothing his hair, he crawled overside onto the deck which was surprisingly clean for a fishing boat, he thought. In fact, the whole deck-gear, everything looked like it was kept in tip-top order.

He stepped towards the little cabin, and holding his breath, he looked inside. What he saw made him gasp, his heart fearfully pound. The whole cabin was taken up with brand-new short-wave equipment, powerful equipment capable of sending messages clear over to Europe!

Bobby pressed his face to the glass and let his eyes travel, absorbing each small detail. Someone lived here too. He could tell that by the blankets he saw curled on the bunk, the dirty dishes on the rattan table. He stared for what seemed eternity—and as he stared his alert mind worked over this mystery. Who was this strange-talking evil-faced man who owned the Sea Urchin, and why did he have such expensive radio equipment? But his brain gave up no clue. He couldn't figure it out.

He stirred, and slapped around the deck in his bare wet feet, searching for something which would explain the mystery. But nothing came of it; the boat looked just like any fishing yawl, except that it was kept so much cleaner.

There was a sharp, dull sound from behind and Bobby whirled, staring over he ruffled water. A small dinghy bobbed on the crest, a few hundred yards out. Bobby squinted and saw the strange-looking man who owned the Sea Urchin. Without thinking, Bobby went to his knees behind a hatch cover. He watched the dinghy come towards him.

What could he do, now? If the man found him aboard the Sea Urchin . . . Bobby imagined all sorts of torture . . . evil things flew in his brain. I've got to get out of here, he thought in panic. I must!

The boat was close. Bobby could see the tight-drawn villainous look on the man's face. What can I do?

Immediately, he had the answer. He slithered across deck to the opposite side and took a desperate chance by throwing himself over the rail in a flash, holding to the rail with one hand. Then slowly, easily, he let himself down the side and into the water. He heard the sound of oars even above the lap of water, the slight swish his body made as he swam along the yawl to the prow. Once there, he cautiously peered around the prow towards the oncoming dinghy.

The villainous-looking man seemed worried. He rowed clumsily—as it was new to him. Bobby watched mystified by all this as the man put the oars in and grasped at the anchor rope. Then he climbed aboard the yawl and Bobby could only hear his heavy clomping on the wooden deck.

Suddenly there was a gurgle of water behind and the yawl began to vibrate. Bobby almost let go in his astonishment. Then he placed the sound for what it was: the yawl had a powerful auxiliary motor hidden on it; the sailing rig was only a fake! Now I'm sure, Bobby thought. I'm sure there's something wrong about this boat!

With a rasp that sent a chill through his veins, the anchor was pulled up, and from where he stood in the water, Bobby watched the heavy iron hook break water and go topside. The yawl shook more to his touch and slowly, surely, began to swing in the channel.

Shall I let go and try to make shore, Bobby asked himself in confusion? I still can! The yawl began to gain speed, the propeller violently churning. Bobby almost let go, and then decided not to. No! He had to solve this, the mystery of the strange man who owned the Sea Urchin!

Time went by, marked only by the darkening of the sky against the sea, the chug-chug of the engine, from where he drifted at the side, Bobby waited, rackihg his brain for an answer. It was no use, he finally told himself. He couldn't figure this out.

There was no sound top-deck, no sound of the man, and as Bobby held on, cleaving the water with his body, he felt growing lassitude take him. The drying effect of the brine on his young skin was beginning to tell; his brain swam; he realized he couldn't hold on like this much longer. Quickly, he decided to sneak up onto the deck and hide before he went so weak as to let go, and drown!

His mind made up, Bobby let go of the yawl's side, treading water, waiting for it to pass, and then he grabbed the dangling painter of the dinghy and pulled himself up until his eyes were level with the deck railing. The deck was deserted; the strange man must be in the cabin. Bobby told himself.

He heaved over the rail and dropped down on the deck; then, soundlessly, he ran on his toes towards the cabin. His heart pounded; he peered through the cabin window. What he saw almost made him cry out in sheer amazement. The strange man sat before the short-wave equipment in the crowded cabin, twirling dials and speaking into a speaker with heavy deep-throated words which were foreign to Bobby's knowledge

He must be a spy! Bobby thought. It leaped alive in his brain as he watched. He is a spy! Bobby pressed his ear to the smooth cool glass and watched. But all he could hear was the voice of the man speaking the queer tongue, muffled by the glass. What can I do? Bobby frantically asked himself. I've got to do something! I've got to!

Without warning, as if by instinct, the man spun about. He saw Bobby through the glass and immediately, his evil tortured face screwed into rage. Bobby watched spell-bound as the man threw off his earphones and dashed out of the cabin. Only then did Bobby think to run. But it was too late!

The man clomped around the cabin and rushed at Bobby. "Vot you do here, hah? Shpeak, you little pig; Or I –"

Bobby kept motionless, horrified. His tongue froze. "I – I – " was all he said.

The man drew back his huge fist and smashed Bobby behind the ear. Everything went dark, as Bobby lost consciousness!

At first, there was no pain, only sick emptiness in his head and stomach. Bobby retched, and awoke. For a time, his brain refused him; he was aware of deep nameless horror, then he came fully to, and realized where he was. He blinked. He looked about. He was tied, down in the bilge of the yawl. At once, the rank decayed smell of the bilge hit his nostrils and he almost passed out again.

I've got to get out of here, was the single thought running in his mind. I've got to do something! But, what?

His eyes accustomed themselves and he rolled. Something sharp bit into his side. A nail from the wooden bilge bottom. Happy with the idea which came to him, Bobby began working feverishly, pulling the rope on his wrists across the nail.

Often he slipped, his arms clumsy, heavy and the cruel nail-point went deep into his flesh. But finally the rope parted. Bobby freed his legs, rubbing blood back into his cramped ankles. He was loose!

He slid along in the foul bilge slime, found the hatch and cautiously, holding breath, lifted it. The coast was clear. Silently he went up into a hold, letting the bilge cover gently down.

He climbed up recklessly towards deck, angry, not caring if he were seen, for in this moment he'd decided to revenge himself on the evil-faced man. As he reached the surface his heart almost stopped. Through the deck railing, softly bobbing on the swell, a long black cigar-shaped vessel lay alongside, and as he stared, he recognized it for a Nazi U-boat!

Bobby held to the hatchside, his body trembling. It was hard for him not to cry out. Then as his initial shock passed, he noticed men standing, talking on the deck of the U-boat. And one of them was the strange man who owned the Sea Urchin, the man who'd knocked him out!

Bobby's brain reeled; thoughts sped like sparks through him. Then suddenly a plan was born out of the mist of his thoughts. He knew what he would do! At last, he had it!

Falling to his stomach, Bobby carefully pulled himself to the cabin. It seemed like forever before he crawled over the high threshold. Then he was in. In tense excitement Bobby glanced about. He saw the engine controls and keeping low down, out of sight from the men on the U-boat, he went to the controls.

It took but a moment for him to understand how they worked. He pressed the starter and put his hand on the speed lever, feeling the blood rush up in him as his heart hammered. The Sea Urchin vibrated, shook, and then Bobby heard the cough of the motor, the switch of the propeller astern.

He yanked the lever to FULL SPEED AHEAD and bent over the wheel. He spun it hard to starboard and waited, waited for the first shell from the U-boat which might blow him and the Sea Urchin to flotsam. But there was no sound above that of the motor. Then Bobby heard muffled guttural shouts. The Sea Urchin's bow swung about slowly, maddeningly. Now he could see the bow of the submarine, then the conning tower, the deck and the men racing for the canvas-covered deck gun.

Bobby held the wheel hard over and prayed. Prayed as the Sea Urchin swung on its beam, vibrating as it clove the water. Now it was completely around. He let the wheel twirl back and waited, his body quivering, as the Sea Urchin pointed straight for the low side of the U-boat.

On the submarine, the men at the deck gun worked. They had the cover off, were swinging it about at the Sea Urchin. Bobby watched as the distance between lessened. He felt calm now, unafraid. As he watched, the Sea Urchin picked up speed. There was a shot from the gun, black red-rimmed smoke puffed; there was a screech of torn air and a rending tearing smash. The shell had hit the deck rail of the Sea Urchin and blown it to bits!

There was a louder rending, tearing sound; the deck of the undersea raider rolled up before Bobby's yes as the bow of the Sea Urchin bit deep into the sub's side. The Urchin shook, its propeller sinking low. Bobby shook himself and yanked the lever to FULL SPEED ASTERN.

Shouts came to his ears. The Sea Urchin hesitated, then began backing off. Again there was the rending of steel and . . . Bobby gasped. A hole, big as a man, gaped in the low deck and side of the sub. He'd done it! He'd finished off the sub! He felt suddenly weak.

The shouts were louder, now; terror was in them. Bobby swung the Sea Urchin about and idled the motor. He ran out of the cabin. Men bobbed about in the water, shrieking as the long low black hull of the U-boat sank beneath the waves. A great bubble burst on the surface, and it was gone!

Bobby ran to the stern where the dinghy was moored. Then he ran back, the shouts of terror full in his ears. He moved as in a daze; all he knew was that he'd sunk the sub and now he had to save her drowning crew, even if they were the modern pirates of the sea.

He yanked the speed control and spun the Urchin about on her beam In no time the Urchin was in the midst of the struggling men. Bobby idled the motor and ran to the stern.

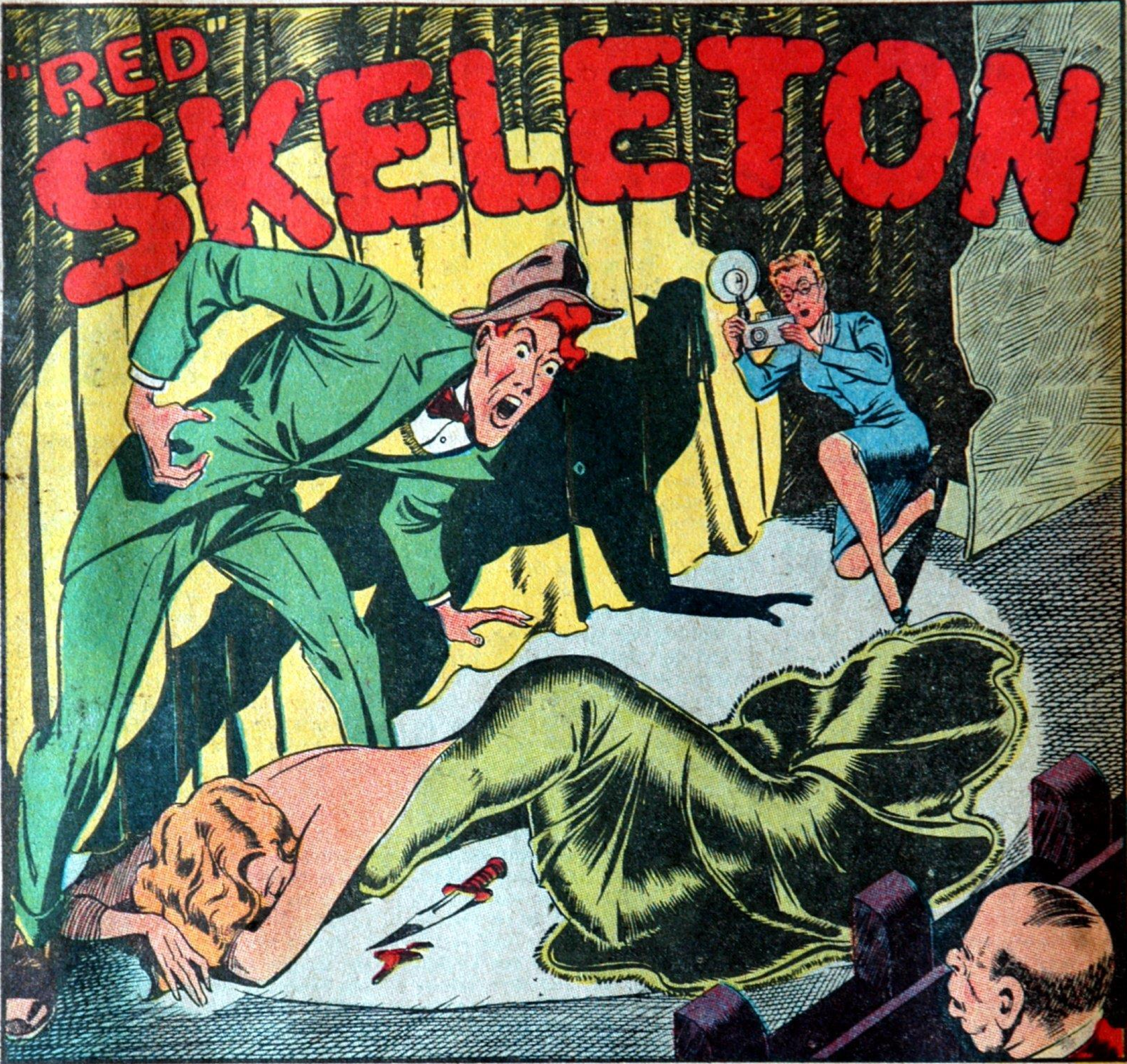
"Help! Help! Save–" a man in the water shouted as Bobby payed out all the slack in the dinghy's painter and let it drift to the men.

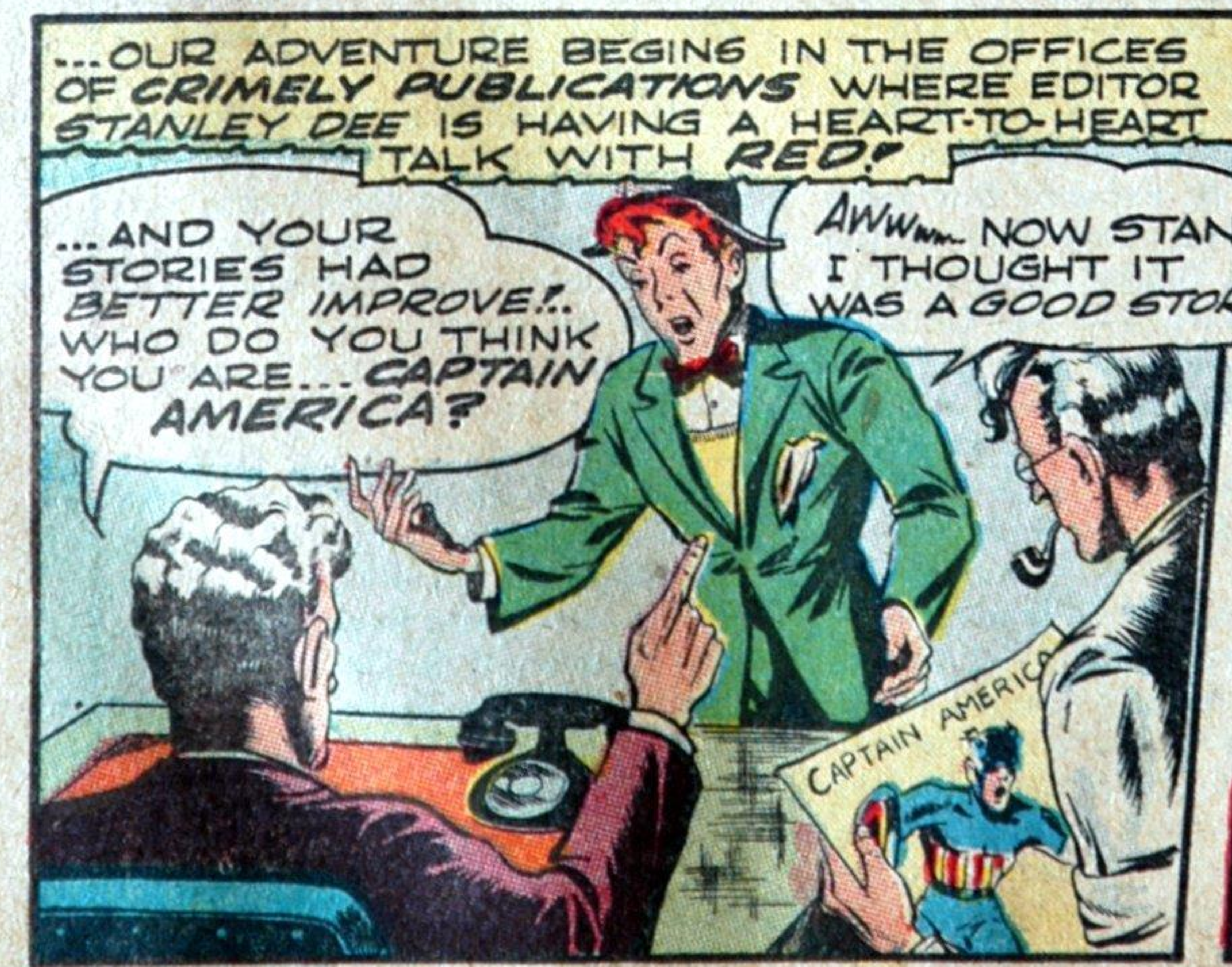
"Use the dinghy," Bobby cried. "I won't let you aboard."

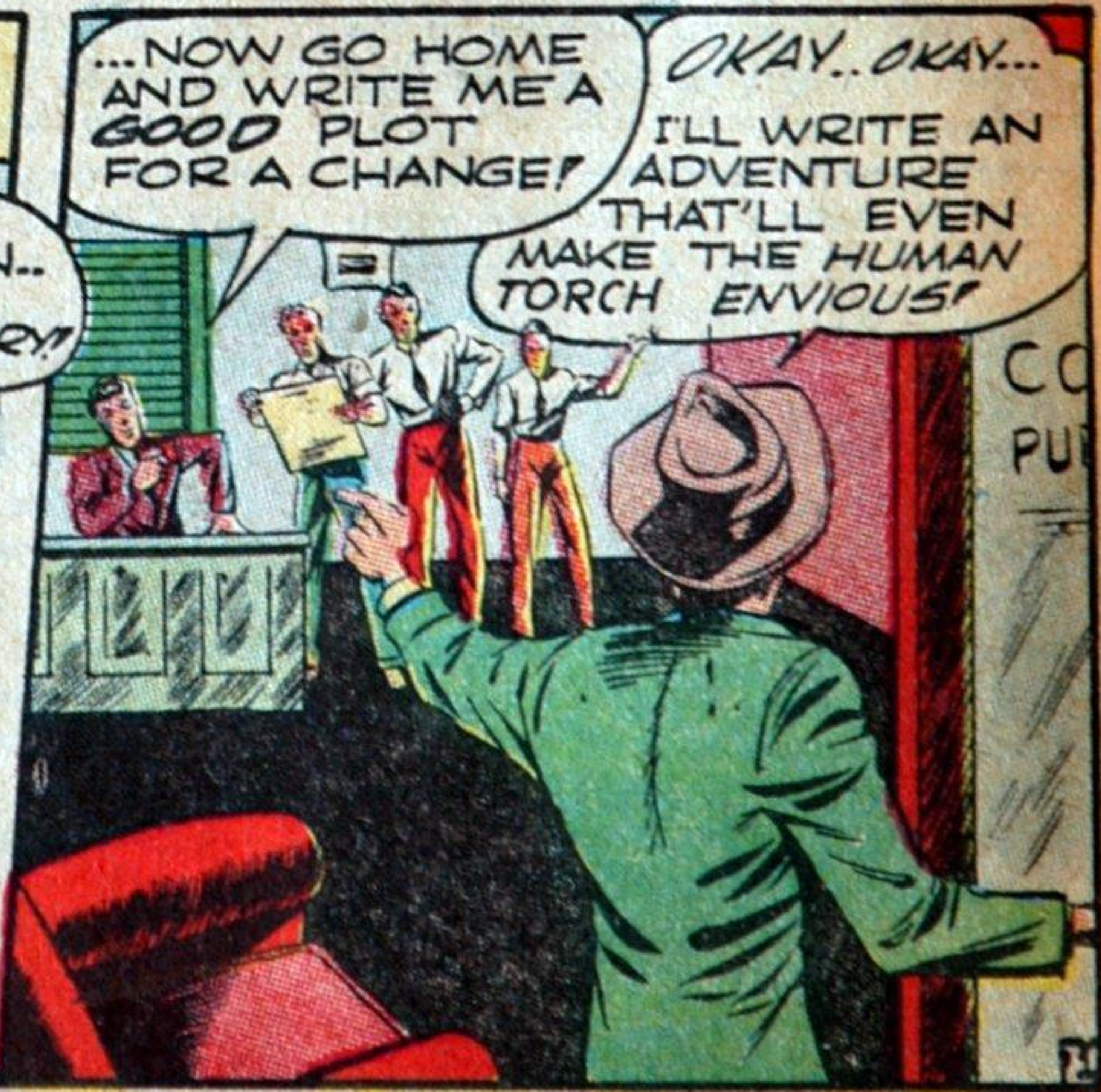
The men swam to the little boat and clambered in. Bobby pointed. "Stay there or drown!" he told them. "I'm towing you back to shore."

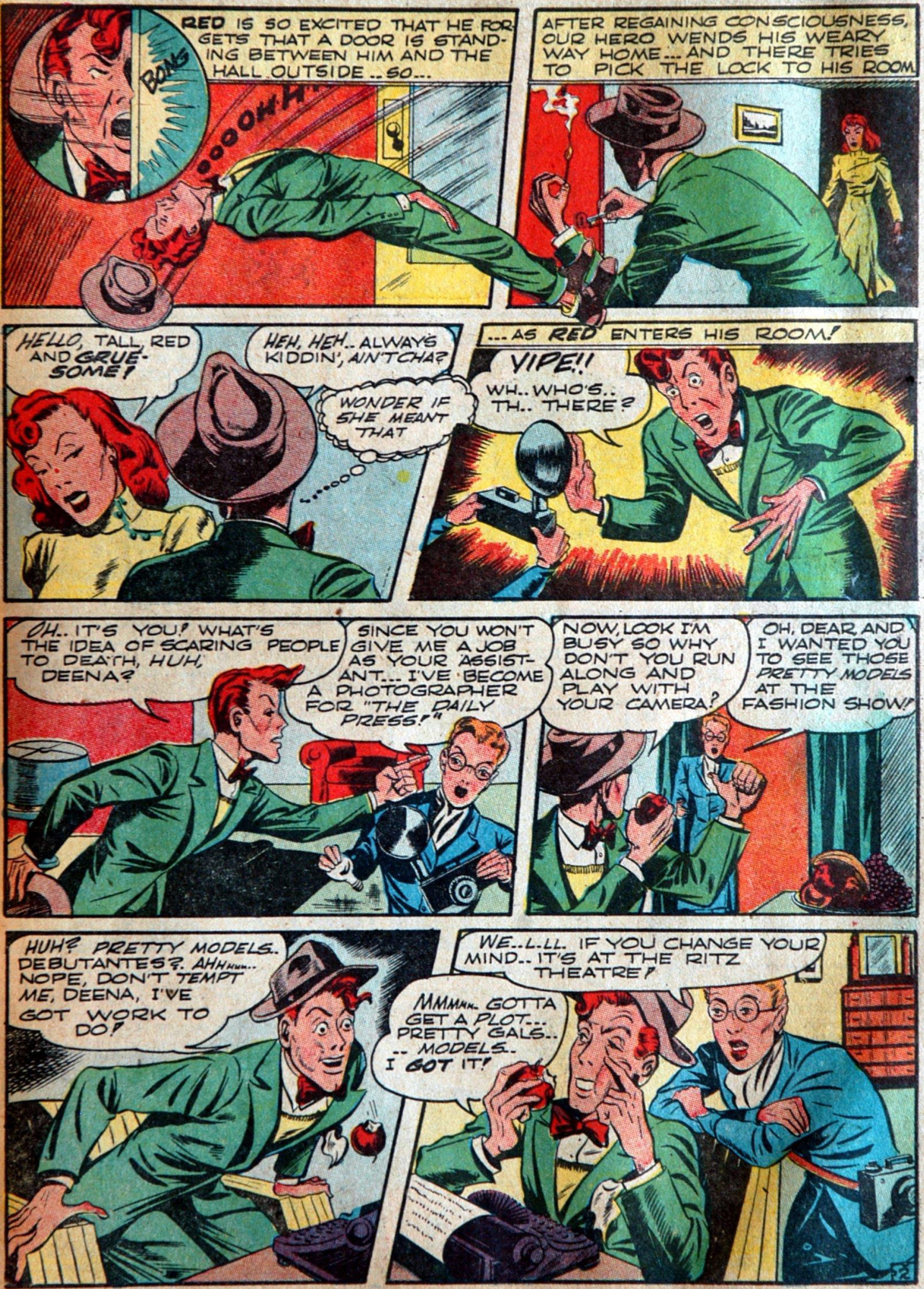
Bobby ran back to the cabin and pushed the control lever to FULL SPEED AHEAD. He felt fine!

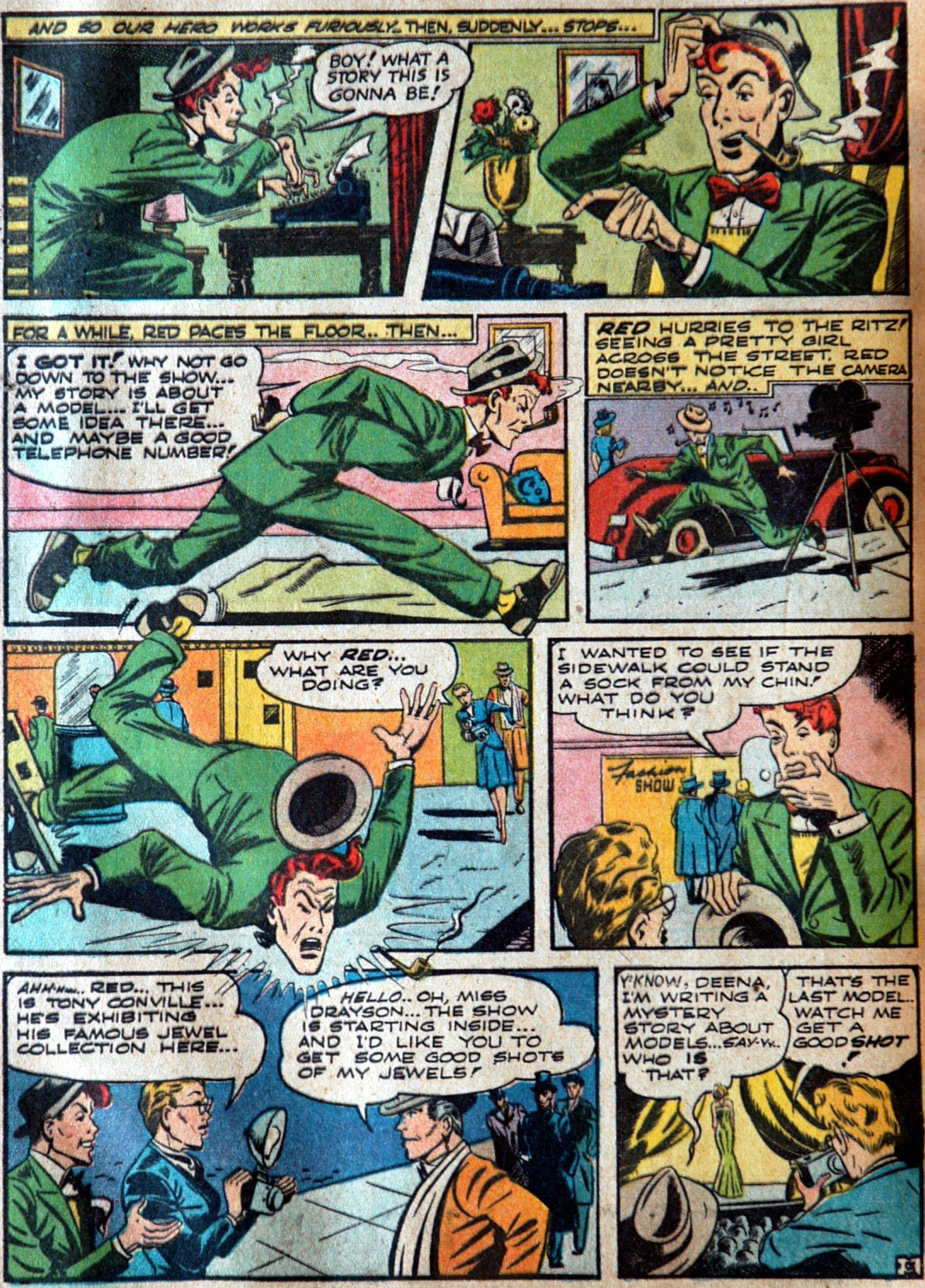
"RED" SKELETON

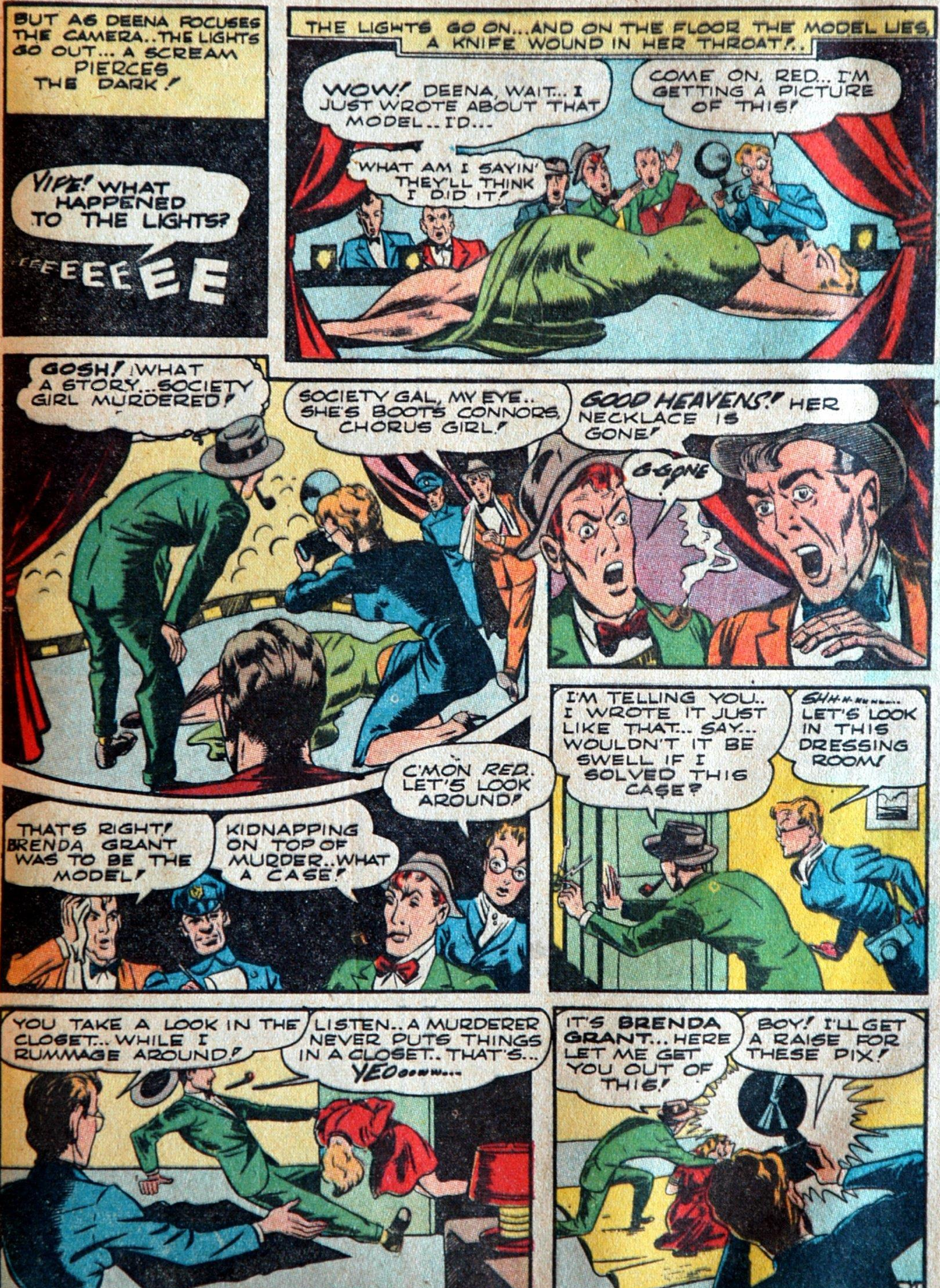


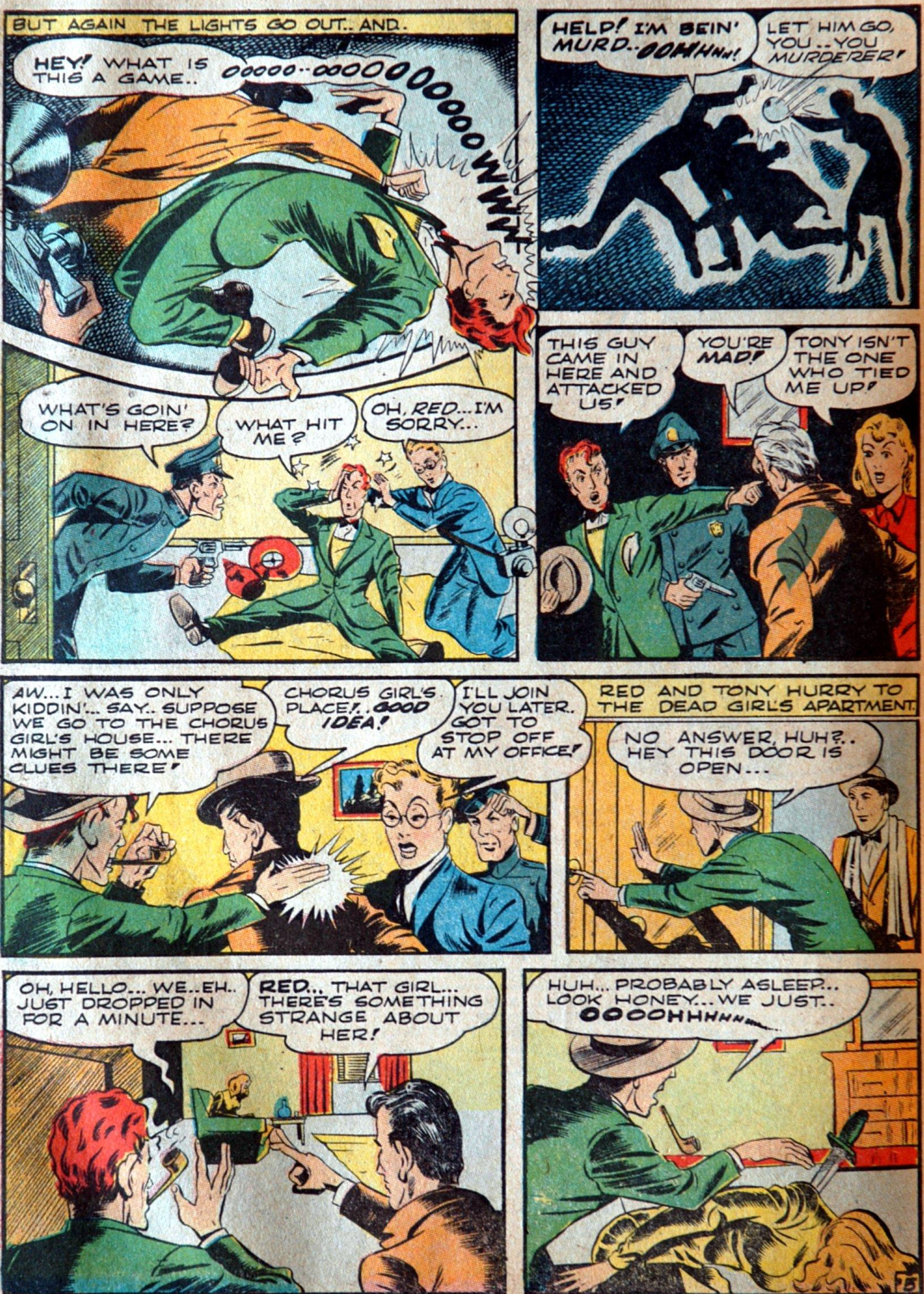

...OUR ADVENTURE BEGINS IN THE OFFICES OF *CRIMELY PUBLICATIONS* WHERE EDITOR *STANLEY DEE* IS HAVING A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH *RED!*
...AND YOUR STORIES HAD *BETTER IMPROVE!*.. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE... *CAPTAIN AMERICA?*
AWW... NOW STAN.. I THOUGHT IT WAS A *GOOD STORY!*
CAPTAIN AMERICA

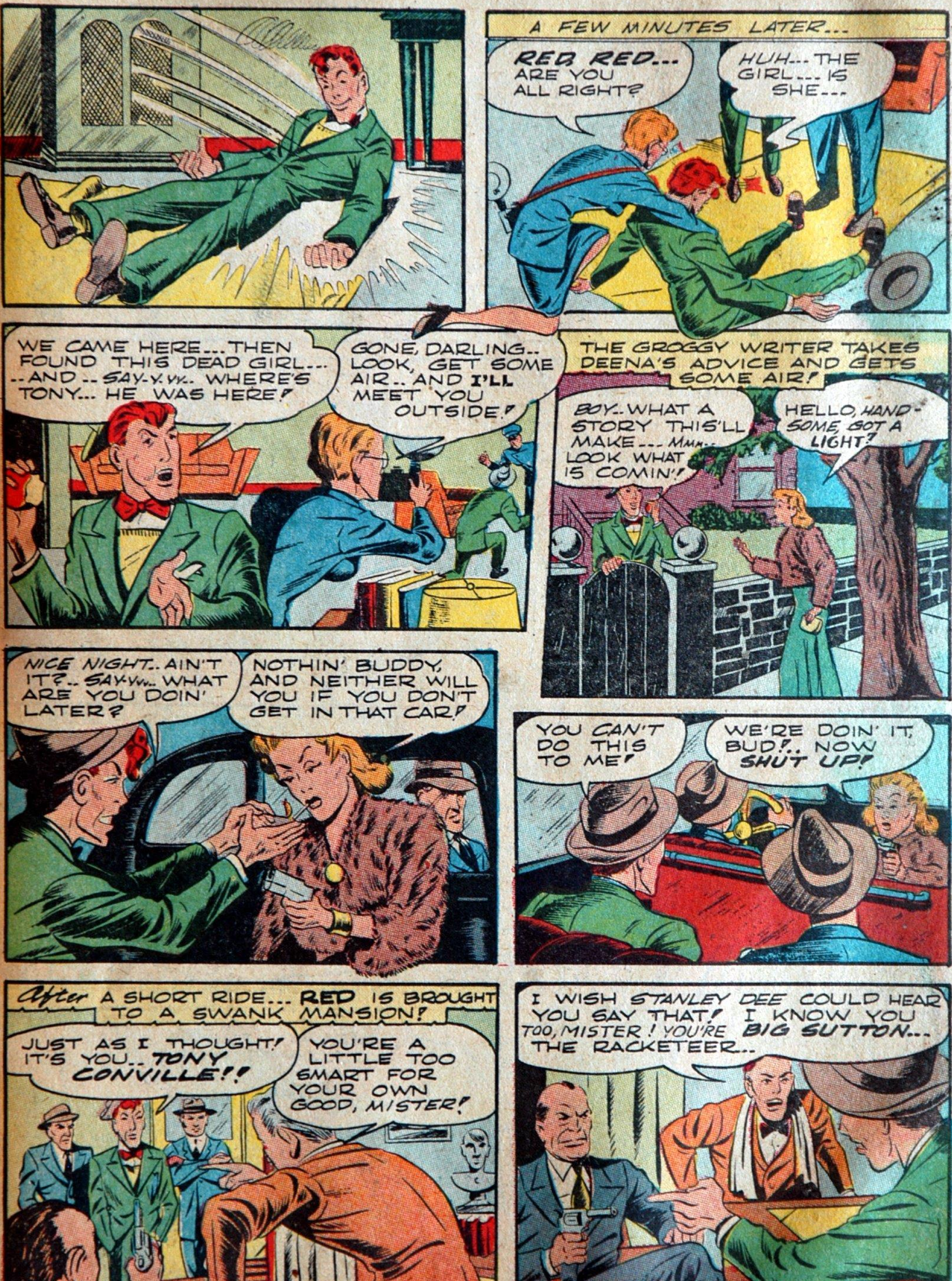

...NOW GO HOME AND WRITE ME A *GOOD* PLOT FOR A CHANGE!
OKAY.. OKAY... I'LL WRITE AN ADVENTURE THAT'LL EVEN MAKE THE *HUMAN TORCH ENVIOUS!*
CO PU

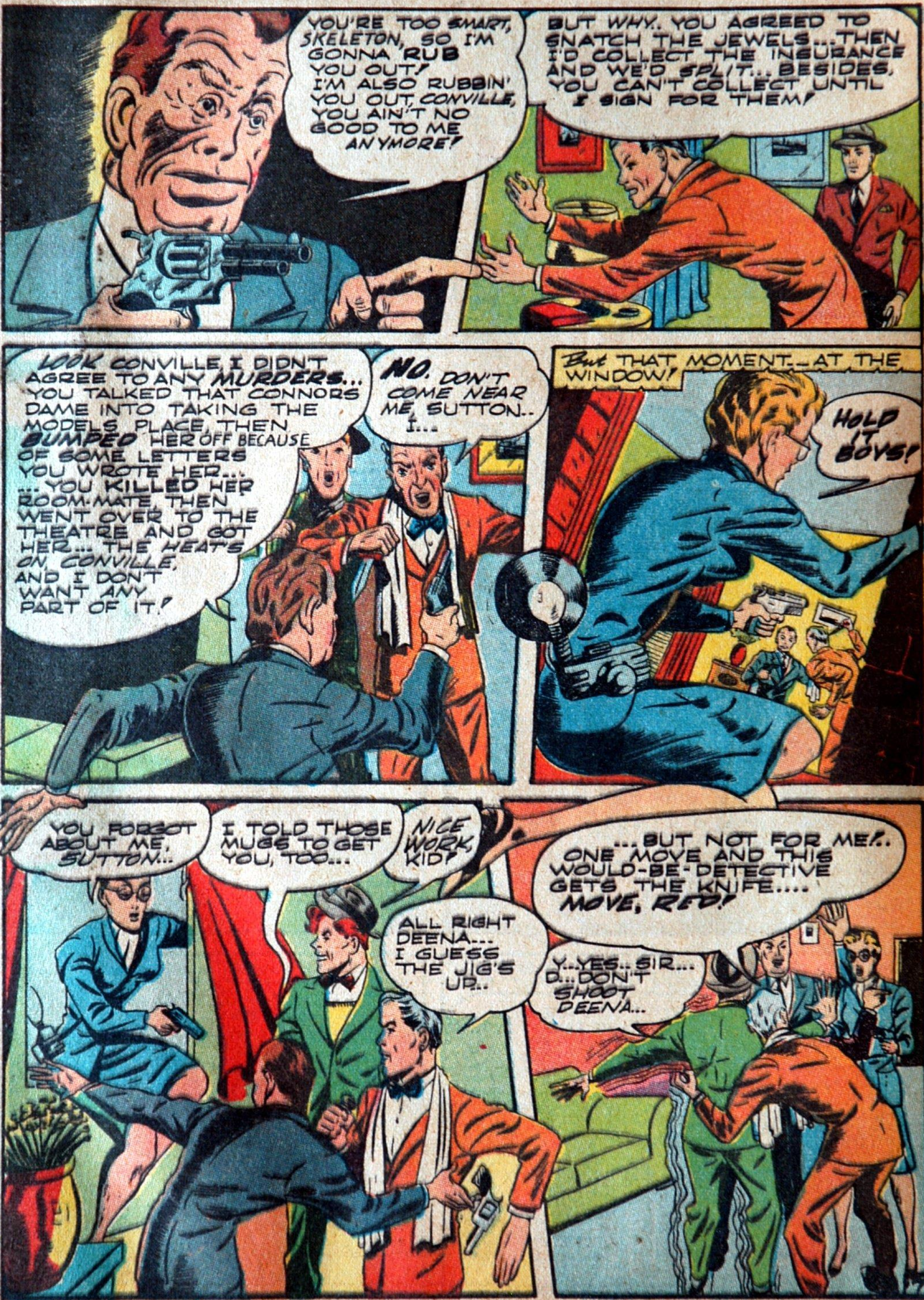

RED IS SO EXCITED THAT HE FORGETS THAT A DOOR IS STANDING BETWEEN HIM AND THE HALL OUTSIDE ..SO...
BONG
OOOOOH-H
AFTER REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, OUR HERO WENDS HIS WEARY WAY HOME... AND THERE TRIES TO PICK THE LOCK TO HIS ROOM
HELLO, TALL, RED AND GRUESOME!
HEH, HEH.. ALWAYS KIDDIN', AIN'TCHA?
WONDER IF SHE MEANT THAT
...AS RED ENTERS HIS ROOM!
YIPE!! WH.. WHO'S.. TH.. THERE?
OH.. IT'S YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SCARING PEOPLE TO DEATH, HUH, DEENA?
SINCE YOU WON'T GIVE ME A JOB AS YOUR ASSISTANT... I'VE BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "THE DAILY PRESS!"
NOW, LOOK I'M BUSY SO WHY DON'T YOU RUN ALONG AND PLAY WITH YOUR CAMERA?
OH, DEAR AND I WANTED YOU TO SEE THOSE PRETTY MODELS AT THE FASHION SHOW!
HUH? PRETTY MODELS.. DEBUTANTES?. AHHhhh... NOPE, DON'T TEMPT ME, DEENA, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
WE..L.LL. IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND.. IT'S AT THE RITZ THEATRE!
MMMmm.. GOTTA GET A PLOT... PRETTY GALS.. .. MODELS.. I GOT IT!


AND SO OUR HERO WORKS FURIOUSLY... THEN, SUDDENLY... STOPS...
BOY! WHAT A STORY THIS IS GONNA BE!
FOR A WHILE, RED PACES THE FLOOR.. THEN...
I GOT IT! WHY NOT GO DOWN TO THE SHOW... MY STORY IS ABOUT A MODEL... I'LL GET SOME IDEA THERE... AND MAYBE A GOOD TELEPHONE NUMBER!
RED HURRIES TO THE RITZ! SEEING A PRETTY GIRL ACROSS THE STREET, RED DOESN'T NOTICE THE CAMERA NEARBY... AND..
WHY RED... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I WANTED TO SEE IF THE SIDEWALK COULD STAND A SOCK FROM MY CHIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
FASHION SHOW
AHH-hm... RED... THIS IS TONY CONVILLE... HE'S EXHIBITING HIS FAMOUS JEWEL COLLECTION HERE...
HELLO.. OH, MISS DRAYSON... THE SHOW IS STARTING INSIDE... AND I'D LIKE YOU TO GET SOME GOOD SHOTS OF MY JEWELS!
Y'KNOW, DEENA, I'M WRITING A MYSTERY STORY ABOUT MODELS... SAY-Y... WHO IS THAT?
THAT'S THE LAST MODEL... WATCH ME GET A GOOD SHOT!


BUT AS DEENA FOCUSES THE CAMERA..THE LIGHTS GO OUT... A SCREAM PIERCES THE DARK!
YIPE! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?
EEEEEEEE
THE LIGHTS GO ON...AND ON THE FLOOR THE MODEL LIES, A KNIFE WOUND IN HER THROAT!..
WOW! DEENA, WAIT... I JUST WROTE ABOUT THAT MODEL.. I'D...
COME ON, RED... I'M GETTING A PICTURE OF THIS!
WHAT AM I SAYIN' THEY'LL THINK I DID IT!
GOSH! WHAT A STORY...SOCIETY GIRL MURDERED!
SOCIETY GAL, MY EYE.. SHE'S BOOTS CONNORS CHORUS GIRL!
GOOD HEAVENS! HER NECKLACE IS GONE!
G-GONE
THAT'S RIGHT! BRENDA GRANT WAS TO BE THE MODEL!
KIDNAPPING ON TOP OF MURDER..WHAT A CASE!
C'MON RED.. LET'S LOOK AROUND!
I'M TELLING YOU.. I WROTE IT JUST LIKE THAT... SAY... WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF I SOLVED THIS CASE?
SHH-H-H-H-H... LET'S LOOK IN THIS DRESSING ROOM!
YOU TAKE A LOOK IN THE CLOSET... WHILE I RUMMAGE AROUND!
LISTEN.. A MURDERER NEVER PUTS THINGS IN A CLOSET.. THAT'S... YEOOOWW...
IT'S BRENDA GRANT... HERE LET ME GET YOU OUT OF THIS!
BOY! I'LL GET A RAISE FOR THESE PIX!

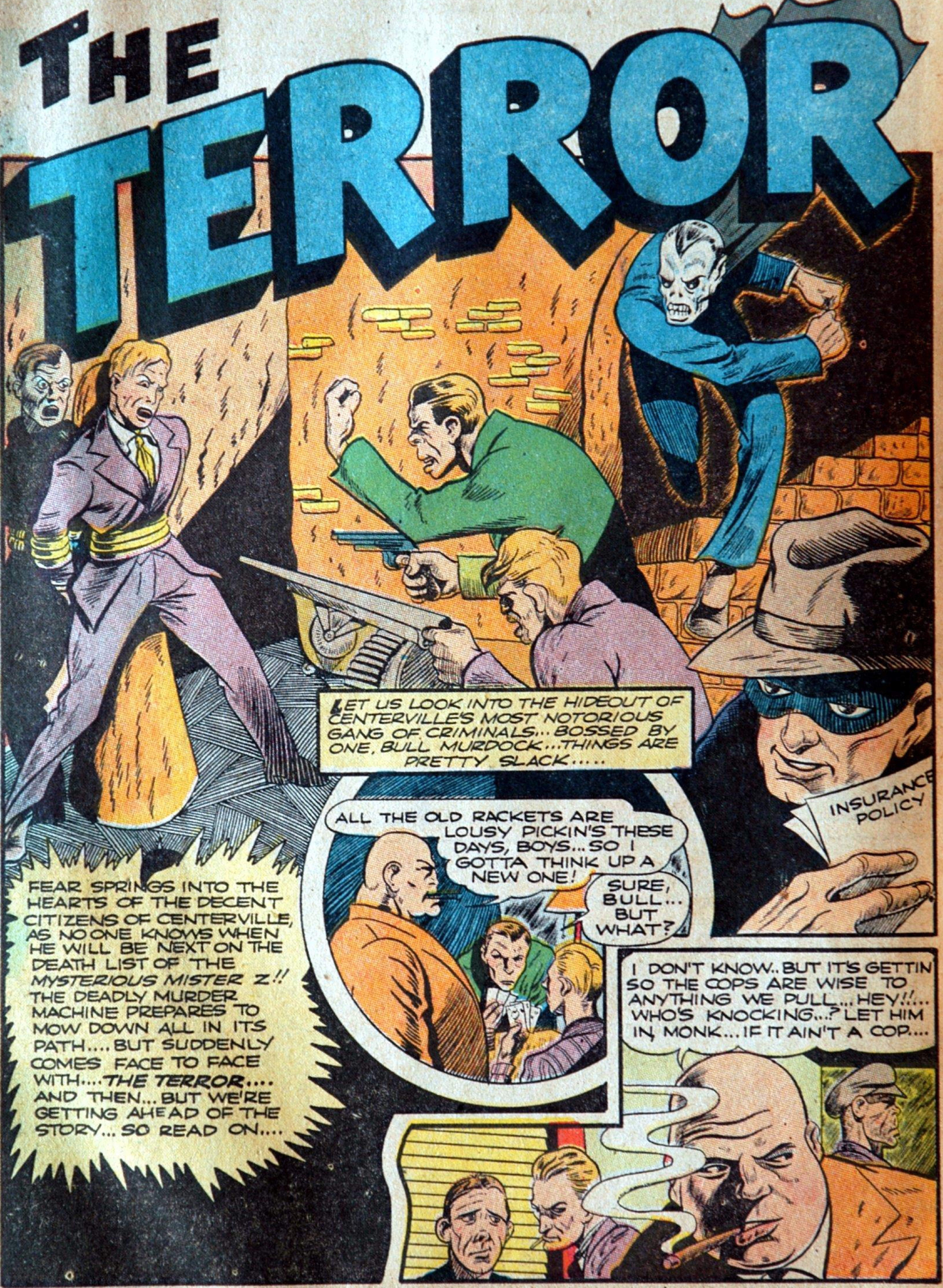

BUT AGAIN THE LIGHTS GO OUT.. AND.
HEY! WHAT IS THIS A GAME.. OOOOO..OOOOOOOOOOOWWWW
HELP! I'M BEIN' MURD..OOMHhhh!
LET HIM GO, YOU..YOU MURDERER!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?
WHAT HIT ME?
OH, RED...I'M SORRY...
THIS GUY CAME IN HERE AND ATTACKED US!
YOU'RE MAD!
TONY ISN'T THE ONE WHO TIED ME UP!
AW...I WAS ONLY KIDDIN'... SAY.. SUPPOSE WE GO TO THE CHORUS GIRL'S HOUSE... THERE MIGHT BE SOME CLUES THERE!
CHORUS GIRL'S PLACE!..GOOD IDEA!
I'LL JOIN YOU LATER.. GOT TO STOP OFF AT MY OFFICE!
RED AND TONY HURRY TO THE DEAD GIRL'S APARTMENT.
NO ANSWER, HUH?.. HEY THIS DOOR IS OPEN...
OH, HELLO... WE..EH.. JUST DROPPED IN FOR A MINUTE...
RED.., THAT GIRL... THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HER!
HUH... PROBABLY ASLEEP.. LOOK HONEY... WE JUST.. OOOOHHHHH...

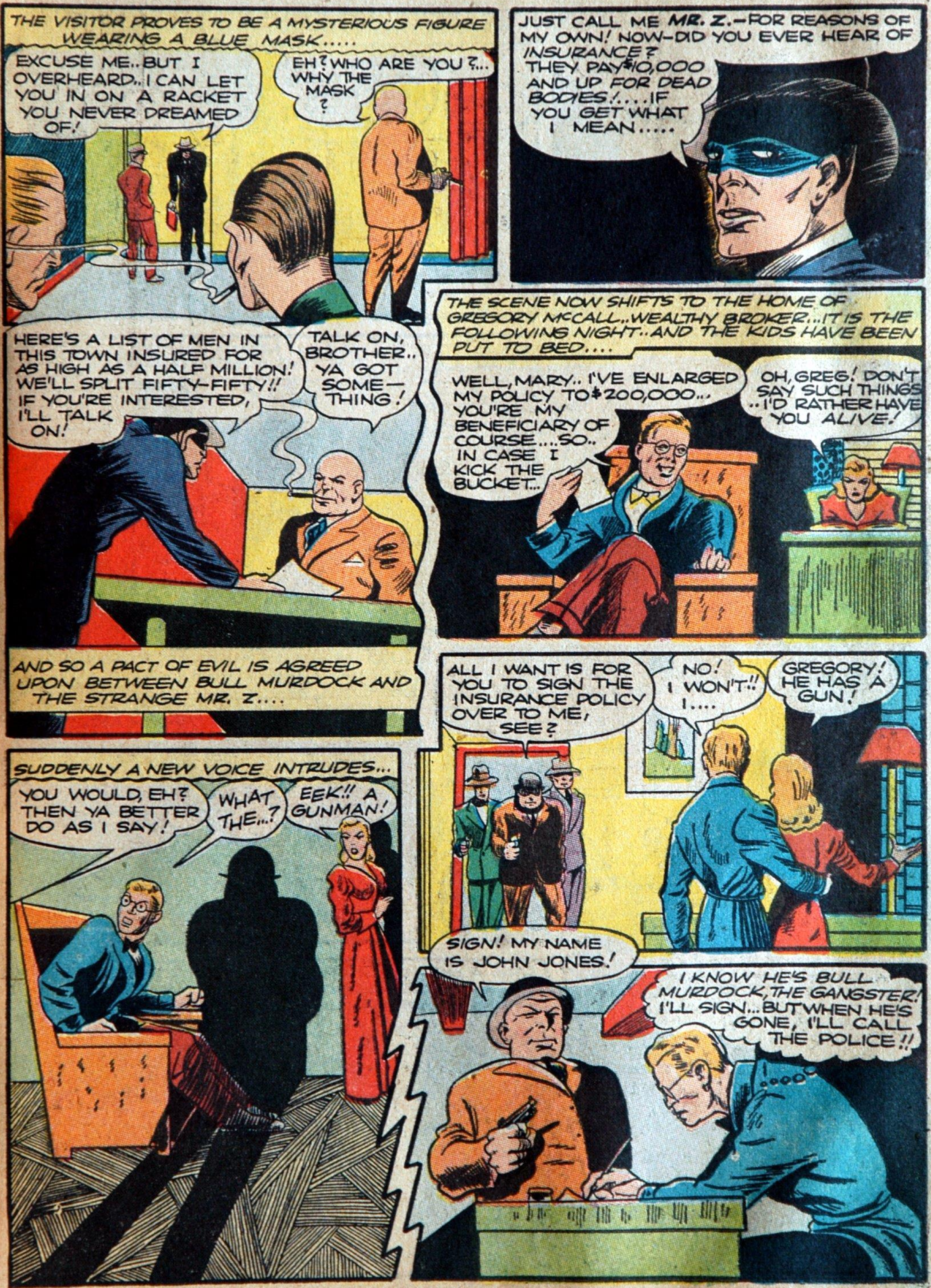

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
RED, RED... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HUH... THE GIRL... IS SHE...
WE CAME HERE... THEN FOUND THIS DEAD GIRL... ..AND .. SAY-Y-Y.. WHERE'S TONY... HE WAS HERE!
GONE, DARLING.. LOOK, GET SOME AIR.. AND I'LL MEET YOU OUTSIDE!
THE GROGGY WRITER TAKES DEENA'S ADVICE AND GETS SOME AIR!
BOY.. WHAT A STORY THIS'LL MAKE.... MMM... LOOK WHAT IS COMIN'!
HELLO, HANDSOME, GOT A LIGHT?
NICE NIGHT.. AIN'T IT?.. SAY-Y-Y.. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' LATER?
NOTHIN' BUDDY, AND NEITHER WILL YOU IF YOU DON'T GET IN THAT CAR!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
WE'RE DOIN' IT, BUD!.. NOW SHUT UP!
After A SHORT RIDE... RED IS BROUGHT TO A SWANK MANSION!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! IT'S YOU.. TONY CONVILLE!!
YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MISTER!
I WISH STANLEY DEE COULD HEAR YOU SAY THAT! I KNOW YOU TOO, MISTER! YOU'RE BIG SUTTON... THE RACKETEER...

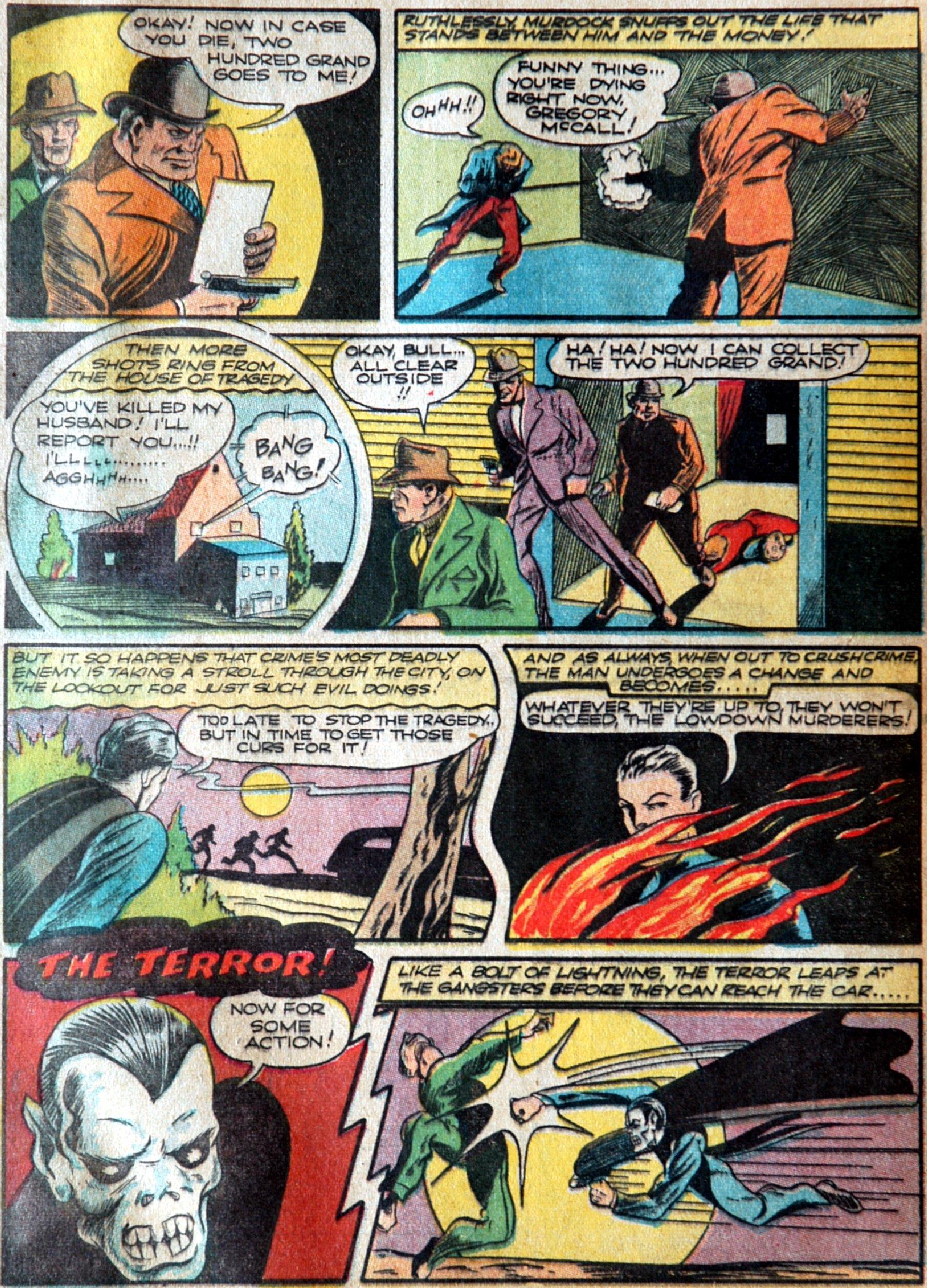

YOU'RE TOO SMART, SKELETON, SO I'M GONNA RUB YOU OUT! I'M ALSO RUBBIN' YOU OUT, CONVILLE, YOU AIN'T NO GOOD TO ME ANYMORE!
BUT WHY.. YOU AGREED TO SNATCH THE JEWELS...THEN I'D COLLECT THE INSURANCE AND WE'D SPLIT... BESIDES, YOU CAN'T COLLECT UNTIL I SIGN FOR THEM!
LOOK CONVILLE, I DIDN'T AGREE TO ANY MURDERS... YOU TALKED THAT CONNORS DAME INTO TAKING THE MODELS PLACE, THEN BUMPED HER OFF BECAUSE OF SOME LETTERS YOU WROTE HER... ...YOU KILLED HER ROOM-MATE, THEN WENT OVER TO THE THEATRE AND GOT HER... THE HEAT'S ON, CONVILLE, AND I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT!
NO. DON'T COME NEAR ME, SUTTON.. I...
But THAT MOMENT..- AT THE WINDOW!
HOLD IT BOYS!
YOU FORGOT ABOUT ME, SUTTON...
I TOLD THOSE MUGS TO GET YOU, TOO...
NICE WORK, KID!
ALL RIGHT DEENA... I GUESS THE JIG'S UP...
...BUT NOT FOR ME!.. ONE MOVE AND THIS WOULD-BE-DETECTIVE GETS THE KNIFE.... MOVE, RED!
Y...YES.. SIR... D...DON'T SHOOT DEENA...

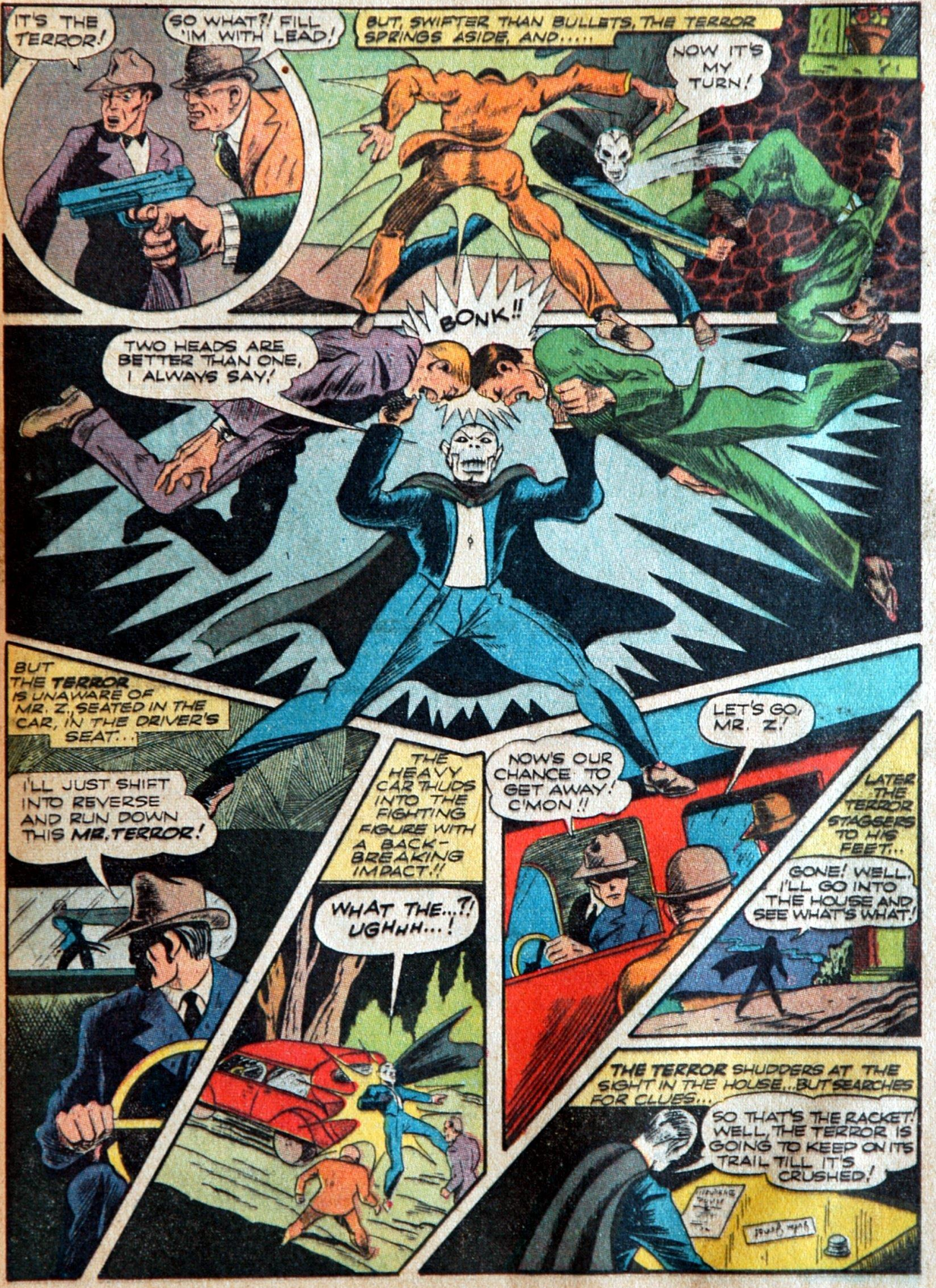
I'LL.. LOOK OUT DEENA!
OH, NO YOU DON'T...
JUST AS RED APPLIES SOME JUI-JITSU ON CONVILLE, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
HOLD THAT POSE!
ALL RIGHT, SUTTON! PUT 'EM UP! YOU TOO, MUG!
TOO LATE BOSS!
SOME TIME LATER!
WELL, KEED WE DID IT... Y'KNOW IF YOU WERE MORE GLAMOROUS I COULD GO FOR YOU!
SAVE IT, CASANOVA... NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL GIVE ME THAT JOB AS YOUR ASSISTANT!
AW YOU'RE BETTER OFF AS A PHOTOGRAPHER!
BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO DINNER TONIGHT ...IF YOU'LL LEND ME THE MONEY!
Full OF PRIDE AT THE STORY HE HAS WRITTEN RED CALLS HIS EDITOR!
..AND AFTER THIS GUY BUMPS OFF THESE DOLLS.. THE OTHER GUY DON'T LIKE IT. AND DECIDES TO GET RID OF HIM.. ..AND..
SORRY, RED CAN'T USE IT!.. OUR READERS WOULD NEVER BELIEVE IT... IT SOUNDS TOO IMPOSSIBLE!
?
THE END!

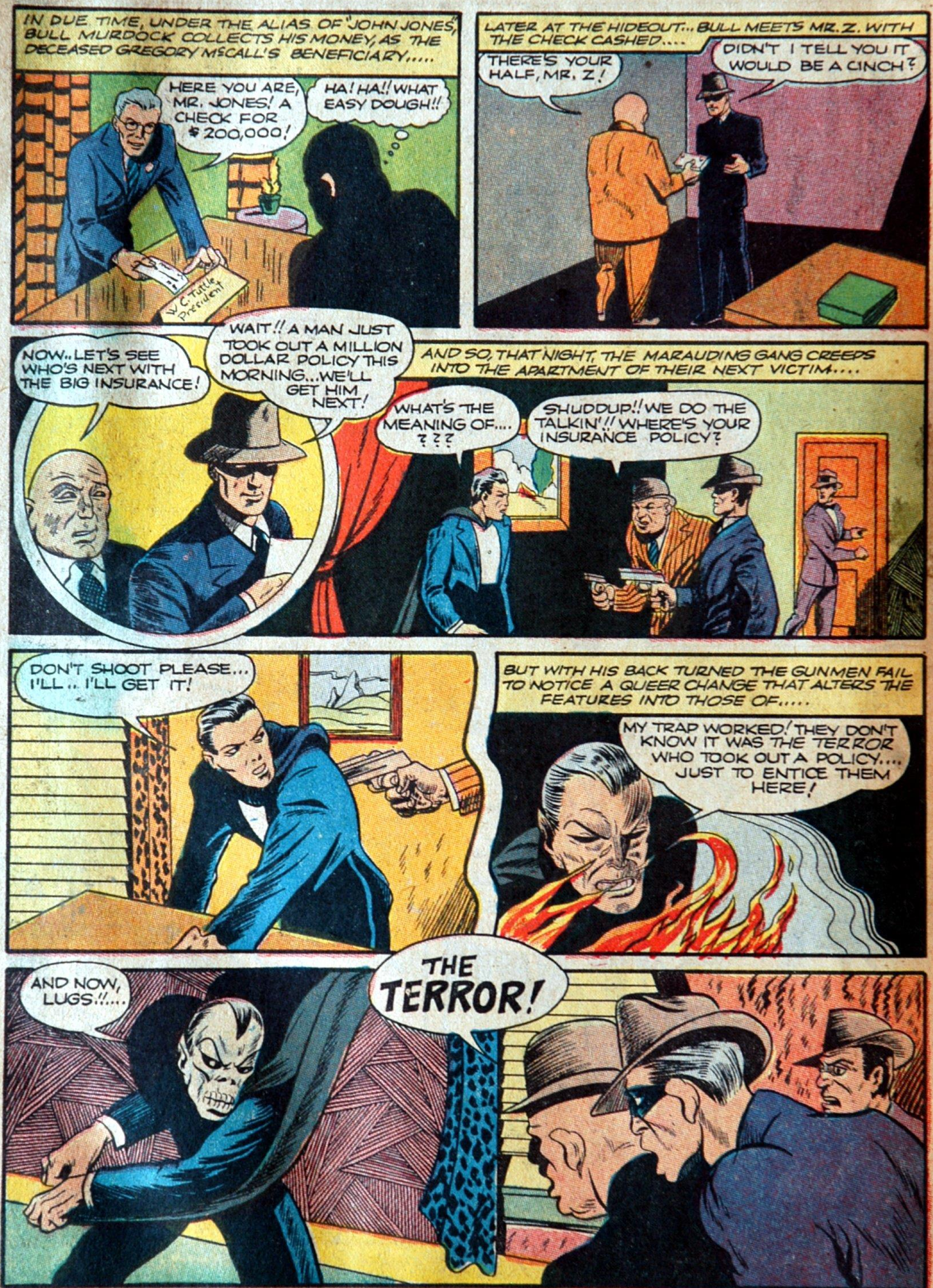
THE TERROR

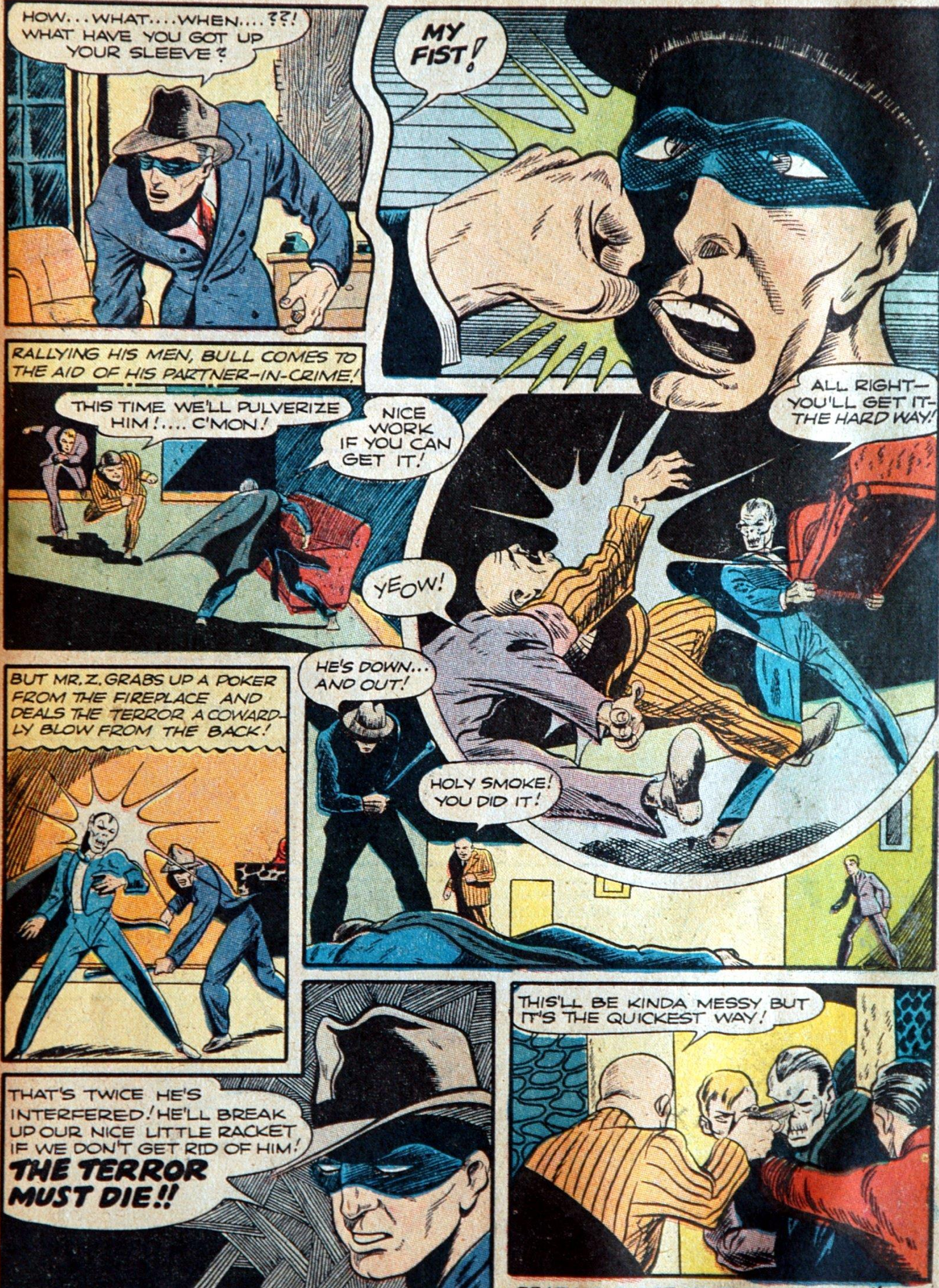

LET US LOOK INTO THE HIDEOUT OF CENTERVILLE'S MOST NOTORIOUS GANG OF CRIMINALS... BOSSED BY ONE, BULL MURDOCK... THINGS ARE PRETTY SLACK....
INSURANCE POLICY
ALL THE OLD RACKETS ARE LOUSY PICKIN'S THESE DAYS, BOYS... SO I GOTTA THINK UP A NEW ONE!
SURE, BULL... BUT WHAT?
FEAR SPRINGS INTO THE HEARTS OF THE DECENT CITIZENS OF CENTERVILLE, AS NO ONE KNOWS WHEN HE WILL BE NEXT ON THE DEATH LIST OF THE *MYSTERIOUS MISTER Z!!* THE DEADLY MURDER MACHINE PREPARES TO MOW DOWN ALL IN ITS PATH.... BUT SUDDENLY COMES FACE TO FACE WITH.... *THE TERROR*.... AND THEN... BUT WE'RE GETTING AHEAD OF THE STORY... SO READ ON....
I DON'T KNOW.. BUT IT'S GETTIN SO THE COPS ARE WISE TO ANYTHING WE PULL... HEY!!... WHO'S KNOCKING...? LET HIM IN, MONK... IF IT AIN'T A COP....


THE VISITOR PROVES TO BE A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WEARING A BLUE MASK.....
EXCUSE ME.. BUT I OVERHEARD.. I CAN LET YOU IN ON A RACKET YOU NEVER DREAMED OF!
EH? WHO ARE YOU?... WHY THE MASK?
JUST CALL ME **MR. Z.**–FOR REASONS OF MY OWN! NOW–DID YOU EVER HEAR OF *INSURANCE*? THEY PAY $10,000 AND UP FOR DEAD *BODIES*!....IF YOU GET WHAT I MEAN.....
HERE'S A LIST OF MEN IN THIS TOWN INSURED FOR AS HIGH AS A HALF MILLION! WE'LL SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY!! IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, I'LL TALK ON!
TALK ON, BROTHER.. YA GOT SOME-THING!
THE SCENE NOW SHIFTS TO THE HOME OF GREGORY McCALL.. WEALTHY BROKER...IT IS THE FOLLOWING NIGHT.. AND THE KIDS HAVE BEEN PUT TO BED....
WELL, MARY.. I'VE ENLARGED MY POLICY TO $200,000... YOU'RE MY BENEFICIARY OF COURSE....SO.. IN CASE I KICK THE BUCKET...
OH, GREG! DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS ..I'D RATHER HAVE YOU *ALIVE*!
AND SO A PACT OF EVIL IS AGREED UPON BETWEEN BULL MURDOCK AND THE STRANGE MR. Z....
SUDDENLY A NEW VOICE INTRUDES...
YOU WOULD, EH? THEN YA BETTER DO AS I SAY!
WHAT THE...?
EEK!! A GUNMAN!
ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TO SIGN THE INSURANCE POLICY OVER TO ME, SEE?
NO! I WON'T!! I....
GREGORY! HE HAS A GUN!
SIGN! MY NAME IS JOHN JONES!
I KNOW HE'S BULL MURDOCK, THE GANGSTER! I'LL SIGN... BUT WHEN HE'S GONE, I'LL CALL THE POLICE!!

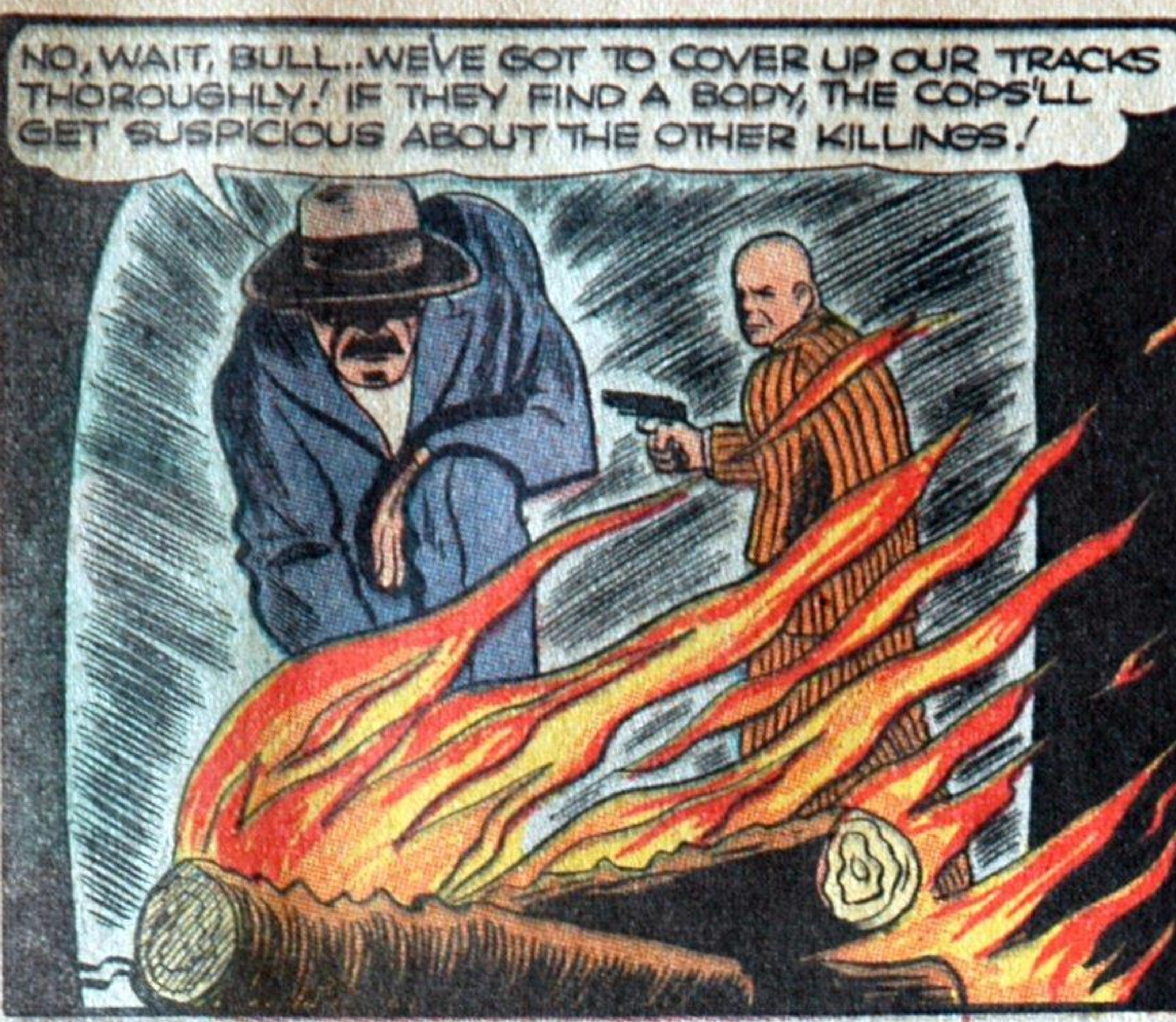

OKAY! NOW IN CASE YOU DIE, TWO HUNDRED GRAND GOES TO ME!
RUTHLESSLY MURDOCK SNUFFS OUT THE LIFE THAT STANDS BETWEEN HIM AND THE MONEY!
OHHH!!
FUNNY THING... YOU'RE DYING RIGHT NOW, GREGORY McCALL!
THEN MORE SHOTS RING FROM THE HOUSE OF TRAGEDY
YOU'VE KILLED MY HUSBAND! I'LL REPORT YOU...!! I'LLLL........ AGGHHHH....
BANG BANG!
OKAY, BULL... ALL CLEAR OUTSIDE !!
HA! HA! NOW I CAN COLLECT THE TWO HUNDRED GRAND!
BUT IT SO HAPPENS THAT CRIME'S MOST DEADLY ENEMY IS TAKING A STROLL THROUGH THE CITY, ON THE LOOKOUT FOR JUST SUCH EVIL DOINGS!
TOO LATE TO STOP THE TRAGEDY.. BUT IN TIME TO GET THOSE CURS FOR IT!
AND AS ALWAYS, WHEN OUT TO CRUSH CRIME, THE MAN UNDERGOES A CHANGE AND BECOMES.....
WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO, THEY WON'T SUCCEED, THE LOWDOWN MURDERERS!
THE TERROR!
NOW FOR SOME ACTION!
LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, THE TERROR LEAPS AT THE GANGSTERS BEFORE THEY CAN REACH THE CAR.....

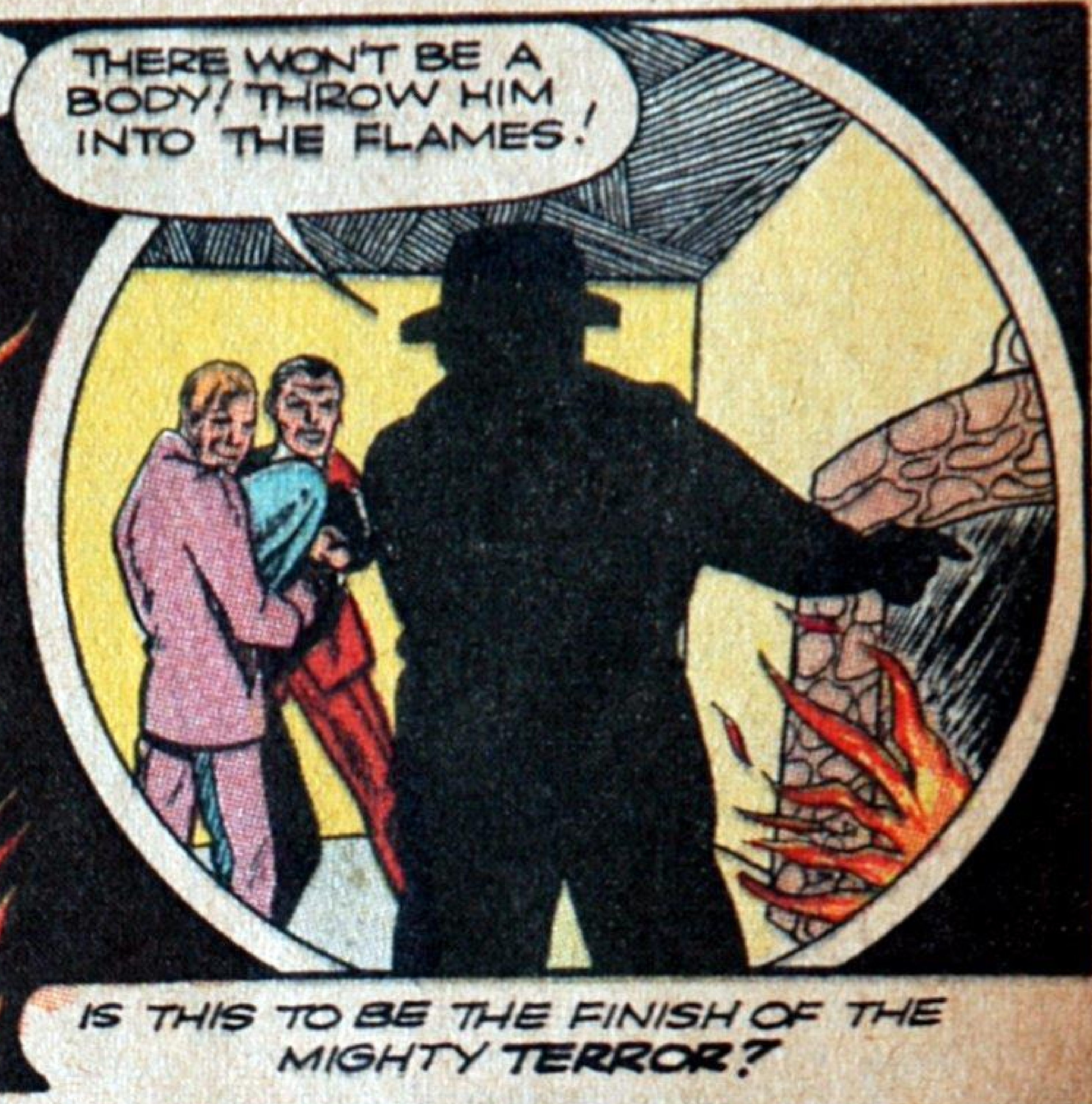

IT'S THE TERROR!
SO WHAT?! FILL 'IM WITH LEAD!
BUT, SWIFTER THAN BULLETS, THE TERROR SPRINGS ASIDE, AND.....
NOW IT'S MY TURN!
BONK!!
TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, I ALWAYS SAY!
BUT THE TERROR IS UNAWARE OF MR. Z., SEATED IN THE CAR, IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT...
I'LL JUST SHIFT INTO REVERSE AND RUN DOWN THIS MR. TERROR!
THE HEAVY CAR THUDS INTO THE FIGHTING FIGURE WITH A BACK-BREAKING IMPACT!!
WHAT THE...?! UGHHH...!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET AWAY! C'MON!!
LET'S GO, MR. Z!
LATER THE TERROR STAGGERS TO HIS FEET...
GONE! WELL, I'LL GO INTO THE HOUSE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT!
THE TERROR SHUDDERS AT THE SIGHT IN THE HOUSE... BUT SEARCHES FOR CLUES...
SO THAT'S THE RACKET! WELL, THE TERROR IS GOING TO KEEP ON ITS TRAIL TILL IT'S CRUSHED!

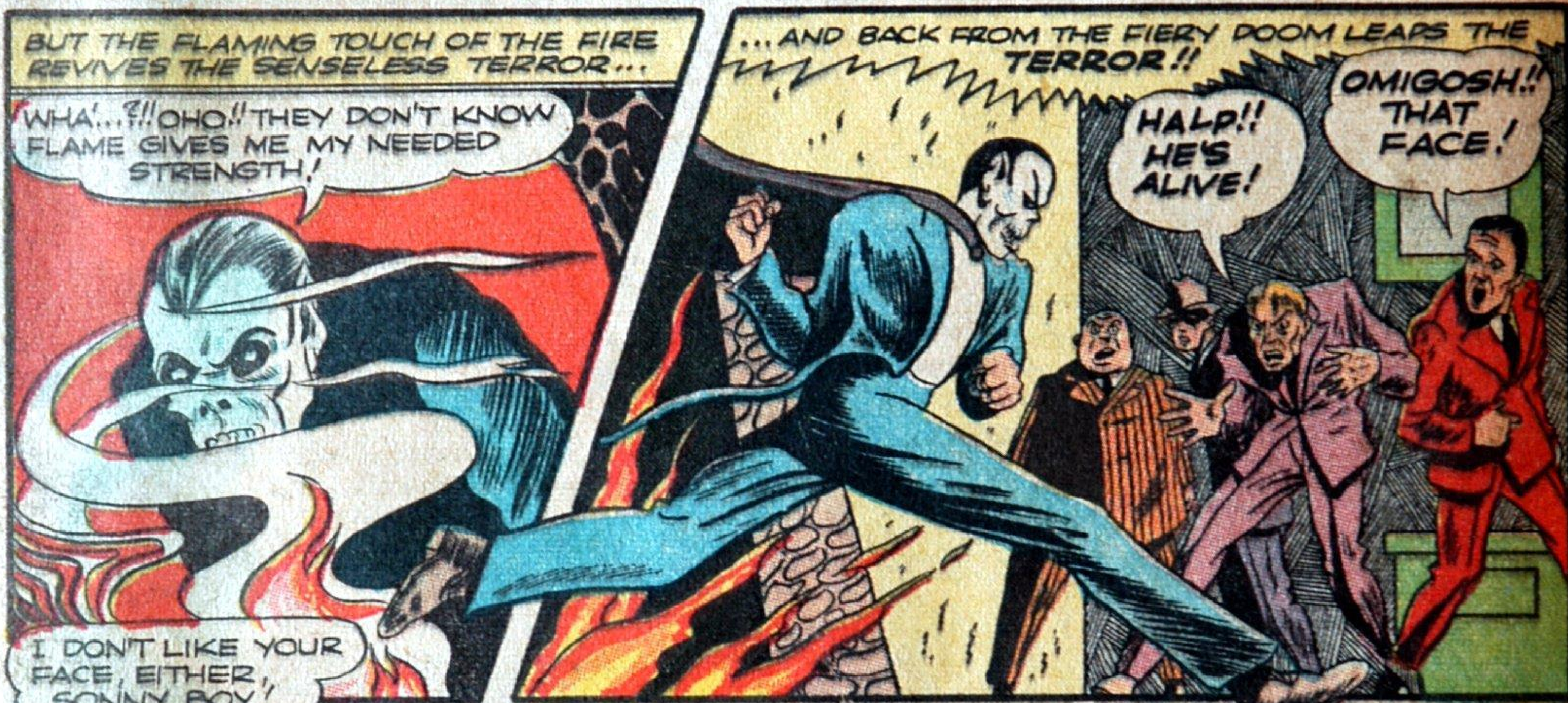

IN DUE TIME, UNDER THE ALIAS OF "JOHN JONES," BULL MURDOCK COLLECTS HIS MONEY, AS THE DECEASED GREGORY McCALL'S BENEFICIARY.....
HERE YOU ARE, MR. JONES! A CHECK FOR $200,000!
HA! HA!! WHAT EASY DOUGH!!
W. C. Tuttle President
LATER AT THE HIDEOUT... BULL MEETS MR. Z. WITH THE CHECK CASHED....
THERE'S YOUR HALF, MR. Z!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU IT WOULD BE A CINCH?
NOW.. LET'S SEE WHO'S NEXT WITH THE BIG INSURANCE!
WAIT!! A MAN JUST TOOK OUT A MILLION DOLLAR POLICY THIS MORNING... WE'LL GET HIM NEXT!
AND SO, THAT NIGHT, THE MARAUDING GANG CREEPS INTO THE APARTMENT OF THEIR NEXT VICTIM....
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF.... ???
SHUDDUP!! WE DO THE TALKIN'!! WHERE'S YOUR INSURANCE POLICY?
DON'T SHOOT PLEASE... I'LL.. I'LL GET IT!
BUT WITH HIS BACK TURNED THE GUNMEN FAIL TO NOTICE A QUEER CHANGE THAT ALTERS THE FEATURES INTO THOSE OF.....
MY TRAP WORKED! THEY DON'T KNOW IT WAS THE TERROR WHO TOOK OUT A POLICY.... JUST TO ENTICE THEM HERE!
THE TERROR!
AND NOW, LUGS!!....

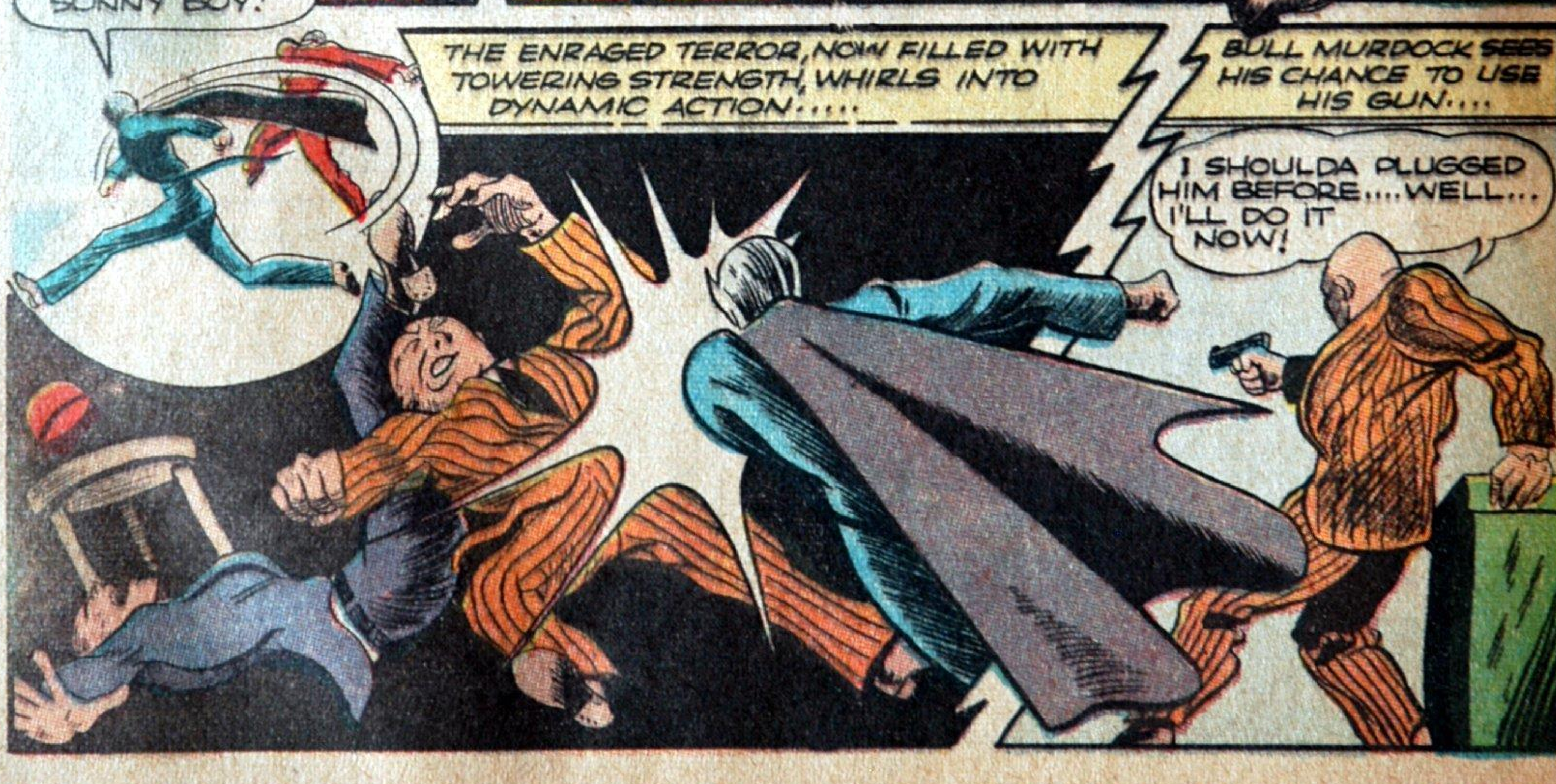

HOW... WHAT.... WHEN.... ??! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE?
MY FIST!
RALLYING HIS MEN, BULL COMES TO THE AID OF HIS PARTNER-IN-CRIME!
THIS TIME WE'LL PULVERIZE HIM!.... C'MON!
NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT!
ALL RIGHT— YOU'LL GET IT— THE HARD WAY!
YEOW!
HE'S DOWN... AND OUT!
HOLY SMOKE! YOU DID IT!
BUT MR. Z. GRABS UP A POKER FROM THE FIREPLACE AND DEALS THE TERROR A COWARDLY BLOW FROM THE BACK!
THAT'S TWICE HE'S INTERFERED! HE'LL BREAK UP OUR NICE LITTLE RACKET IF WE DON'T GET RID OF HIM! THE TERROR MUST DIE!!
THIS'LL BE KINDA MESSY BUT IT'S THE QUICKEST WAY!

DEATH IS CLOSE TO THE TERROR!!

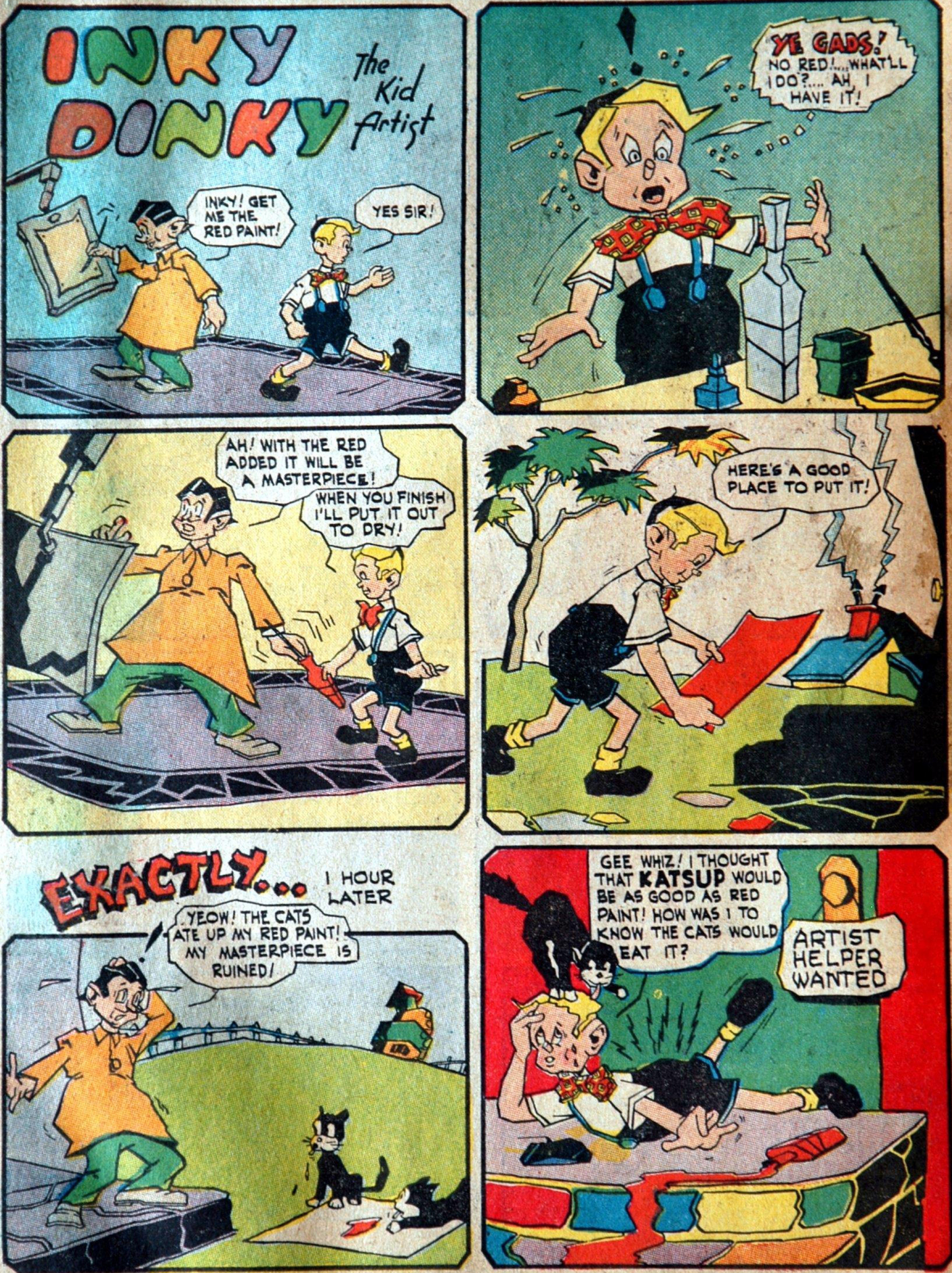

NO, WAIT, BULL...WE'VE GOT TO COVER UP OUR TRACKS THOROUGHLY! IF THEY FIND A BODY, THE COPS'LL GET SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THE OTHER KILLINGS!


THERE WON'T BE A BODY! THROW HIM INTO THE FLAMES!
IS THIS TO BE THE FINISH OF THE MIGHTY TERROR?

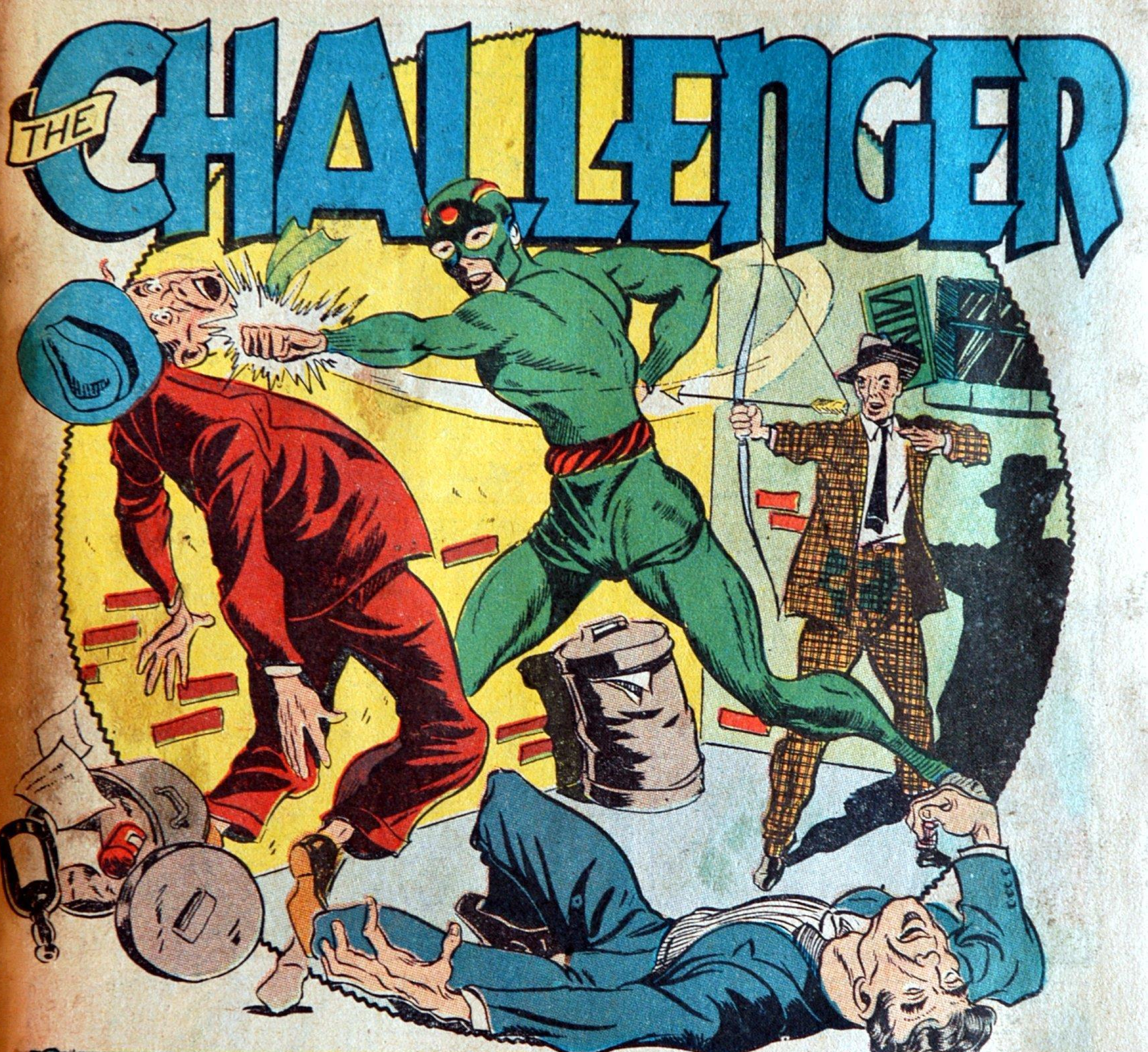

BUT THE FLAMING TOUCH OF THE FIRE REVIVES THE SENSELESS TERROR...
WHA'...?!! OHO!! THEY DON'T KNOW FLAME GIVES ME MY NEEDED STRENGTH!
...AND BACK FROM THE FIERY DOOM LEAPS THE TERROR!!
HALP!! HE'S ALIVE!
OMIGOSH!! THAT FACE!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE, EITHER, SONNY BOY!

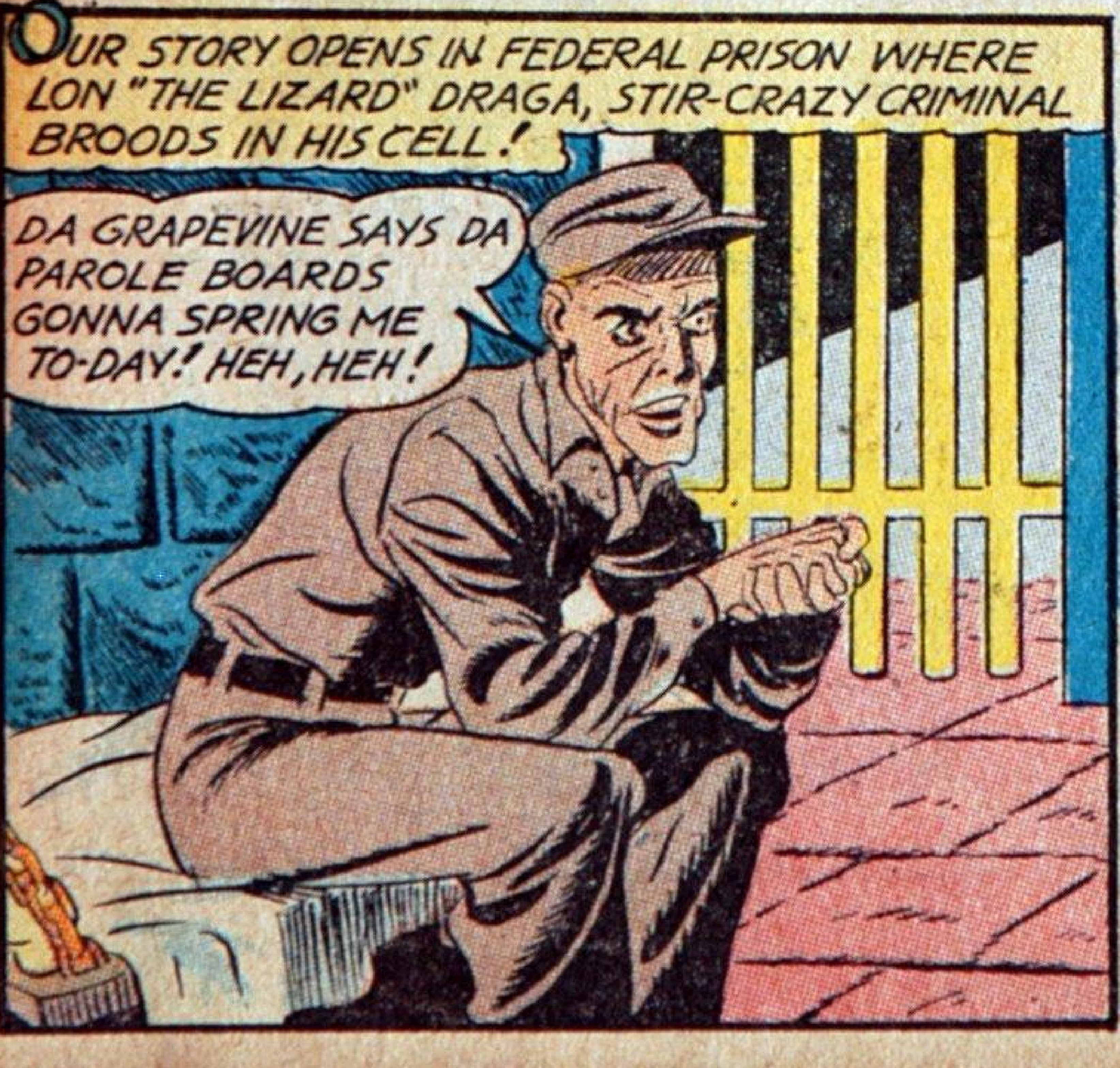

THE ENRAGED TERROR, NOW FILLED WITH TOWERING STRENGTH, WHIRLS INTO DYNAMIC ACTION.....
BULL MURDOCK SEES HIS CHANCE TO USE HIS GUN....
I SHOULDA PLUGGED HIM BEFORE....WELL... I'LL DO IT NOW!

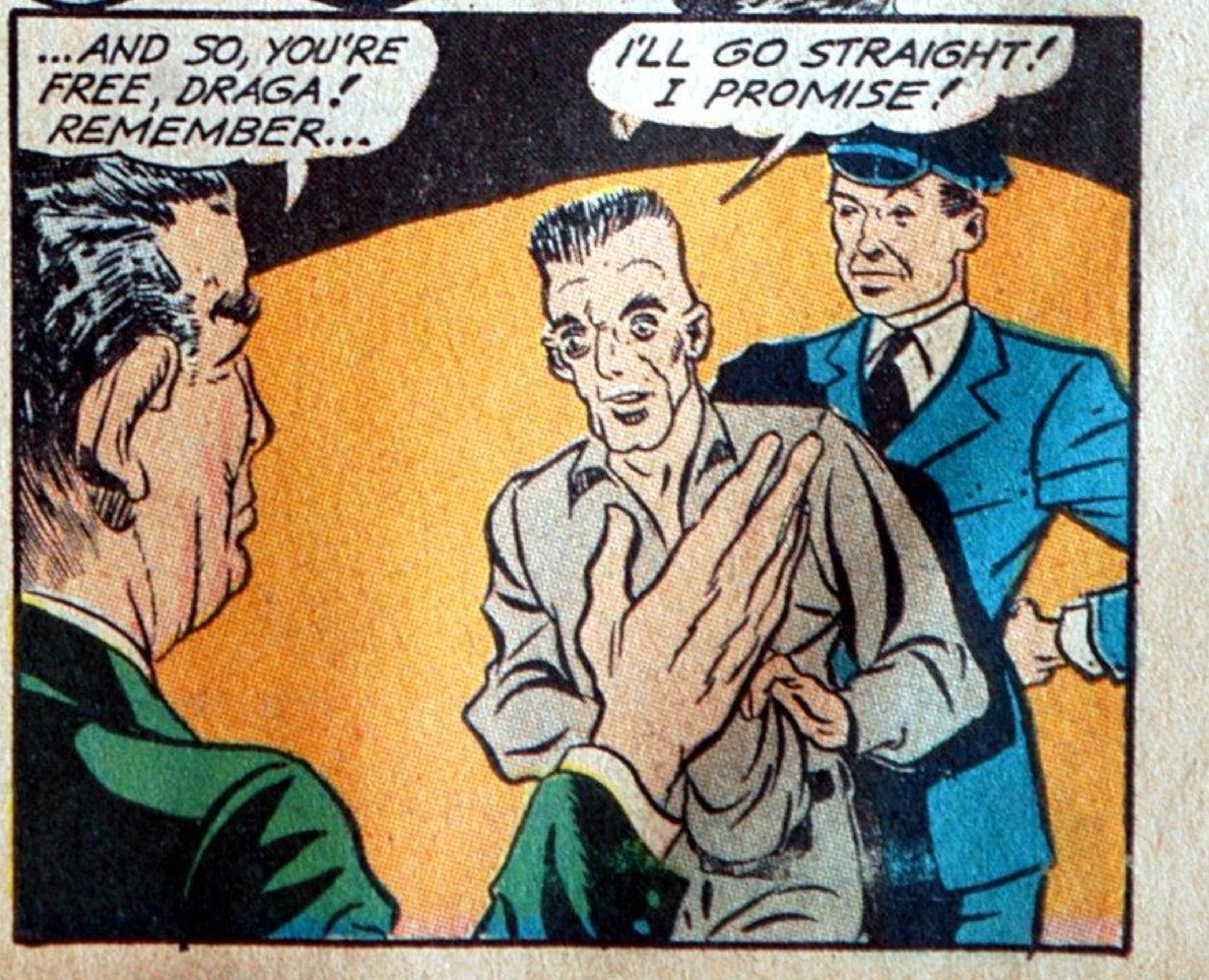
BUT THE WARY TERROR SWIFTLY PULLS A THUG BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE SLUGS...
UGGHHHH!!
TSCH! TSCH! SHOOTING YOUR OWN MEN!
THIS PUTS YOU ON ICE WITH THE REST!
THE TERRIFIC BATTLE IS OVER, WITH VICTORY FOR THE TERROR!
THAT'S ALL I GUESS! NO... WAIT!!.. THE MAN IN THE MASK....!! WHERE DID HE GO?!
YOU WOULDN'T SNEAK OUT ON ME, WOULD YOU, MISTER Z.?
THE TERROR UNMASKS THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER...
PRESIDENT W.C.TUTTLE!! WHO SOLD ME MY POLICY!! TALK, OR.....!
I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!!... DON'T HIT ME!
AS PRESIDENT, I COULD PAY OUT THOSE MURDER INSURANCES WITHOUT QUESTION! I HIRED BULL MURDOCK FOR THE KILLINGS AND RECEIVED HALF AS MY CUT! NO ONE WOULD HAVE FOUND ME OUT IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, TERROR!! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO CROSS MY PATH....??
THE TERROR TIES UP HIS PRISONER FOR THE POLICE.....
MANY CRIMINALS ASK THAT, TUTTLE!
The End
LATER.. ONLY A DARK FIGURE MOVES THROUGH THE NIGHT... AS THE TERROR CONTINUES HIS UNENDING SEARCH FOR CRIME......

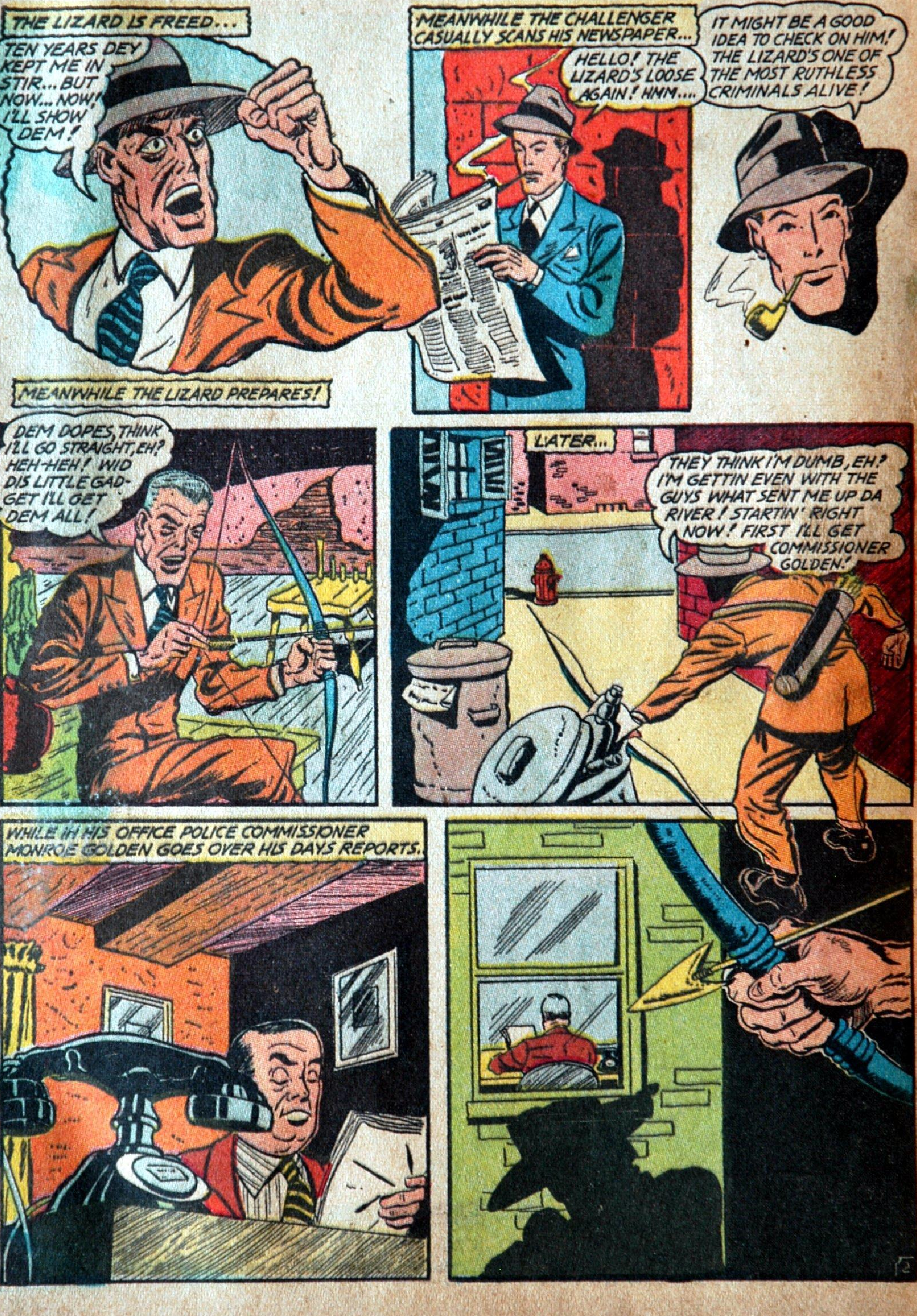

INKY DINKY
The Kid Artist
INKY! GET ME THE RED PAINT!
YES SIR!
YE GADS! NO RED!... WHAT'LL I DO?... AH, I HAVE IT!
AH! WITH THE RED ADDED IT WILL BE A MASTERPIECE!
WHEN YOU FINISH I'LL PUT IT OUT TO DRY!
HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO PUT IT!
EXACTLY... 1 HOUR LATER
YEOW! THE CATS ATE UP MY RED PAINT! MY MASTERPIECE IS RUINED!
GEE WHIZ! I THOUGHT THAT KATSUP WOULD BE AS GOOD AS RED PAINT! HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE CATS WOULD EAT IT?
ARTIST HELPER WANTED

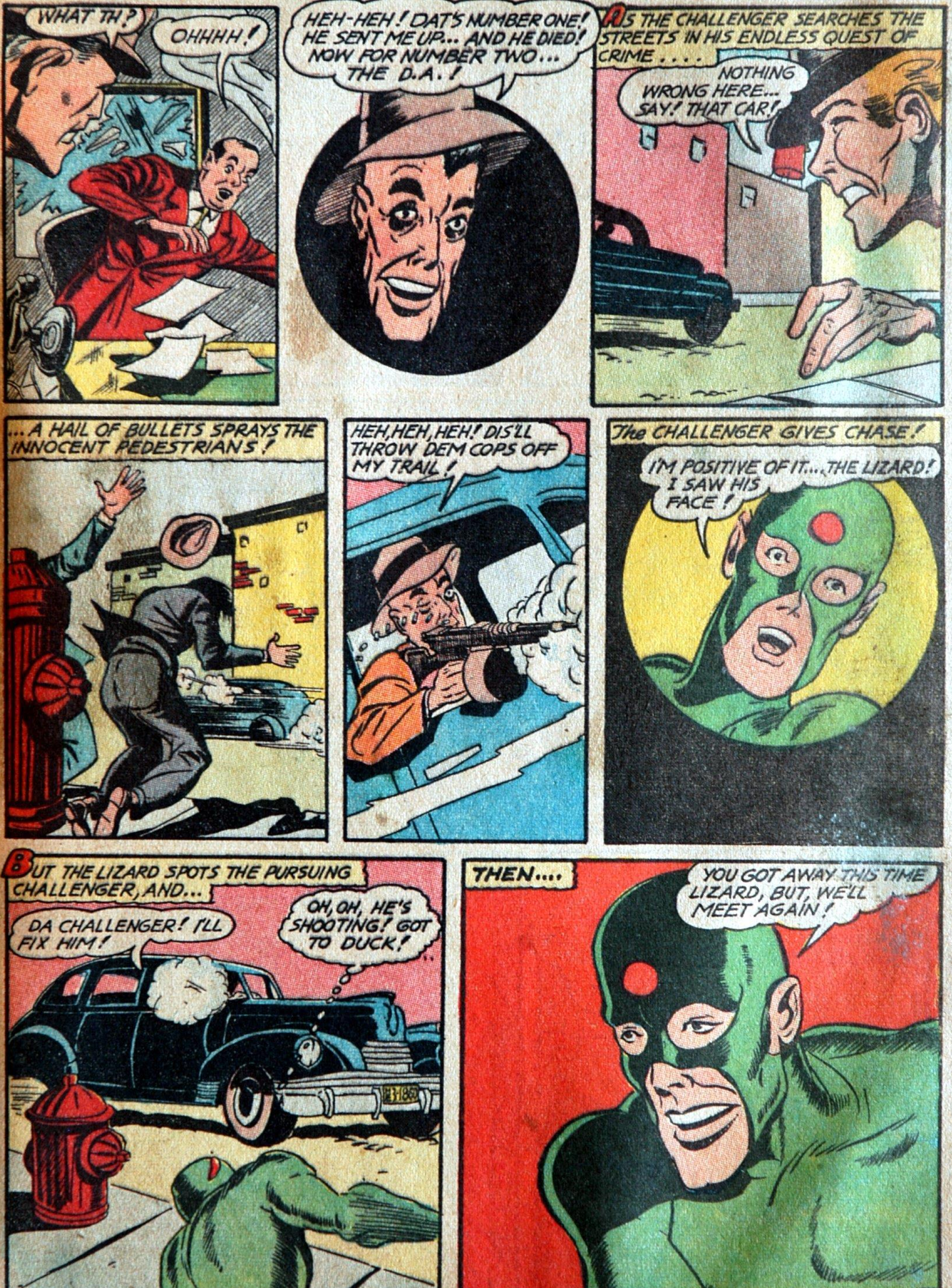
THE CHALLENGER

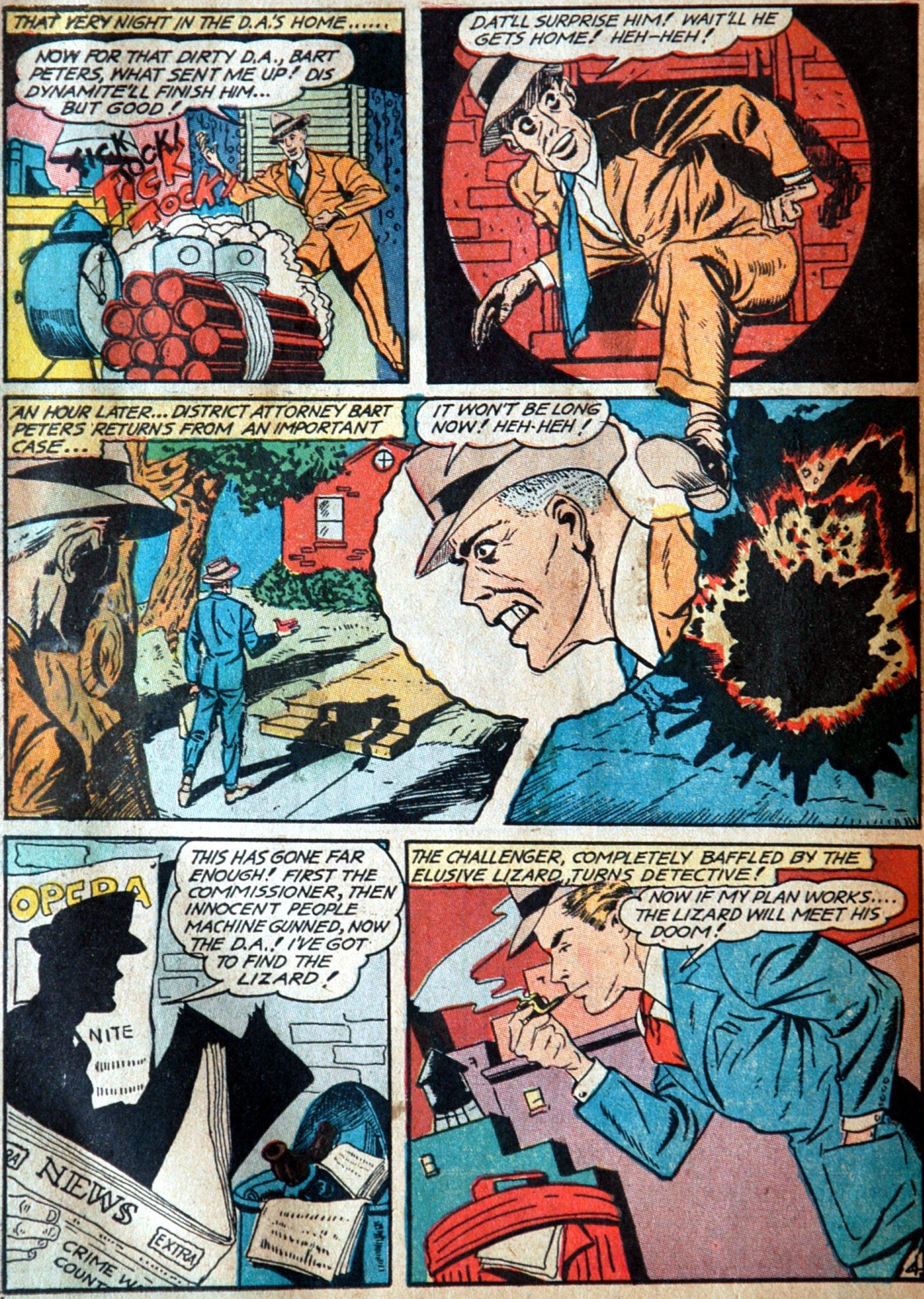


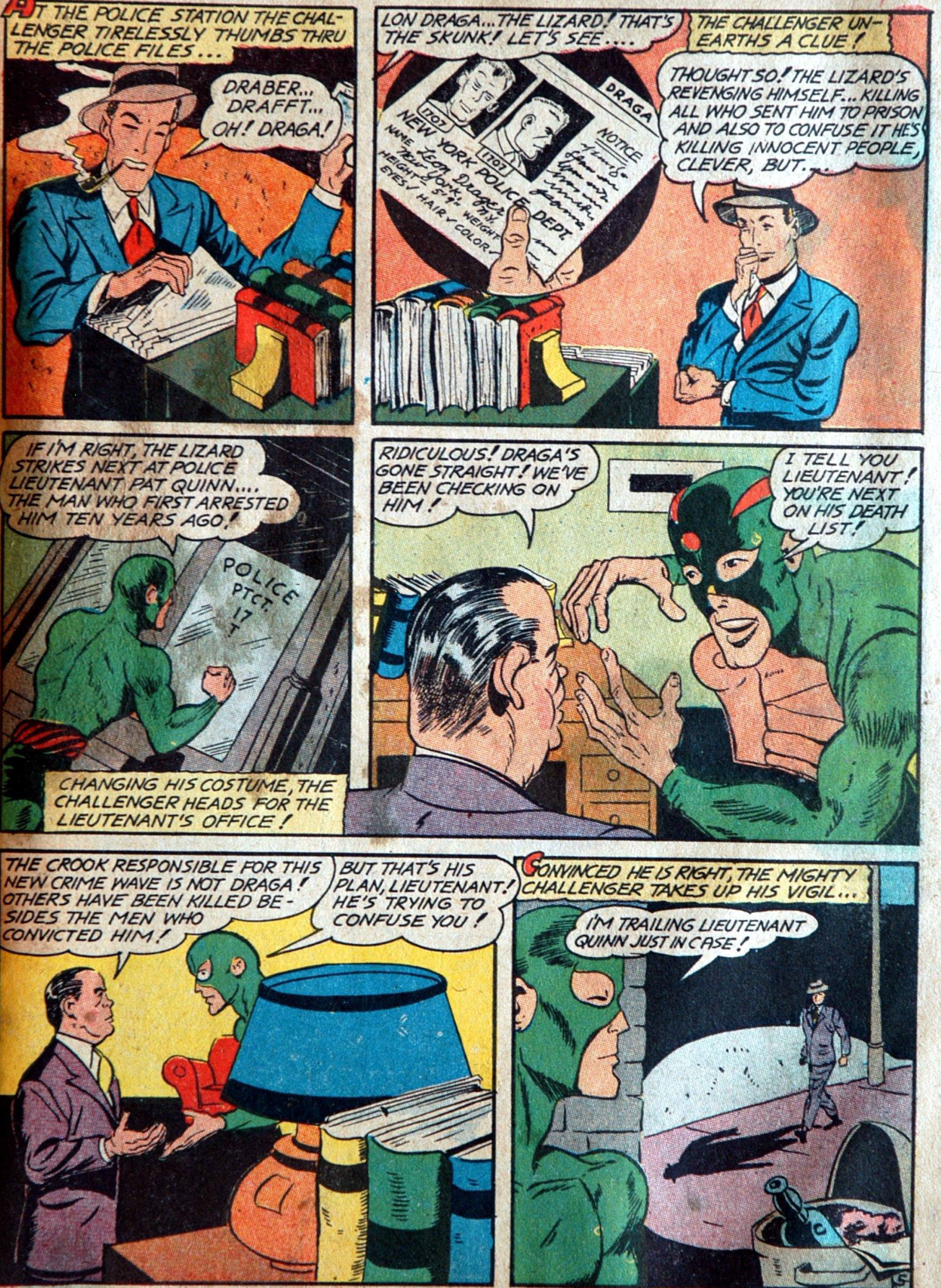

OUR STORY OPENS IN FEDERAL PRISON WHERE LON "THE LIZARD" DRAGA, STIR-CRAZY CRIMINAL BROODS IN HIS CELL!
DA GRAPEVINE SAYS DA PAROLE BOARDS GONNA SPRING ME TO-DAY! HEH, HEH!

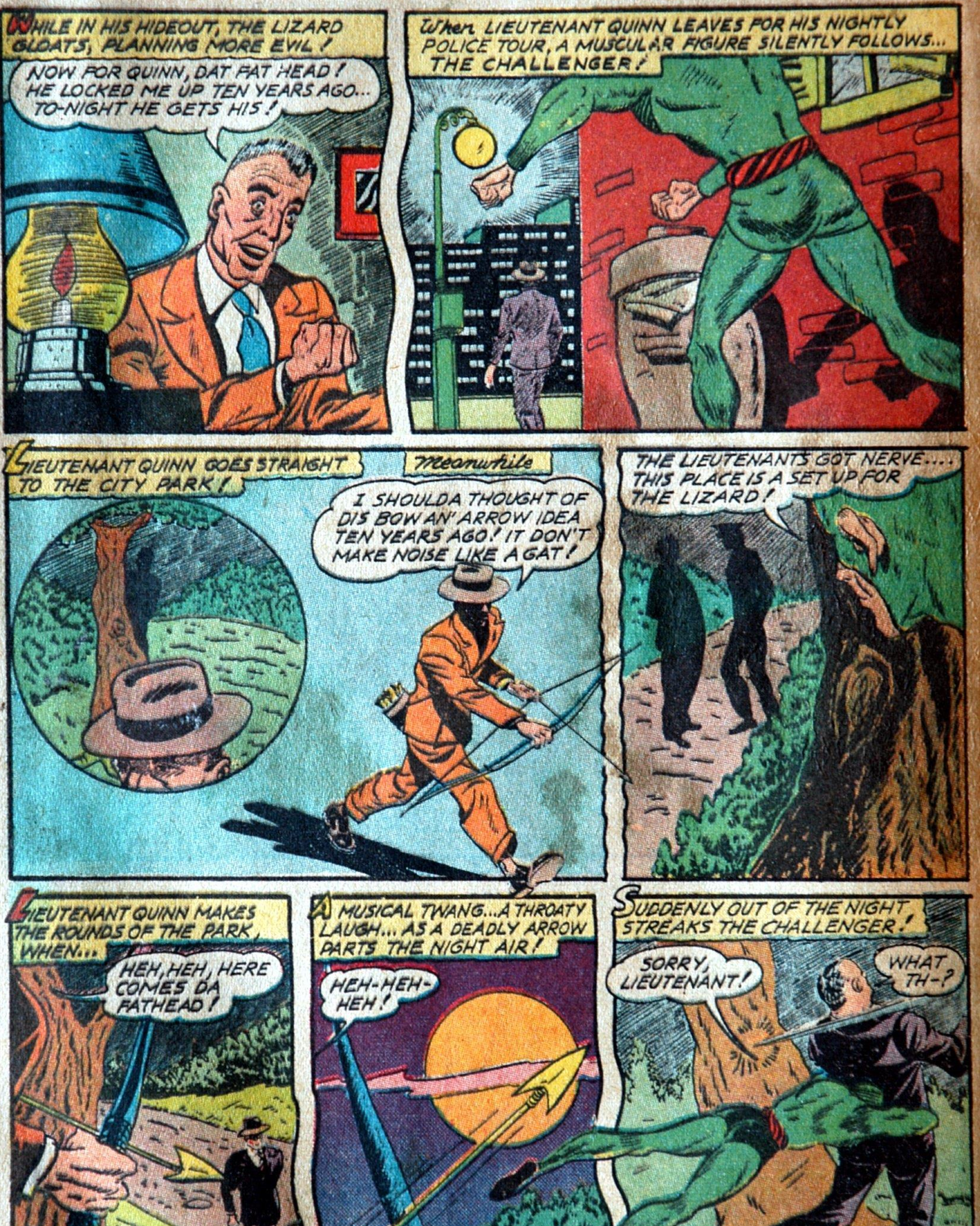

...AND SO, YOU'RE FREE, DRAGA! REMEMBER...
I'LL GO STRAIGHT! I PROMISE!

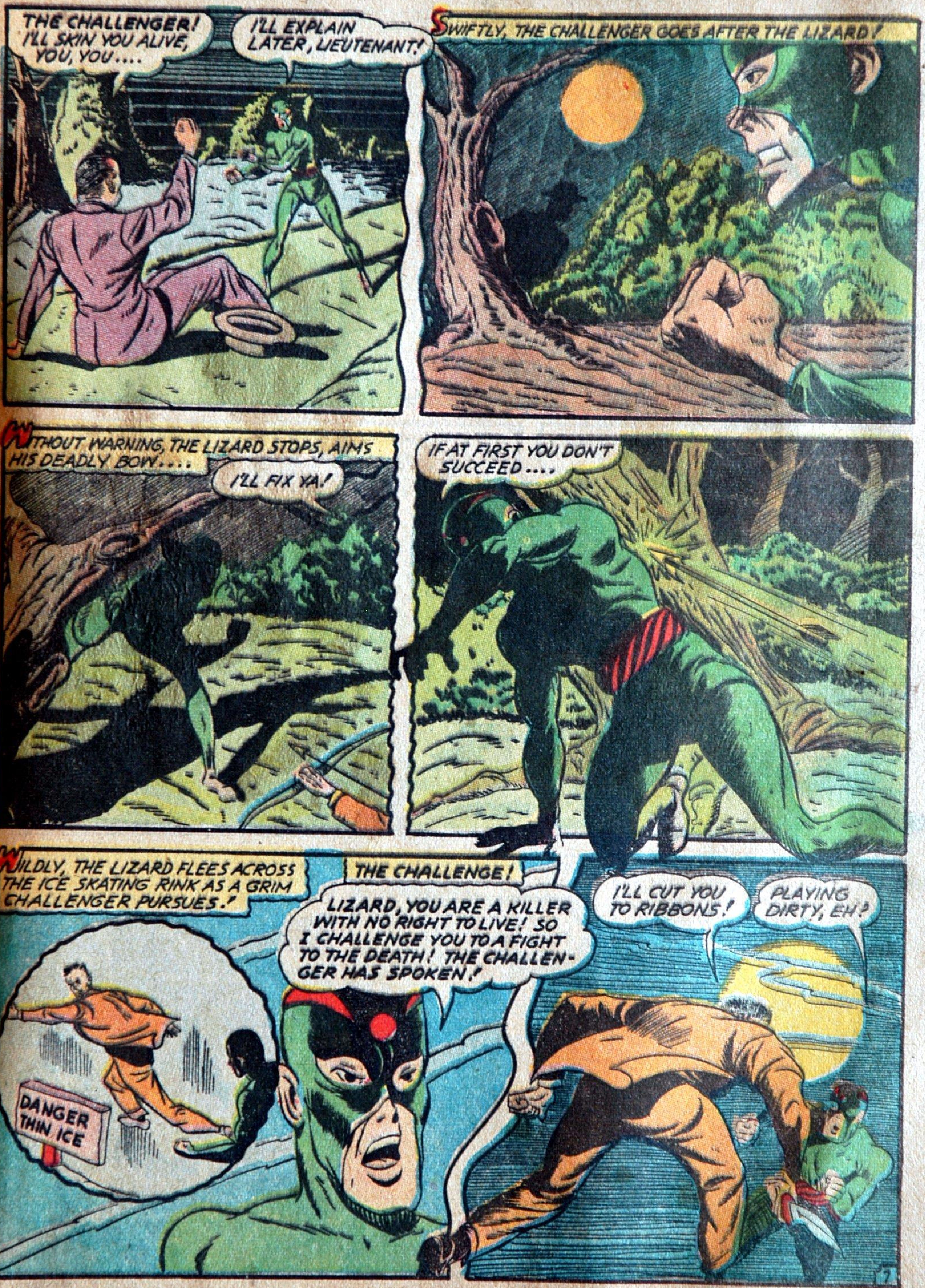

THE LIZARD IS FREED...
TEN YEARS DEY KEPT ME IN STIR...BUT NOW...NOW! I'LL SHOW DEM!
MEANWHILE THE CHALLENGER CASUALLY SCANS HIS NEWSPAPER...
HELLO! THE LIZARD'S LOOSE AGAIN! HMM....
IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO CHECK ON HIM! THE LIZARD'S ONE OF THE MOST RUTHLESS CRIMINALS ALIVE!
MEANWHILE THE LIZARD PREPARES!
DEM DOPES, THINK I'LL GO STRAIGHT, EH? HEH-HEH! WID DIS LITTLE GADGET I'LL GET DEM ALL!
LATER...
THEY THINK I'M DUMB, EH? I'M GETTIN EVEN WITH THE GUYS WHAT SENT ME UP DA RIVER! STARTIN' RIGHT NOW! FIRST I'LL GET COMMISSIONER GOLDEN!
WHILE IN HIS OFFICE POLICE COMMISSIONER MONROE GOLDEN GOES OVER HIS DAYS REPORTS..

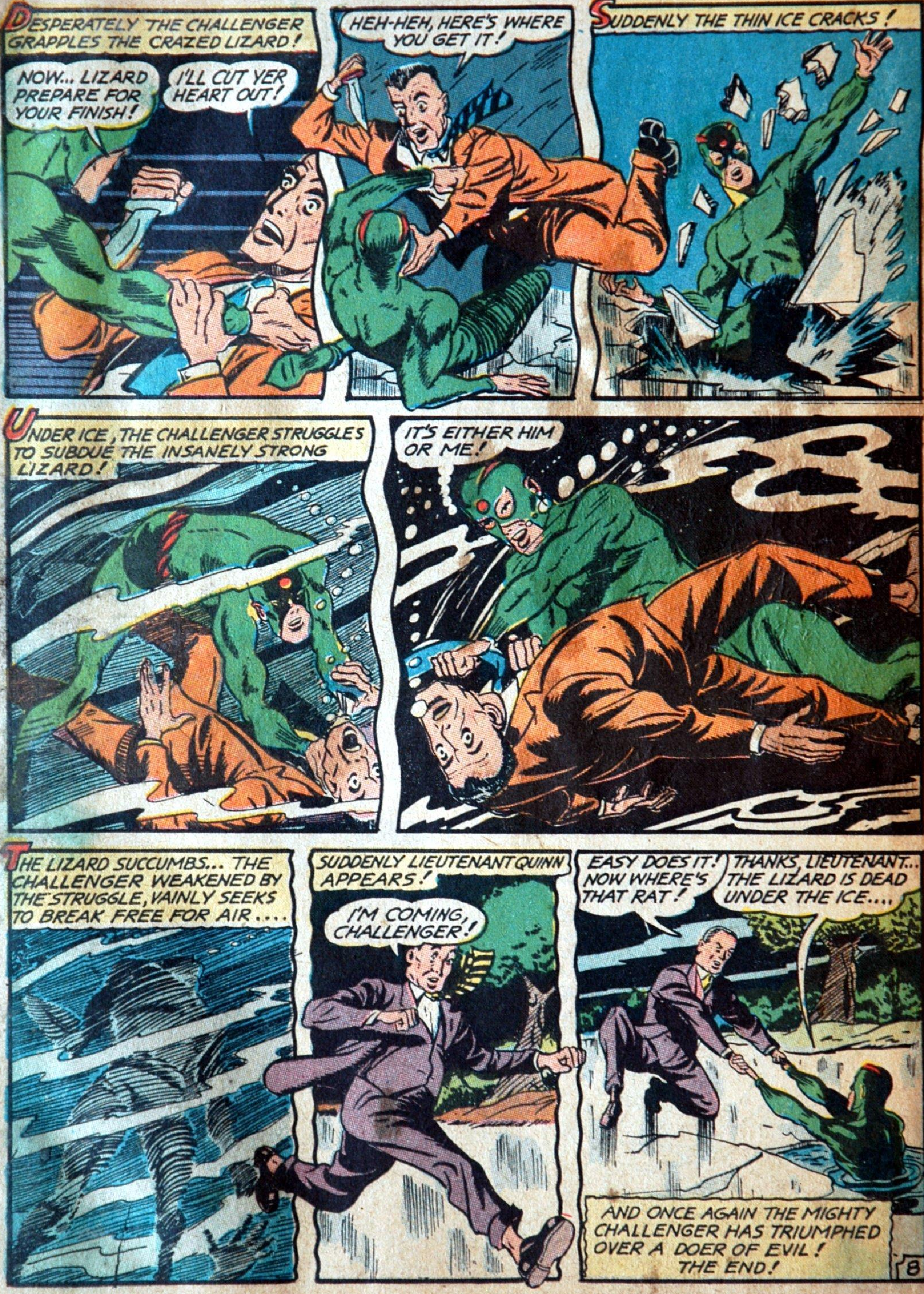

WHAT TH?
OHHHH!
HEH-HEH! DAT'S NUMBER ONE! HE SENT ME UP... AND HE DIED! NOW FOR NUMBER TWO... THE D.A.!
AS THE CHALLENGER SEARCHES THE STREETS IN HIS ENDLESS QUEST OF CRIME....
NOTHING WRONG HERE... SAY! THAT CAR!
...A HAIL OF BULLETS SPRAYS THE INNOCENT PEDESTRIANS!
HEH, HEH, HEH! DIS'LL THROW DEM COPS OFF MY TRAIL!
The CHALLENGER GIVES CHASE!
I'M POSITIVE OF IT... THE LIZARD! I SAW HIS FACE!
BUT THE LIZARD SPOTS THE PURSUING CHALLENGER, AND...
DA CHALLENGER! I'LL FIX HIM!
OH, OH, HE'S SHOOTING! GOT TO DUCK!
THEN....
YOU GOT AWAY THIS TIME LIZARD, BUT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
3


THAT VERY NIGHT IN THE D.A.'S HOME......
NOW FOR THAT DIRTY D.A., BART PETERS, WHAT SENT ME UP! DIS DYNAMITE'LL FINISH HIM... BUT GOOD!
TICK TOCK! TICK TOCK!
DAT'LL SURPRISE HIM! WAIT'LL HE GETS HOME! HEH-HEH!
AN HOUR LATER... DISTRICT ATTORNEY BART PETERS RETURNS FROM AN IMPORTANT CASE...
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! HEH-HEH!
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! FIRST THE COMMISSIONER, THEN INNOCENT PEOPLE MACHINE GUNNED, NOW THE D.A.! I'VE GOT TO FIND THE LIZARD!
OPERA
NITE
NEWS
EXTRA
CRIME W
COUNT
THE CHALLENGER, COMPLETELY BAFFLED BY THE ELUSIVE LIZARD, TURNS DETECTIVE!
NOW IF MY PLAN WORKS.... THE LIZARD WILL MEET HIS DOOM!


AT THE POLICE STATION THE CHALLENGER TIRELESSLY THUMBS THRU THE POLICE FILES...
DRABER... DRAFFT... OH! DRAGA!
LON DRAGA... THE LIZARD! THAT'S THE SKUNK! LET'S SEE....
THE CHALLENGER UNEARTHS A CLUE!
DRAGA
NOTICE
1707
1707
NEW YORK POLICE DEPT.
NAME Leon Draga
New York, N.Y.
HEIGHT 5'9" WEIGHT
EYES HAIR COLOR
THOUGHT SO! THE LIZARD'S REVENGING HIMSELF... KILLING ALL WHO SENT HIM TO PRISON AND ALSO TO CONFUSE IT HE'S KILLING INNOCENT PEOPLE, CLEVER, BUT....
IF I'M RIGHT, THE LIZARD STRIKES NEXT AT POLICE LIEUTENANT PAT QUINN.... THE MAN WHO FIRST ARRESTED HIM TEN YEARS AGO!
POLICE PTCT. 17
CHANGING HIS COSTUME, THE CHALLENGER HEADS FOR THE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE!
RIDICULOUS! DRAGA'S GONE STRAIGHT! WE'VE BEEN CHECKING ON HIM!
I TELL YOU LIEUTENANT! YOU'RE NEXT ON HIS DEATH LIST!
THE CROOK RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS NEW CRIME WAVE IS NOT DRAGA! OTHERS HAVE BEEN KILLED BESIDES THE MEN WHO CONVICTED HIM!
BUT THAT'S HIS PLAN, LIEUTENANT! HE'S TRYING TO CONFUSE YOU!
CONVINCED HE IS RIGHT, THE MIGHTY CHALLENGER TAKES UP HIS VIGIL...
I'M TRAILING LIEUTENANT QUINN JUST IN CASE!
5


WHILE IN HIS HIDEOUT, THE LIZARD GLOATS, PLANNING MORE EVIL!
NOW FOR QUINN, DAT FAT HEAD! HE LOCKED ME UP TEN YEARS AGO... TO-NIGHT HE GETS HIS!
When LIEUTENANT QUINN LEAVES FOR HIS NIGHTLY POLICE TOUR, A MUSCULAR FIGURE SILENTLY FOLLOWS... THE CHALLENGER!
LIEUTENANT QUINN GOES STRAIGHT TO THE CITY PARK!
Meanwhile
I SHOULDA THOUGHT OF DIS BOW AN' ARROW IDEA TEN YEARS AGO! IT DON'T MAKE NOISE LIKE A GAT!
THE LIEUTENANT'S GOT NERVE.... THIS PLACE IS A SET UP FOR THE LIZARD!
LIEUTENANT QUINN MAKES THE ROUNDS OF THE PARK, WHEN...
HEH, HEH, HERE COMES DA FATHEAD!
A MUSICAL TWANG...A THROATY LAUGH... AS A DEADLY ARROW PARTS THE NIGHT AIR!
HEH-HEH-HEH!
SUDDENLY OUT OF THE NIGHT STREAKS THE CHALLENGER!
SORRY, LIEUTENANT!
WHAT TH-?


THE CHALLENGER! I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE, YOU, YOU....
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, LIEUTENANT!
SWIFTLY, THE CHALLENGER GOES AFTER THE LIZARD!
WITHOUT WARNING, THE LIZARD STOPS, AIMS HIS DEADLY BOW....
I'LL FIX YA!
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED....
WILDLY, THE LIZARD FLEES ACROSS THE ICE SKATING RINK AS A GRIM CHALLENGER PURSUES.!
THE CHALLENGE!
LIZARD, YOU ARE A KILLER WITH NO RIGHT TO LIVE! SO I CHALLENGE YOU TO A FIGHT TO THE DEATH! THE CHALLENGER HAS SPOKEN!
DANGER THIN ICE
I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS!
PLAYING DIRTY, EH?


DESPERATELY THE CHALLENGER GRAPPLES THE CRAZED LIZARD!
NOW... LIZARD PREPARE FOR YOUR FINISH!
I'LL CUT YER HEART OUT!
HEH-HEH, HERE'S WHERE YOU GET IT!
SUDDENLY THE THIN ICE CRACKS!
UNDER ICE, THE CHALLENGER STRUGGLES TO SUBDUE THE INSANELY STRONG LIZARD!
IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!
THE LIZARD SUCCUMBS... THE CHALLENGER WEAKENED BY THE STRUGGLE, VAINLY SEEKS TO BREAK FREE FOR AIR....
SUDDENLY LIEUTENANT QUINN APPEARS!
I'M COMING, CHALLENGER!
EASY DOES IT! NOW WHERE'S THAT RAT!
THANKS, LIEUTENANT... THE LIZARD IS DEAD UNDER THE ICE....
AND ONCE AGAIN THE MIGHTY CHALLENGER HAS TRIUMPHED OVER A DOER OF EVIL! THE END!

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

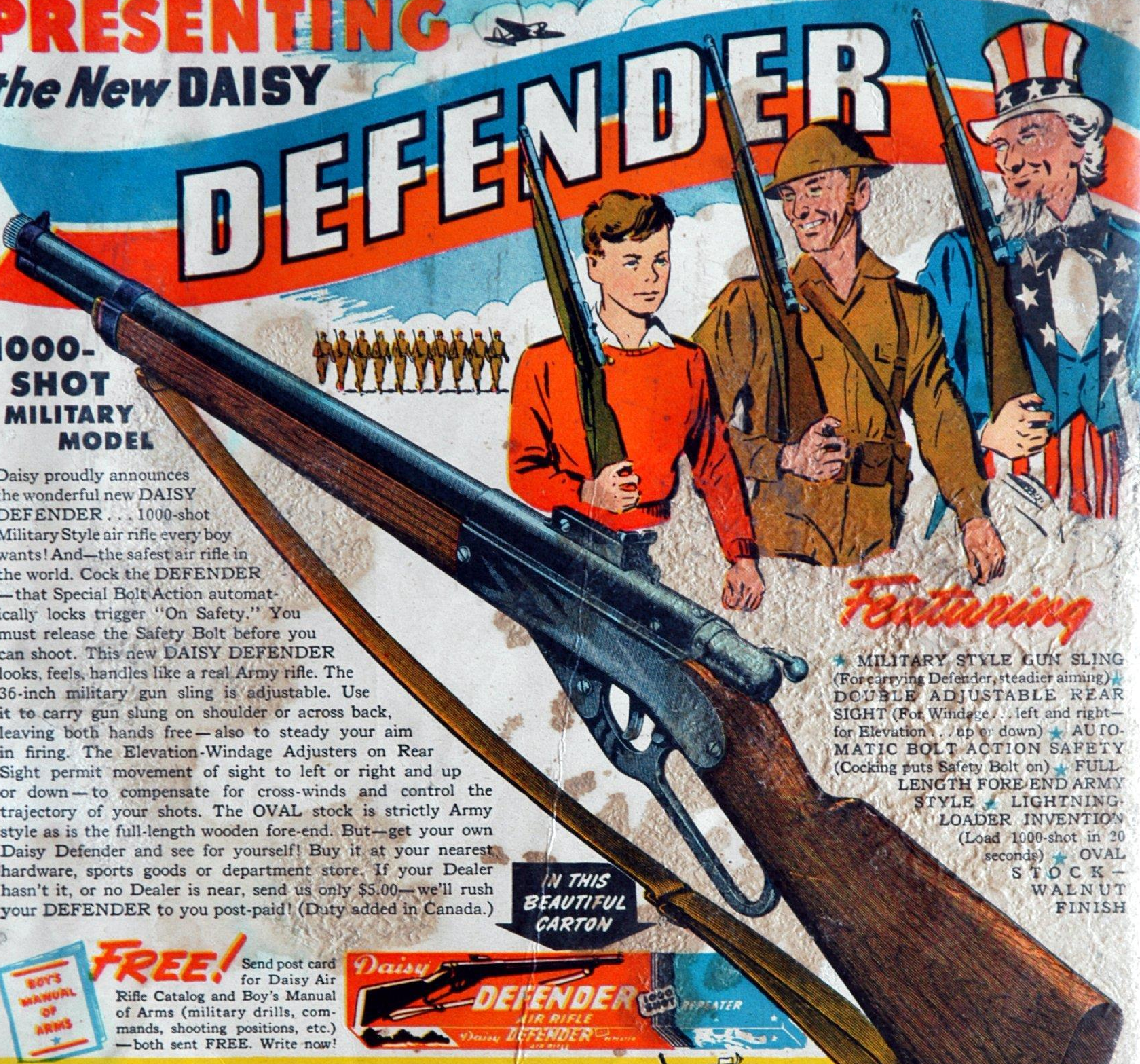
FOR DEFENSE

BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

LET ALL AMERICA ARISE
VICTORY SHALL BE OURS
DO YOUR SHARE

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS *and* STAMPS!

PRESENTING the New DAISY DEFENDER



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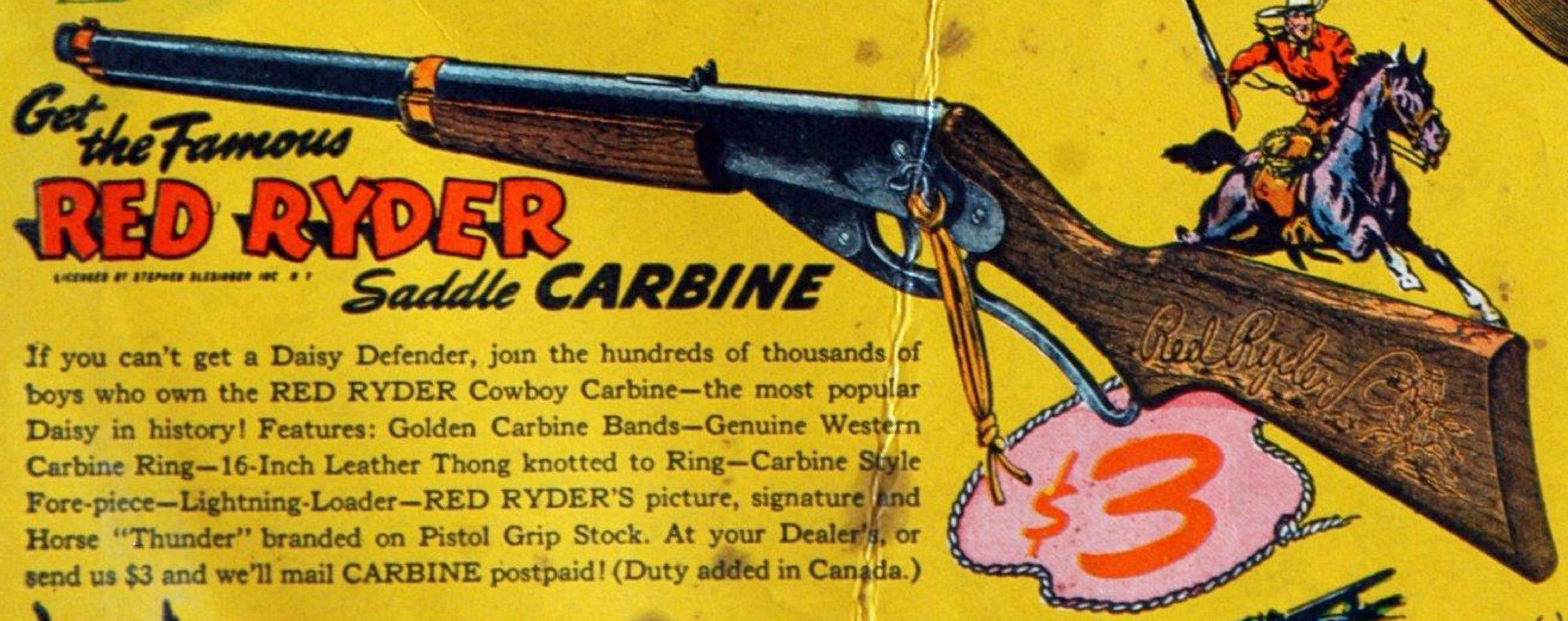

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